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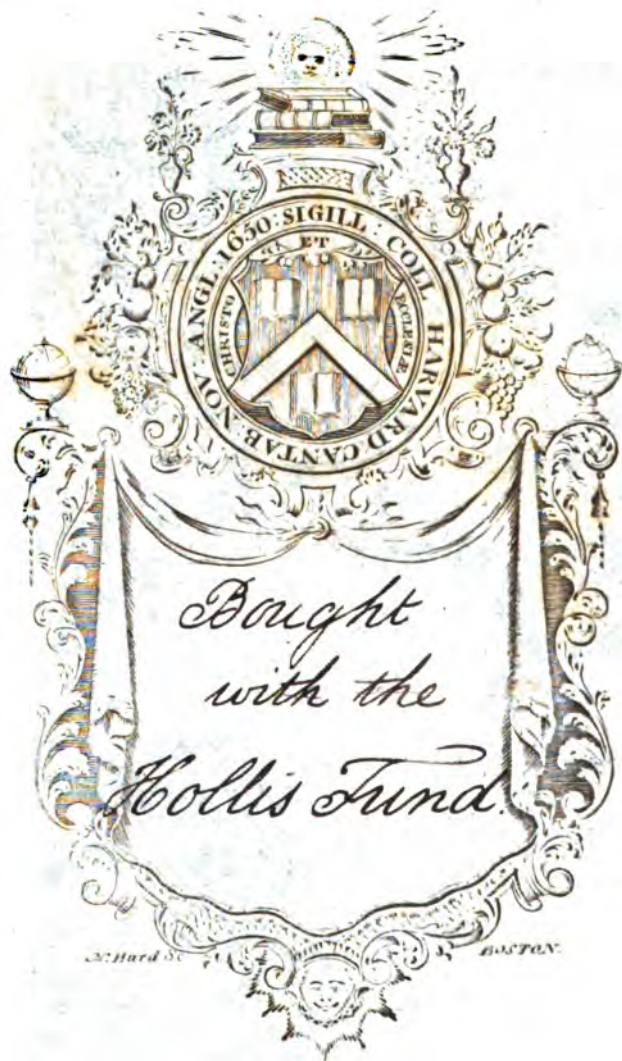
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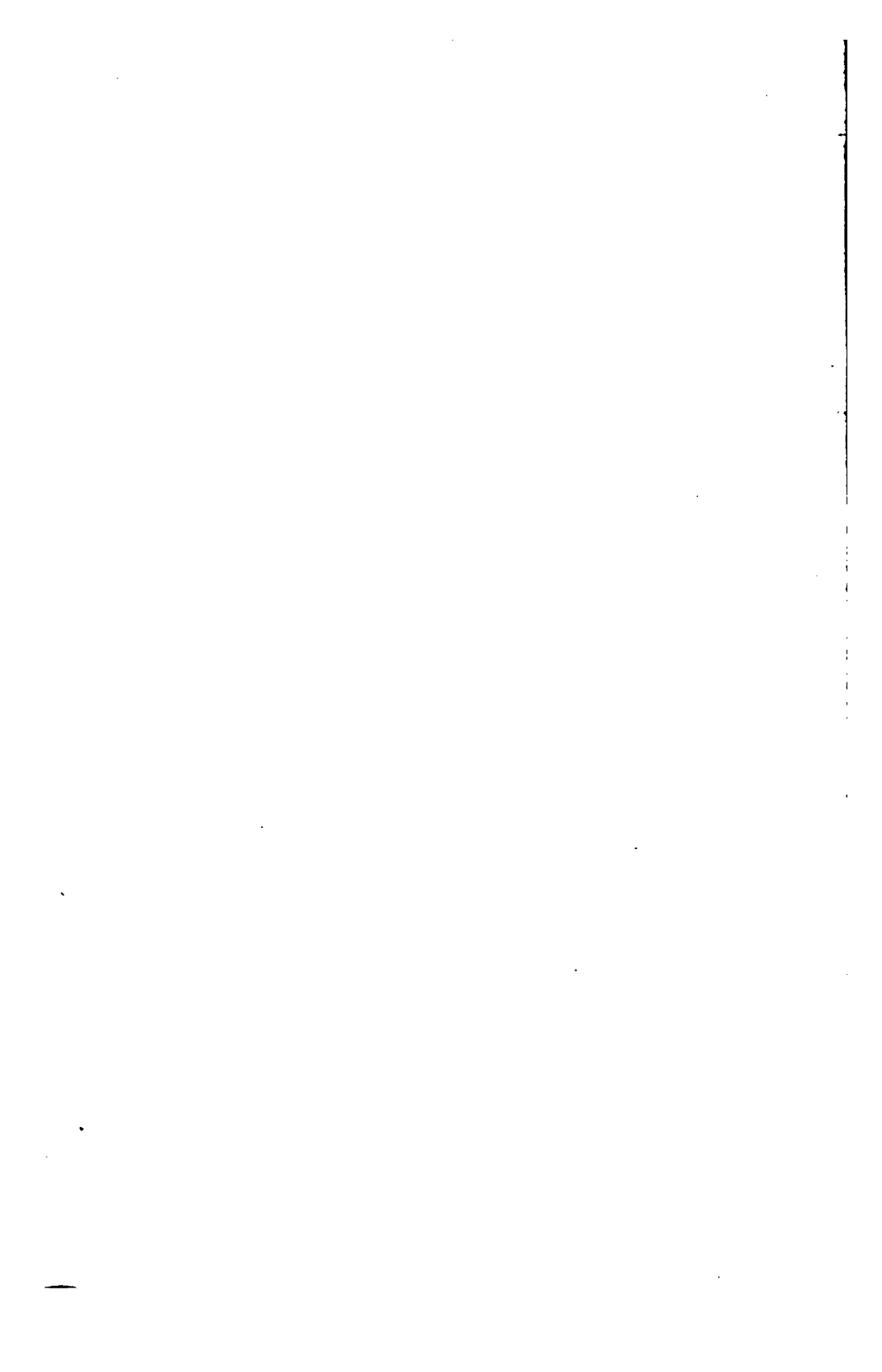
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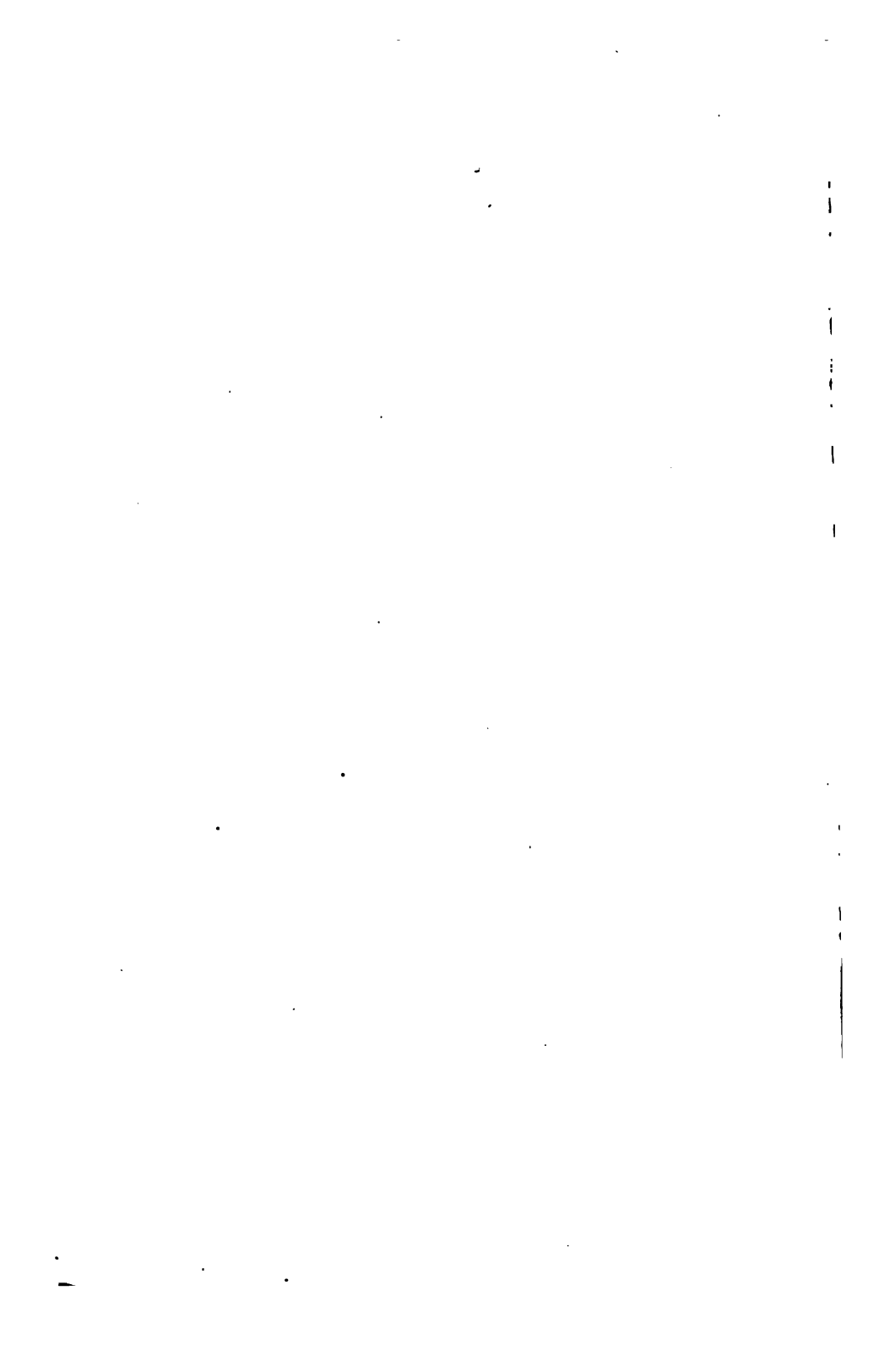


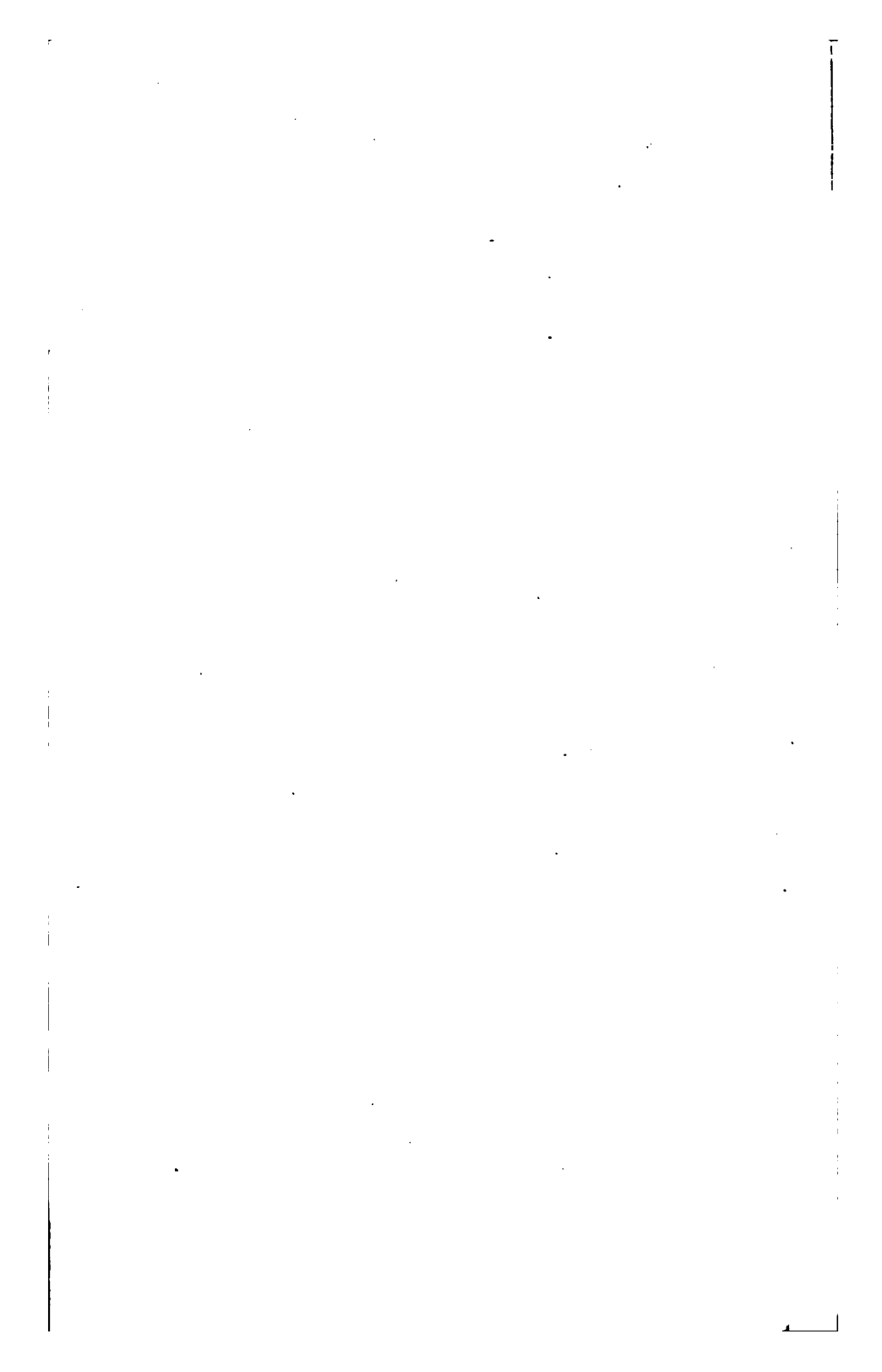
















# THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

FROM

JANUARY TO APRIL INCLUSIVE.

1842.

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VOL. I.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

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LONDON:  
G. HENDERSON, 2, OLD BAILEY,  
LUDGATE HILL.

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# CONTENTS

TO THE

## MONTHLY REVIEW FOR JANUARY.

Vol. I. (1842.) No. I.

	PAGE
ART. I.—Journals of Two Expeditions of Discovery in North-West and Western Australia. By George Grey, Esq. . . .	1
II.—Reasons for a New Edition of Shakespeare's Works. By J. Payne Collier, Esq. . . . .	16
III.—1. The Letters and Journals of Robert Baillie, Principal of the University of Glasgow. Edited by David Laing, Esq. 2. Letters Illustrative of the Revolution in England, from 1646 to 1653. Edited by Henry Cary, M. A. . . . .	25
IV.—Narrative of a Recent Imprisonment in China, after the Wreck of the Kite. By John Lee Scott . . . . .	39
V.—An Introduction to the Dialogues of Plato. By W. Sewell, B. D. . . . .	50
VI.—1. Hardness; or, the Uncle. 2. The Mirza. By James Morier, Esq. . . . .	64
VII.—The Glory and Shame of England. By C. Edwards Lester . . . . .	72
VIII.—Outline of a Method of Model Mapping. By J. Bailey Denton, Surveyor . . . . .	82
IX.—Blackwood's Standard Novels. Vols. I. and II. . . . .	91
X.—The History of the Knights Templars, the Temple Church, and the Temple. By Ch. G. Addison, Esq., Inner Temple . . . . .	101
XI.—Letters of David Hume, and Extracts from Letters referring to him. Edited by Thomas Murray, LL.D. . . . .	107
XII.—Visits to Remarkable Places, &c. By W. Howitt. Second Series . . . . .	113
XIII.—Frederick the Great and his Times. Edited, with an Introduction, by Th. Campbell, Esq. . . . .	122
XIV.—1. Rambles in Ceylon. By Lieut. De Butts. 2. Notes of a Half-Pay in Search of Health; or, Russia, Circassia, and the Crimea in 1839-40. By Captain Jesse, Unattached . . . . .	133

# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
XV.—Charles Swain's Poetical Works; including "The Mind," and other Poems . . . . .	141
XVI.—The Old Forest Ranger; or, Wild Sports of India. By Captain W. Campbell, of Skipness . . . . .	148
XVII.—The Adventures of a Soldier; or, Memoirs of Ed. Costello, K.S.F. . . . .	149
XVIII.—Merrie England in the Olden Time. By George Daniel . . . . .	151
XIX.—D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation in the 16th Cen- tury. Translated by W. K. Kelly, Esq. . . . .	153
XX.—Arago's Lectures on Astronomy . . . . .	153
XXI.—A Manual of Electricity, Magnetism, and Meteorology. By Dionysius Lardner, D.C.L. . . . .	154
XXII.—The Blue Bells of England. By Frances Trollope . . . . .	154
XXIII.—The Natural History of Exotic Moths. By James Duncan, M.W.S. . . . .	154
XXIV.—The Local Historian's Table-Book. By M. A. Richardson . . . . .	155
XXV.—Brande's Dictionary of General Knowledge, Part VIII. . . . .	155
XXVI.—The Chain Rule. By C. L. Schonberg . . . . .	155
XXVII.—History of Poland and Russia. By Miss Corner . . . . .	155
XXVIII.—Poems. By Thomas Miller . . . . .	156



# CONTENTS

TO THE

## MONTHLY REVIEW FOR FEBRUARY.

Vol. I. (1842.) No. II.

	PAGE
ART. I.—1. Interesting Facts connected with the Animal Kingdom ; with some Remarks on the Unity of our Species. By J. Ch. Hall, M.D. 2. <i>Crania Americana</i> . By S. G. Morton, M.D. . . . .	157
II.—The History of Texas. By N. D. Maillard, Esq. . . .	174
III.—1. Description of the Canals and Railroads of the United States. By H. S. Tanner. 2. The Mechanics of Engineering, intended for Use in Universities, &c. By the Rev. W. Whewell . . . . .	182
IV.—Notes of a Traveller on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and other Parts of Europe. By Samuel Laing, Esq. . . . .	189
V.—1. England in the Nineteenth Century. Lancashire, Part I.—Cornwall, Part I. 2. London. Part X. . . . .	199
VI.—A Pilgrimage to Auvergne, from Picardy to Le Velay. Louisa S. Costello . . . . .	208
VII.—Madame de Sévigné and her Contemporaries . . . .	216
VIII.—Reports of the Visiting Justices of the Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell . . . . .	223
IX.—A Popular Treatise on Agricultural Chemistry ; intended for the Use of the Practical Farmer. By Ch. Squarey .	232
X.—A Review of Berkeley's Theory of Vision. By Samuel Bailey . . . . .	240
XI.—1. Memoirs of the late James Halley, A.B., Student of Theology. 2. Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. Lant Carpenter, LL.D. . . . .	245
XII.—Congregationalism ; or, the Polity of Independent Churches, viewed in relation to the State and Tendencies of Modern Society . . . . .	253

# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
XIII.—Lectures on Subjects connected with Prophecy. By J. W. Brooks, M.A. . . . .	262
XIV.—Female Character. An Essay. By Albert Pennington . . . .	268
XV.—Telegraphic Railways. By W. F. Cooke, Esq. . . . .	273
XVI.—Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. Edited by her Niece . . . . .	277
XVII.—The Spanish Armada, A.D. 1588. By the Rev. T. Lathbury . . . . .	284
XVIII.—The Cottager's Sabbath; a Poem. By Samuel Mullen . . . .	285
XIX.—Rhymes and Roundelays. By T. Noel . . . . .	286
XX.—The Warning. Translated from the German . . . . .	287
XXI.—A New English Grammar; with Exercises and Methods of Parsing. By R. Bradshaw . . . . .	287
XXII.—The Book of the Poets . . . . .	287
XXIII.—Monaldi. A Tale . . . . .	288
XXIV.—The Martyr of Erromanga, or the Philosophy of Missions By John Campbell . . . . .	288

# CONTENTS

TO THE

## MONTHLY REVIEW FOR MARCH.

Vol. I. (1842.) No. III.

	PAGE
ART. I.—Remarks on Church Architecture, with Illustrations. By the Rev. J. L. Petit . . . . .	289
II.—Agricultural Tour in the United States and Upper Canada; with Miscellaneous Notices. By Captain Barclay of Ury	303
III.—Observations on the Present Condition of the Island of Trinidad, and the Actual State of the Experiment of Negro Emancipation. By W. H. Burnley . . . . .	311
IV.—The Martyr of Erromanga; or the Philosophy of Missions Illustrated from the Labours, Death, and Character of the late Rev. John Williams. By John Campbell, D.D.	323
V.—1. A Hand-book of the History of Painting. By Dr. Franz Kugler. 2. A Hand-book to the Public Galleries of Art, &c. in and near London. By Mrs. Jameson . . . . .	327
VI.—1. The Pleasant Comedie of Patient Grissill. Reprinted from the Black-letter Edition of 1603. For the Shakespeare Society. 2. Tracts Relating to Ireland. Printed for the Irish Archæological Society. Vol. 1. . . . .	341
VII.—On Rheumatism in its Various Forms; and on the Affections of Internal Organs, more especially the Heart and Brain, to which it gives rise. By Roderick Macleod, M.D., Physician to St. George's Hospital . . . . .	350
VIII.—1. Henry De Pomeroy; or, the Eve of St. John; a Legend of Cornwall and Devon. By Mrs. Bray. 2. Rambling Recollections of a Soldier of Fortune. By W. H. Maxwell. 3. Julian; or Scenes in Judea . . . . .	356
IX.—The Local Historian's Table-Book. By M. A. Richardson	364
X.—1. Journal of a Tour in Greece and the Ionian Islands. By William Mure, of Caldwell. 2. Excursions in Albania, &c. By Captain J. Best, Thirty-fourth Regiment . . . . .	371

# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
XI.—Rapport fait au Nom de la Commission, chargée d'examiner le Projet de Loi sur les Sucres ; par M. Dumon, Député de Lot-et-Garonne. Séance du Mai, 1837 . . . . .	382
XII.—General History of the World. By Ch. Von Rotteck, LL.D. . . . .	392
XIII.—On the Production of Isinglass along the Coasts of India, with a notice of its Fisheries. By J. F. Royle, M.D. &c. &c. . . . .	401
XIV.—Storia d' Italia . . . . .	408
XV.—The Philosophy of Necessity; or the Law of Consequences, as applicable to Mental, Moral, and Social Science. By Ch. Bray. Vol. II. . . . .	423
XVI.—The Second Book of the Travels of Nicander Nucius . . .	425
XVII.—Pantology : a Systematic Survey of Human Knowledge .	426
XVIII.—Tom Cringle's Log. By Michael Scott . . . . .	428

---

# CONTENTS

TO THE

## MONTHLY REVIEW FOR APRIL.

Vol. I. (1842.) No. IV.

	PAGE
ART. I.—Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanack and National Repository . . . . .	429
II.—The Correspondence of Richard Bentley, D.D. . . . .	446
III.—A Ride on Horseback to Florence, through France and Switzerland. Described in a Series of Letters. By a Lady . . . . .	456
IV.—Zanoni. By the Author of "Night and Morning," &c. . . . .	463
V.—The Christian Month; a Series of Original Hymns, adapted from the Daily Psalms, with Chants and Anthems. The Poetry by the Rev. W. Palin; the Music by Miss Mounsey . . . . .	474
VI.—Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. Vol. II. . . . .	488
VII.—What to Teach and How to Teach it: so that the Child may become a Wise and Good Man. By Henry Mayhew . . . . .	502
VIII.—The Tasmanian Journal of Natural Science, Agriculture, Statistics, &c. No. I. . . . .	520
IX.—A Visit to the United States, in 1841. By Joseph Sturge. . . . .	534
X.—The Pilgrim of Glencoe, and other Poems. By Thomas Campbell . . . . .	545
XI.—The History of Holland, from the beginning of the Tenth to the end of the Eighteenth Century. By C. M. Davies . . . . .	555
XII.—1. Bells and Pomegranates. No. II. King Victor and King Charles. By Robert Browning. 2. Bubbles of the Day, A Comedy in Five Acts. By Douglas Jerrold. 3. Gissippus; or, The Forgotten Friend. A Play in Five Acts. By Gerald Griffin. 4. Marriage. A Comedy in Five Acts. By Robert Bell, Esq. . . . .	566
XIII.—1. Speeches and Forensic Arguments. By Daniel Webster. Vol. II. 2. Speeches of Lord Campbell at the Bar, and in the House of Commons; with an Address to the Irish Bar as Lord Chancellor of Ireland . . . . .	583
XIV.—Cakes and Ale. By Douglas Jerrold . . . . .	598

# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
XV.—Primitive Christianity Exemplified and Illustrated by the Acts of Primitive Christians. By Bisbop Mant . . .	603
XVI.—Poems. By Thomas Miller . . . . .	605
XVII.—The Slave States of Vmerica. By J. S. Buckingham . . .	608
XVIII.—Meteorograpay, or the Perpetual Weather Almanack . . .	610
XIX.—Greece as a Kingdom. By Frederick Strong, Esq. . . . .	611
XX.—The Daughters of England, their Position in Society, Cha- racter, and Responsibilities. By Mrs. Ellis . . . . .	611
XXI.—Time and Timekeepers. By Adam Thompson . . . . .	612
XXII.—The Famous Genevan Testament. . . . .	613
XXIII.—Italy, Classical, Historical, and Picturesque, Illustrated and Described. By W. Brockedon, F.R.S. Part I. . . . .	613
XXIV.—The Modern Cambist. By William Tate . . . . .	614
XXV.—The New Chapter of Kings; or, the History of England in Miniature, for the use of Children . . . . .	614
XXVI.—Thornton's India . . . . .	614
XXVII.—The Great Commission. By the Rev. John Harris, D.D. . . .	615
XXVIII.—London Interiors . . . . .	615
XXIX.—Lady Alice; a Ballad Romance in Seven Parts. By El-ton . . .	615
XXX.—Mesopotamia and Assyria, from the earliest period to the present time : with illustrations of their Natural History. By J. B. Fraser. (Edinburgh Cabinet Library.) . . . . .	616
XXXI.—Virtue's Illustrated Works . . . . .	616
XXXII.—The Drunkard; a Poem . By John O'Neill . . . . .	616
Publications Received . . . . .	616

# THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1842.

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ART. 1.—*Journals of Two Expeditions of Discovery in North-West and Western Australia.* By GEORGE GREY, Esq. 2 vols. Boone.

CAPTAIN Grey, late of the 83rd regiment, and now Governor of South Australia, in the latter end of the year 1836, along with Lieut. Lushington, proposed to Lord Glenelg to conduct an expedition to explore the Western coast of Australia, from Swan River northwards. The letter addressed to the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, was favourably received, but with certain modifications of the plan originally suggested; it appearing to have been the desire of the Government that the expedition should commence its principal proceedings at Prince Regent's River, on the north-west coast, a great extent of that shore, as well as the interior of the vast continent being at that time unvisited, or very imperfectly surveyed, although it was known that the character of the region towards the ocean was such as to inspire hopes that navigable rivers intersected and irrigated the land. The Government seem to have in a particular manner contemplated not only the discovery and the description of the grand features of the region, such as its streams, mountain ranges, and large tracts of fertile lands, together with information concerning the natural productions and capabilities of the soil, but the familiarizing the natives with the British name and friendly intentions. Accordingly the author of the Journals, as the leader of the party, and the other officer mentioned, having been joined by Mr. Walker, a surgeon and naturalist, and two volunteers of the Royal Sappers and Miners, embarked in the Beagle sloop of war, which was destined to survey the Australian coasts; and so perseveringly did our adventurers discharge what men in their circumstances could perform, and so interesting was the narrative which the captain furnished, that at the close of 1840, and after an absence of three years, he was appointed to the governorship which we have already named, and again sent back to execute the functions of the important office.

The Journals present narratives of extraordinary interest, independent of the scientific results described, or even the capabilities for colonization of the regions explored. As respects personal adventure, courageous endurance, sustained self-command, and modestly expressed testimony, there is not in our annals of discovery a more manly or touching account than is to be found in these volumes. Not only have we many startling tales of exposure and suffering, but splendid description and enthusiastic admiration. We shall first attend to parts of the publication which afford a fair idea both of the manner of the author's style and of what he witnessed and endured; and then, towards the close of our paper, have a few things to state with regard to the success of the expeditions, and the prospects the narrative offers to emigrants.

On his way to the Cape the Captain touched the South American coast, and gives us this striking anecdote of a slave. We may mention parenthetically that slavery, according to our author's predictions, will one day be the ruin of the Brazilian empire. But the anecdote:—

We came in sight of the coast of South America about noon, and dropped anchor in the harbour of Bahia at four p.m.; and about half an hour after I went on shore with Mr. Lushington, a person of the name of Wilson taking us in his boat: there was a slave in the boat, and, not knowing that he understood English, I asked Mr. Wilson several questions about slaves in general, and he gave me a good deal of information on this subject, mentioning among other things that the price of a good slave here varied from 90*l.* to 100*l.*; he happened to state that the slaves were wretched in their own country, and that frequently large numbers were sacrificed to their gods. I never saw so fine a burst of natural indignation as the slave in the boat evinced at this statement; his lip curled up with scorn, his dark eye grew vividly bright, and his frame quivered as he made an impassioned reply in Portuguese; I could not understand all that he said, but caught enough to know the tenor of it, that "this was not the case; Englishmen or foreigners never visited his country, so how could they know?" It was not so much what he said, but the scornful bitterness of his manner, that made an impression on me, not easily to be effaced.

On arriving at the Cape the Captain hired a schooner for the purpose of conveying his party, which now was considerably increased. He also took on board a quantity of stores and a number of live-stock, and then steered his course to Australia, which he reached early in the December of 1837. But before leaving the Cape of Good Hope we must enliven our page by quoting a marine scene which is no doubt pictured to the life. The sentiments in the latter paragraph of the extract belong to an order that come often and always unaffectedly from our author:—

The sea-birds held their holiday in the stormy gale. The lordly and



graceful albatross, whose motion is a very melody, swept screaming by upon the blast. The smaller Cape pigeons followed us fast, passing and repassing across the vessel's track. At last one of them spies a fragment on the waters, which has been thrown overboard :—a moment it hovers above, then plunges down. But the other birds have seen it too ; and all pouncing on the spot, move their wings confusedly, and seem to run along the waters with a rapid and eager motion. Now is there discord wild amongst them. A screaming and diving, swimming and running, mingled with a chattering noise. No sooner does one gain the morsel, than another tears it from him. Who will be the victor here ? The albatross ;—for he sweeps triumphantly over all, swoops down, and with a scream, scares off the timid little multitude ; whilst high above his head he holds his arching wings ; and now in pride and beauty he sits upon the waters, and, drifting fast astern, gradually fades in the twilight.

What wonder that a sailor is superstitious ! Separated in early youth from his home ; ere he has forgotten the ghost stories of childhood, and whilst the young and simple heart still loves to dwell upon the marvellous, he is placed in such scenes as these : in the dark night, amidst the din of waves and storms, he hears wild shrieks upon the air, and by him float huge forms, dim and mysterious, from which fancy is prone to build strange phantoms ; and oft from aged sailors he gathers legends and wondrous tales suited to his calling ; whilst the narrator's mysterious tone and earnest voice and manner attest how firmly he himself believes the story.

The statements which we next present are of a different complexion, and appalling, one would think, beyond the moral courage and constancy of man ; not to speak of his physical nature when encountering protracted struggles with wet in swamps, to be contrasted anon with heat, and thirst in arid deserts ; or varied by hunger and extreme fatigue,—not seldom by murderous attacks. While the narrative of these alternations and even of each of the toils and dangers rivet the attention, they are dreadful to contemplate ; so much so indeed that the whole would be too heart-rending, were it not only every now and then gladdened by some sketch of delightful scenery and tokens full of promise, but by the high-spirited enterprize of the Captain and some of his party, which ultimately bore them through their multiform sufferings and disasters.

On arriving at the mouth of Prince Regent's River, no time was lost in effecting a landing, in hopes of making some encouraging discoveries. But they soon became bewildered in the untamed and trackless country ; and, to add to their disasters, the heat was excessive, and no water to assuage the burning thirst. Several even of their dogs perished ; and with a throbbing heart one thinks of the despair of the wanderers until they were relieved through the excessive exertions of their leader to reach the schooner and to procure assistance ; he having narrowly escaped drowning in swimming across an indentation of the sea in furtherance of his object. Let

us see, by taking a glimpse of some of the annoyances, and also of some of the horrible incidents, what it is to explore the uninhabitable regions which he describes. For example, and generally the further north in the Australian continent the annoyance is the more intolerable,—the number of flies that assail the face after sunrise, if you seek the refreshment of sleep or a little rest, forbid all such luxuries. To open the mouth is dangerous; in they fly, to be violently ejected by a fit of coughing. If the eyes are unclosed, they at those inlets find entrance, and speedily by sucking make them sore. The nostrils too are simultaneously assailed; and the multitudes are so great that defence at all points is impossible. Then what a picture does the following incident convey of thirst in unwholesome swamps:—

We had marched for about an hour and a quarter, and in this time had only made two miles, when we suddenly arrived upon the edge of a dried-up bed of a sedgy swamp, which lay in the centre of a small plain, where we saw the footmark of a native imprinted on the sand, and again our hearts beat with hope, for this sign appeared to announce that we were once more entering the regions of animal life. We soon found that another part of the swamp was thickly marked with the footsteps of women and children; and as no water-baskets were scattered about, no doubt could exist but that we were in the vicinity of water. We soon discovered several native wells dug in the bed of the swamp; but these were all dry, and I began again to fear that I was disappointed, when Kaiber suddenly started up from a thick bed of reeds, and made me a sign which was unobserved by the others, as was evidently his intention. I hurried up, and found him with *his head buried in a small hole of moist mud*,—for I can call it nothing else. I very deliberately raised Kaiber by the hair, as all expostulations to him were useless, and then called up the others.

Kaiber had completely swelled himself out with this thick muddy liquid, and from the mark upon the sides of the hole, had evidently consumed more than half of the total supply. I first of all took some of this moist mud in my mouth, but finding a difficulty in swallowing it, as it was so thick, I strained a portion through a handkerchief. We had thirsted, with an intense and burning thirst, for three days and two nights, during the greater portion of which time we had been taking violent exercise under a fierce sun. To conceive the delight of the men when they arrived at this little hole of mud, would be difficult. Each, as he came up and cast his wearied limbs on the ground beside the hole, uttered these words,—‘Thank God;’ and then greedily swallowed a few mouthfuls of the liquid mud, *protesting that it was the most delicious water, and had a peculiar flavour, which rendered it far superior to any other he had ever tasted.*

Kaiber performed at times the office of guide, being a native member of the party. There was also a sort of native cook, who was a shrewd fellow and fond of discovering reasons for what he could not comprehend. For instance he could not understand why

a white man voluntarily exposed himself to such dreadful privations as these he witnessed. We quote a specimen of his questionings and arguments :—

I however lit a fire, and laid down, Imbat beginning to cook—and then chattering : “What for do you, who have plenty to eat, and much money, walk so far away in the bush?” I felt amazingly annoyed at this question, and therefore did not answer him. “You are thin,” said he, “your shanks are long, your belly is small—you had plenty to eat at home, why did you not stop there?” I was vexed at his personalities, besides which, it is impossible to make a native understand our love of travel—I therefore replied—“Imbat, you comprehend nothing—you know nothing.”—“I know nothing!” answered he; “I know how to keep myself fat; the young women look at me and say, Imbat is very handsome, he is fat—they will look at you and say, he not good—long legs—what do you know? where is your fat? what for do you know so much, if you can’t keep fat? I know how to stay at home, and not to walk too far in the bush—where is your fat?”—“You know how to talk, long tongue,” was my reply; upon which Imbat, forgetting his anger, burst into a roar of laughter.

But we have not yet given specimens of all the frightful dangers that were encountered and repeatedly. Nothing short of a detailed account can sufficiently work up the reader’s idea of the character of most of them, and of the manner in which they were endured by members of the expeditions. To say that the dogs died in the course of their exertions; that mud was sometimes greedily swallowed to assuage thirst; and that a young man of great promise and activity at length sunk under the fatigue he had long courageously fought against, selecting the spot where he wished to be buried, fails, unless as particularly described by the Captain, to supply our sympathies with adequate conceptions. Take the account of one adventure. Captain Grey on one occasion happened to be accompanied by two persons only, Corporal Coles and a young man from the Cape; the latter having been appointed to chop the bark of trees to guide the small party on their return. This duty he had not regularly fulfilled, and had to be sent back to complete it in one instance. We next read as follows :—

Finding that the man remained absent longer than I had expected, I called loudly to him, but received no answer, and therefore passed round some rocks which hid the tree from my view to look after him. Suddenly I saw him close to me, breathless, and speechless with terror, and a native with his spear fixed in a throwing-stick, in full pursuit of him; immediately numbers of other natives burst upon my sight; each tree, each rock, seemed to give forth its black denizen, as if by enchantment.

A moment before, the most solemn silence pervaded these woods; we deemed that not a human being moved within miles of us, and now they rang with savage and ferocious yells, and fierce armed men crowded round us on every side, bent on our destruction.

There was something very terrible in so complete and sudden a surprise. Certain death appeared to stare us in the face; and from the determined and resolute air of our opponents, I immediately guessed that the man who had first seen them, instead of boldly standing his ground, and calling to Coles and myself for assistance, had at once, like a coward, run away; thus giving the natives confidence in themselves, and a contempt for us: and this conjecture I afterwards ascertained was perfectly true.

We were now fairly engaged for our lives; escape was impossible, and surrender to such enemies out of the question.

As soon as I saw the natives around me, I fired one barrel of my gun over the head of him who was pursuing my dismayed attendant, hoping the report would have checked his further career. He proved to be the tall man seen at the camp, painted with white. My shot stopped him not: he still closed on us, and his spear whistled by my head; but whilst he was fixing another in his throwing stick, a ball from my second barrel struck him in the arm, and it fell powerless by his side. He now retired behind a rock, but the others still pressed on.

I now made the two men retire behind some neighbouring rocks, which formed a kind of protecting parapet along our front and right flank, whilst I took post on the left. Both my barrels were now exhausted; and I desired the other two to fire separately, whilst I was reloading; but to my horror, Coles, who was armed with my rifle, reported hurriedly that the cloth case with which he had covered it for protection against rain, had become entangled. His services were thus lost at a most critical moment, whilst trying to tear off the lock cover; and the other man was so paralysed with fear, that he could do nothing but cry out, "O God! sir, look at them; look at them!"

In the meantime, our opponents pressed more closely round; their spears kept whistling by us, and our fate seemed inevitable. The light-coloured man, spoken of at the camp, now appeared to direct their movements. He sprang forward to a rock not more than thirty yards from us, and posting himself behind it, threw a spear with such deadly force and aim, that had I not drawn myself forward by a sudden jerk, it must have gone through my body, and as it was, it touched my back in flying by. Another well-directed spear, from a different hand, would have pierced me in the breast, but, in the motion I made to avoid it, it struck upon the stock of my gun, of which it carried away a portion by its force.

All this took place in a few seconds of time, and no shot had been fired, but by me. I now recognized in the light-coloured man an old enemy who had led on the former attack against me on the 22nd of December. By his cries and gestures, he now appeared to be urging the others to surround and press on us, which they were rapidly doing. I saw now that but one thing could be done to save our lives, so I gave Coles my gun to complete the reloading, and took the rifle which he had not yet disengaged from the cover. I tore it off, and stepping out from behind our parapet, advanced to the rock which covered my light-coloured opponent. I had not made two steps in advance when three spears struck me nearly at the same moment, one of which was thrown by him. I felt severely wounded in the hip, but knew not exactly where

the others had struck me. The force of all knocked me down, and made me very giddy and faint, but as I fell, I heard the savage yells of the natives' delight and triumph; these recalled me to myself, and, roused by momentary rage and indignation, I made a strong effort, rallied, and in a moment was on my legs; the spear was wrenched from my wound, and my haversack drawn closely over it, that neither my own party nor the natives might see it, and I advanced again steadily to the rock. The man became alarmed, and threatened me with his club, yelling most furiously; but as I neared the rock, behind which all but his head and arm was covered, he fled towards an adjoining one, dodging dexterously, according to the native manner of confusing an assailant and avoiding the cast of his spear; but he was scarcely uncovered in his flight, when my rifle ball pierced him through the back, between the shoulders, and he fell heavily on his face with a deep groan. The effect was electrical. The tumult of the combat had ceased: not another spear was thrown, not another yell was uttered. Native after native dropped away, and noiselessly disappeared. I stood alone with the wretched savage dying before me, and my two men close to me behind the rocks, in the attitude of deep attention: and as I looked round upon the dark rocks and forests, now suddenly silent and lifeless, but for the sight of the unhappy being who lay on the ground before me, I could have thought that the whole affair had been a horrid dream.

For a second or two I gazed on the scene, and then returned to my former position. I took my gun from Coles, which he had not yet finished loading, and gave him the rifle. I then went up to the other man, and gave him two balls to hold, but when I placed them in his hands they rolled upon the earth,—he could not hold them, for he was completely paralysed with terror, and they fell through his fingers; the perspiration streamed from every pore; he was ghastly pale, and trembled from head to foot; his limbs refused their functions; his eyes were so fixed in the direction in which the natives had disappeared that I could draw his attention to nothing else; and he still continued repeating, "Good God, sir! look at them,—look at them!"

The native died, and the Captain's wound was severe, occasioning him protracted sufferings and much future inconvenience.

A new country, regions which have never been traversed but by wild beasts, and the hardly less savage tribes of the human race, must present numerous unforeseen difficulties and dangers; so that disappointment as well as terrible incidents that would daunt the most enthusiastic and resolute are likely to be encountered. For example, ponies had been procured from Timor with the view of carrying the stores; but the little creatures, being no bigger than Shetlanders, were in other respects very different with regard to serviceableness from what had been dreamt of. The furniture provided for their backs was a world too large. They had not even shoes to protect their feet among sharp stones and shelving cliffs; and much of the untrodden and arid regions was scanty of suitable

food for them. Many of the creatures died; and even at best they were wild. To be sure in the Australian continent there are numerous fertile stretches of land, especially when the elevation is such as to free it from the predominance of swamps. But then it is a toilsome affair to reach these spots,—to cross the intervening and dismal marshes,—to climb the rocky precipices in such a trackless country. Our next extract conveys some idea of the adventures that occurred on account of, and along with the ponies:—

The ponies, though weak, bore their burdens and submitted to the pack-saddles better than I had hoped. The first horse was led up by the stock-keeper in safety, with its saddle and load on it; I followed with the second, but was not so fortunate. I had accomplished about three-fourths of the ascent, when turning one of the sharp corners round a rock, the load struck against it, and knocked the horse over on its side. I thought for a moment that the poor beast would have fallen down the precipice, but luckily its roll was checked in time to prevent this. There it lay, however, on a flat rock, four or five feet wide,—a precipice of 150 feet on one side of it, and the projecting rock against which it had struck on the other,—whilst I sat upon its head to prevent it from moving. Its long tail streamed in the wind over the precipice; its wild and fiery eye gleamed from its shaggy mane and forelock; and ignorant of its impending danger, it kicked and struggled violently, whilst it appeared to hang in mid-air over the gloomy depth of this tropical ravine. Anxious as I felt for the safety of my pony, I could not be unconscious of the singular beauty of the scene during the few minutes that elapsed whilst I was repressing its struggles on a narrow ledge of rock, of which the dark brow projected threateningly above me, whilst the noise of a rushing torrent was audible far below. I cut the girths of the saddle, which then with its load rolled over the precipice, and pitched with a heavy crash on a rock far down. Even then, if the brute had not been a denizen of a wild and mountainous country, it must have been lost; but now, it no sooner felt itself freed from its incumbrance, then looking sagaciously around, and then raising itself cautiously up, it stood trembling by my side upon the narrow terrace.

Notices of such comparatively trifling occurrences frequently diversify the engaging volumes before us; and sometimes the character of an individual of the party variegates the interest. The old sailor Ruston figures in this way. Says Captain Grey:—

I could not but smile at the distress of some of the men, who had contracted a friendship for the animals they had so long led, when one of their favourites got into a difficulty. The exclamations of Ruston, the old sailor, were particularly amusing, as, according to the position in which the animal got bogged, he used to roar out for some one “to come and give his pony a heave upon the starboard or larboard quarters;” and once, when violently alarmed at the danger he imagined his pet pony to be in, he shouted amain, “By G—, sir, she’ll go down by the stern.”

The expeditions were not without delightful incidents, such as the discovery of large rivers and the sudden bursting upon the sight of rich and fertile tropical scenes. One of the rivers was named the Glenelg, in the neighbourhood of which and from an elevated spot the party looked upon a country that is thus characterized :—

The peak we had ascended afforded us a very beautiful view : to the north lay Prince Regent's River, and the good country we were now upon extended as far as the inlets which communicated with this great navigable stream ; to the south and south-westward ran the Glenelg, meandering through as verdant and fertile a district as the eye of man ever rested on. The luxuriance of tropical vegetation was now seen to the greatest advantage, in the height of the rainy season. The smoke of native fires rose in various directions from the country, which lay like a map at our feet ; and when I recollected that all these natural riches of soil and climate lay between two navigable rivers, and that its sea-coast frontage, not much exceeding fifty miles in latitude, contained three of the finest harbours in the world, in each of which the tide rose and fell thirty-seven and a half feet, I could not but feel we were in a land singularly favoured by nature.

We are not undertaking to follow the Captain continuously, regularly, or closely, in any of his routes ; neither to mark particularly when and how the first expedition ended. We shall not tarry with him during his stay in the Isle of France, until he completely recovered from his wound ; nor do we resume with him his explorations when he returned to Australia enthusiastically and with unsurpassed self-devotion to pursue his purpose. He was still fated to encounter disaster. The passage we now quote may be taken as a just although general account of the sufferings of the party, and of the feelings which actuated its leader :—

Our whole residence in this country had been marked by toils and sufferings. Heat, wounds, hunger, thirst, and many other things had combined to harass us. Under these circumstances, it might have been imagined that we left these shores without a single regret ; but such was far from being the case ; when the ponies had wandered off, when all the remaining stores had been removed, and the only marks of our residence in this valley were a few shattered bark huts, young cocoa-nut plants, a bread-fruit, and some other useful trees and plants, I felt very loath to leave the spot. I considered what a blessing to the country these plants must eventually prove, if they should continue to thrive as they had yet done, and as I called to mind how much forethought and care their transport to their present position had occasioned, I would very gladly have passed a year or two of my life in watching over them, and seeing them attain to a useful maturity. One large pumpkin plant, in particular, claimed my notice. The tropical warmth and rains, and the virgin soil in which it grew, had imparted to it a rich luxuriance : it did not creep along the ground, but its long shoots were spreading upwards amongst the trees. The young cocoa-nuts grew humbly amidst the wild plants and reeds,—

their worth unknown. Most of these plants I had placed in the ground myself, and had watched their early progress :—now they must be left to their fate. Amidst such thoughts we resumed our course down the valley, and embarked in the boats ; but had not proceeded far when a dog, belonging to one of the men, was missed, and as we could not abandon so faithful a companion, a party returned to search for it, and the dog was brought safely on board.

No wonder that when he returned to Perth, to which Captain Grey hastened, attended by Kaiber, to procure for his followers assistance and relief, a great stretch of unknown country having to be traversed, and hardly any provisions to support nature, he was so altered that his nearest friends could not recognize him, some taking him for a crazy Malay who was wont to annoy them.

We shall append to the foregoing extracts a few of a miscellaneous nature, each, however, being descriptive or suggestive of points worthy of deep consideration. And first we offer some particulars and opinions which possess a geological interest, and present what some suppose to be anomalous phenomena :—

Several acres of land on this elevated position were nearly covered with lofty isolated sandstone pillars of the most grotesque and fantastic shapes, from which the imagination might easily have pictured to itself forms equally singular and amusing. In one place was a regular unroofed aisle, with a row of massive pillars on each side ; and in another there stood upon a pedestal what appeared to be the legs of an ancient statue, from which the body had been knocked away.

Some of these time-worn columns were covered with sweet-smelling creepers, while their bases were concealed by a dense vegetation, which added much to their very singular appearance. The height of two or three which I measured was upwards of forty feet ; and as the tops of all of them were nearly upon the same level, that of the surrounding country must at one period have been as high as their present summits,—probably much higher.

From the top of one of these pillars I surveyed the surrounding country, and saw on every side proofs of the same extensive degradation,—so extensive, indeed, that I found it very difficult to account for ; but the gurgling of water, which I heard beneath me, soon put an end to the state of perplexity in which I was involved, for I ascertained that streams were running in the earth beneath my feet ; and on descending and creeping into a fissure in the rocks, I found beneath the surface a cavern precisely resembling the remains that existed above ground, only that this was roofed, whilst through it ran a small stream, which in the rainy season must become a perfect torrent. It was now evident to me that ere many years had elapsed the roof would give way, and what now were the buttresses of dark and gloomy caverns, would emerge into day, and become columns clad in green, and resplendent in the bright sunshine. In this state they would gradually waste away beneath the ever-during influence of atmospheric causes, and the material being then carried down by the



streams, through a series of caverns resembling those of which they once formed a portion, would be swept out into the ocean, and deposited on sand-banks, to be raised again, at some remote epoch, a new continent, built up with the ruins of an ancient world.

To naturalists whose studies are principally directed to the animal kingdom Captain Grey's volumes offer a good deal of curious matter, although the wild and trackless regions of Australia are remarkably free of the more formidable and venomous animals; snakes being the chief exception to this general rule. Take an anecdote connected with this fact:—

Close to this spot the attention of Mr. Lushington was drawn to a curious mis-shapen mass which came advancing from some bushes with a novel and uncouth motion—he fired, and it fell, and on going up to it he found that it was a small kangaroo enveloped in the folds of a large snake, a species of Boa. The kangaroo was now quite dead, and flattened from the pressure of the folds of the snake, which being surprised at the disturbance it met with, was beginning to uncoil itself, when Mr. Lushington drew out a pistol and shot it through the head. It was of a brownish yellow colour, and eight feet six inches long. The kangaroo we found very good eating; and Mr. Walker, who ate a portion of the snake, considered it to be as great a delicacy as an eel, but rather tougher.

We must not leave off without some notices of the aborigines of Australia, relative to whom our author's reports are much more favourable than have usually been given. According to his account they are naturally intelligent and quick of apprehension. They readily learn to read and write. He observed concerning them, however, that their curiosity is much less excited by narratives about civilized man, than when the matter is connected with other races in nearly the same savage state with themselves; and he had an opportunity to judge of them rather extensively and through intercourse with several friendly tribes. This is the manner in which one of these displayed their sympathies and kindness. Hearing "that I had been wounded by the natives to the north, no persuasions, no protestations, upon my part, could convince them that my object in now proceeding in that direction again, was merely to gratify curiosity, and not from motives of revenge; but they kept continually requesting me not to attempt to kill anybody until I had passed a spot named Yal-gar-in, about ten days' journey to the north, and they then advised me indiscriminately to shoot every body I saw." It will be readily believed from this that the tribe beyond the spot named was at war with the advisers.

Another friendly tribe strikingly gave proofs of certain superstitious notions:—

A sort of procession came up, headed by two women, down whose cheeks tears were streaming. The eldest of these came up to me, and looking

for a moment at me, said, "Gwa, gwa, bundo bal,"—"Yes, yes, in truth it is him;" and then throwing her arms round me, cried bitterly, her head resting on her breast; and although I was totally ignorant of what her meaning was, from mere motives of compassion, I offered no resistance to her caresses, however disagreeable they might be, for she was old, ugly, and filthily dirty; the other younger one knelt at my feet, also crying. At last the old lady, emboldened by my submission, deliberately kissed me on each cheek, just in the manner a French woman would have done; she then cried a little more, and at length relieving me, assured me that I was the ghost of her son, who had some time before been killed by a spear-wound in his breast. The younger female was my sister; but she, whether from motives of delicacy, or from any imagined backwardness on my part, did not think proper to kiss me.

My new mother expressed almost as much delight at my return to my family as my real mother would have done, had I been unexpectedly restored to her. As soon as she left me, my brothers, and my father (the old man who had previously been so frightened), came up and embraced me after their manner,—that is, they threw their arms round my waist, placed their right knee against my right knee, and their breast against my breast, holding me in this way for several minutes. During the time that the ceremony lasted, I, according to the native custom, preserved a grave and mournful expression of countenance.

This belief, that white people are the souls of departed blacks, is by no means an uncommon superstition amongst them; they themselves never having an idea of quitting their own land, cannot imagine others doing it;—and thus when they see white people suddenly appear in their country, and settling themselves down in particular spots, they imagine that they must have formed an attachment for this land in some other state of existence; and hence conclude the settlers were at one period black men, and their own relations. Likenesses, either real or imagined, complete the delusion; and from the manner of the old woman I have just alluded to, from her many tears, and from her warm caresses, I feel firmly convinced that she really believed I was her son, whose first thought, upon his return to earth, had been to revisit his old mother, and bring her a present. I will go still further, and say, that although I did not encourage this illusion, I had not the heart to try to undeceive the old creature, and to dispel her dream of happiness.

Our last extract of all illustrates their singing propensities, which afford tokens of strength and prevalence, no matter what may be the occasion.

In England, an elderly gentleman, who has been at all put out of his way by encroachments and trespasses upon his property, sits over his fire in the evening, sipping his port, and brooding over vengeance by means of the law: but the law is tortuous, expensive, and uncertain; his revenge is very distant from him; under these circumstances, the more the elderly gentleman talks the more irate he becomes. Very different is the conduct of the elder Australian gentleman. He comes to his hut at night in a

towering passion ; tucks his legs under him, and seats himself upon his heels before the fire ; he calls to his wife for pieces of quartz, and some dried kangaroo sinews, then forthwith begins sharpening and polishing his spears, and whilst thus occupied, sings to himself—

I'll spear his liver,  
I'll spear his lights,  
I'll spear his heart,  
I'll spear his thigh,  
    &c. &c. &c.

After awhile he pauses and examines the point he has been working at: it is very sharp, and he gives a grunt of satisfaction. His wives now chime in—

The wooden-headed,  
    Bandy-legged.  
Thin-thighed fellows—  
The bone-rumped  
    Long-shinned,  
Thin-thighed fellows.

The old gentleman looks rather more murderous, but withal more pleasant, and as he begins to sharpen his second spear, he chants out—

I'll spear their liver,  
I'll spear their bowels,  
I'll spear their hearts,  
I'll spear their loins.

As he warms on the subject, he ships his spear in the throwing-stick, quivers it in the air, and imitates rapidly the adventures of the fight of the coming day :—then the recollections of the deeds of his youth rush through his mind ; he changes his measure to a sort of recitative, and commences an account of some celebrated fray of by-gone times ; the children and young men crowd round from the neighbouring huts, the old gentleman becomes more and more vociferous,—first he sticks his spear point under his arm, and lies on his side to imitate a man dying, yet chanting away furiously all the time,—then he grows still more animated, occasionally adjusting his spear with his throwing-stick, and quivering it with a peculiar grace. The young women now come timidly up to see what is going on ; little flirtations take place in the back-ground, whereat the very elderly gentlemen with very young wives, whose dignity would be compromised by appearing to take an interest in passing events, and who have therefore remained seated in their own huts, wax jealous, and despatch their mothers and aged wives to look after the younger ladies. These venerable females have a dread of evil spirits, and consequently will not move from the fire without carrying a fire-stick in their hands ; the bush is now dotted about with these little moving points of fire, all making for a common centre, at which are congregated old and young ;—jest follows jest,—one peal of laughter rings close upon the heels of another,—the elderly gentleman is loudly applauded by the bystanders,—and having fairly sung the wrath out of himself, he assists in getting up the dances and songs, with which their evening terminates.

One of the important features of the present publication consists of views urged relative to the future bearing to be maintained by the British government and settlers towards the aboriginal people of Australia.

With regard to the scientific results of the expeditions and the geographical discoveries made by Captain Grey and his companions, it cannot be said that these were equal to the hopes which must have been entertained, or to what might have been expected from the energy, the resolution, the skill, and the talents of its officers. They were so baffled by adverse circumstances—such as landing at unfortunate spots, having their vessel and smaller boats damaged severely, their stores sometimes destroyed, their chronometers disabled, besides the numerous hardships and sufferings, of which we have more than once spoken—that the marvel is how they contrived and managed to accomplish so much as they did; above all we are astonished at the amount of interest which the narrative, in the absence of very satisfactory results, creates and rewards. In one passage Captain Grey says, “In the course of my explorations, ten rivers, which are, when considered in reference to the other known ones of Western Australia, of considerable importance, were discovered, some of them being larger than any yet found in the south-west of this continent; many smaller ones were also seen.” Still, it appears that the outlets for the large rivers were not distinctly discovered; the problem still remaining to be solved, How do these streams empty themselves into the ocean? At the same time a large tract of country was surveyed between Cape Cuvier and Swan River, which presented extensive districts of good land, watered by the number and kind of streams mentioned in the passage just quoted. The largest and most fertile of these, and which adjoins the river Hutt, has been named the Province of Victoria; and some time ago the governor of Western Australia had been applied to by settlers who were desirous of occupying the prolific soil; and no doubt, could a navigable approach to it from the sea be found, the district would soon be thoroughly surveyed; cattle farms would speedily be formed; extensive rearers of flocks would plant themselves in the virgin region; and the sure pioneers of agriculture, commerce, and civilization would be seen to rival the older and most prosperous colonists in the Australian continent.

Colonization on the part of the Anglo-Saxon race, or, in other words, British emigration, it is our opinion, is yet as imperfectly understood by the many, in respect of systematic principles and advantages, as the lands are inexhaustible, according to any ordinary calculation, which present themselves for occupation. The time, we however think, is not far distant when the advantages to which we refer will with some degree of adequacy be generally perceived; and if the rumour which has keenly touched the coun-

try of late with regard to a comprehensive measure of emigration being contemplated by the Government be well founded, we may expect that these advantages will be the more speedily appreciated. The very discussions to which the suggested scheme has given rise already, we trust will be productive of reflection and a better understanding of principles and benefits as regard both the mother country and her offspring in foreign parts.

In the meanwhile the press is divided on the subject, and its organs are waging a keen war of opinion; all the prejudices, natural as well as artificial, being arrayed against the reported scheme and the very principles of emigration; and, on the other hand, a warm defence and recommendation of it distinguishing the more rational combatants.

Some are so unreasonable as to abuse the idea of a systematic emigration, because it is said to be intended by a Tory government. But the objection of itself is unworthy of notice. Others will not have it, because *free trade* and the *abolition of the corn-laws* do not take precedence; just as if one measure of relief and of great national benefit is not to be propounded and accepted, unless all that is necessary or expedient be granted at once. And at the bottom of the objection there is, with not a few, this vile motive,—that by preventing any relief from the present frightful pressure, the lever will be kept in operation to work out their political ends.

Again, some boldly argue that no material relief will be afforded, no essential and lasting benefits secured by a comprehensive system of emigration being speedily set on foot; thus showing that they have forgotten, or that they misunderstand, the mutual advantages that have resulted and must result from every approach to any judicious and enlarged scheme. How could England be supplied adequately with raw materials without her colonies? and where find an outlet for her manufactures so readily and fully as among her offspring? What would this country have been, had her children never peopled the regions of America? She would not even have presented anything like the numbers of able and industrious persons which now swarm in the British isles, and are capable of speedily creating civilized nations in the unsurveyed wilds of Australia; of turning their labour to profitable account; of reviving and increasing the manufactures and commerce of their father-land; and of powerfully aiding to enrich and render prosperous those whom they leave there.

To be sure there are prejudices against emigration, and especially at this moment, which are more difficult to deal with than the political fallacies that have briefly been mentioned. Many look upon it as being little better than transportation; our past system of convict colonization helping powerfully to rivet the sentiment. And what is at the present time not less distasteful, is the idea of a

scheme being on foot to get rid,—to banish the poor and the virtuous merely, as any other burden would be unceremoniously and with selfish coldness treated.

Such are some of the objections and prejudices that are entertained in the present exigencies and prospects of the country. But they will not abide calm and enlightened inquiry. May we not indeed trust that such false views and untenable doubts will prove the immediate forerunners of opposite convictions, and that the Government will be stimulated to pursue vigorously an enlarged system by the very ignorance which prevails concerning its capabilities, as well as by the perversions of political enemies.

ART. II.—*Reasons for a New Edition of Shakespeare's Works.* By J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq. Whittaker.

THE object of the "Reasons" is to answer the question, "Why is it proposed to publish a new edition of Shakespeare?" These reasons are various, and none of them without weight, although one may at first wonder where they can be found, or of what character they may be, after the almost innumerable forms in which the great dramatist's works have appeared, and after the labours of commentators without end, and upon every sort of scale. The following are the important reasons:—the text of Shakespeare requires to be settled, even after the pains bestowed upon the language, from the days of Rowe to the present time, the editors not only having left much undone that they ought to have accomplished, but having done much that they ought not to have attempted. Offences of a serious kind, both of omission and commission, are laid to their charge. Is it not strange that the first folio edition of his collected works has not been correctly given; great liberties having been taken with the view to *improve* and *correct* the author, in respect of meaning, metre, punctuation, &c., and, on the other hand, passing over gross typographical errors, which the most ordinary attention, one would have thought, might have discovered? Now, the means which Mr. Collier is to adopt for settling the text are such as no one ever before used, some of them indeed being beyond the knowledge of the editors, others of them being from sheer neglect and culpable remissness overlooked or not sought after. For example, there is in existence manuscript evidence to be found in common-place books, in which were entered anecdotes, observations, and passages from works which fell in the way of readers, at a time when printed volumes were comparatively scarce and dear, by means of which considerable emendations may be effected, some of these entries in respect of Shakespeare having most probably been taken from manuscript copies and by the contemporaries of the poet, or

else from hearing the passages at the theatre. Besides, there are in existence printed authorities which are now available to Mr. Collier, but which no former editor or commentator has consulted. Not only has he examined every public collection of books, such as the libraries in the British Museum and the Universities, but from his habits and past labours in the department of our dramatic literature, and his other antiquarian pursuits, he knows where to seek for what he requires; while individuals have volunteered from private quarters the most valuable lights and assistance. Says Mr. Collier, "Upon this task I have more or less been employed for many years, as I was able to procure copies of the original editions; but of late I have enjoyed facilities for the purpose of going through the plays again, and of completing my undertaking, such as, I may confidently assert, no other editor ever possessed." And the following extract will at once explain his meaning and the nature of his advantages:—

The moment it was mentioned to the Duke of Devonshire (to whose kindness in other respects I owe much) that I had engaged to produce so important a work as a new edition of Shakespeare, and that frequent reference to his Grace's matchless dramatic library would be of essential service, the Duke at once insisted that I should take home with me every early edition of Shakespeare in his library, that I might be able to finish my collations at leisure, and under all possible advantages. Such an excess of confidence I was not prepared to expect, even from the Duke of Devonshire; but of course I was most happy to accept so extraordinary a favour. When I state that his Grace's collection includes all the first editions of Shakespeare's dramas, and most of the later impressions prior to the Restoration,—that it embraces the inestimable and *unique* first "Hamlet," of 1603,—the first "Romeo and Juliet," of 1597,—the first "Richard II.," and "Richard III.," of the same year,—the three "Lears," of 1608,—the "Othello" of 1622, and many others, which, if brought to the hammer, would produce a sum of money, the amount of which it is difficult in these times to calculate, the reader will be able in some degree to estimate this remarkable act of liberality. From his Grace also I have obtained the loan of his folio editions of the Works of Shakespeare in 1623, 1632, 1664, and 1685.

But the Duke of Devonshire is not the only nobleman to whom I am indebted in this respect. Lord Francis Egerton would have required no example of the kind to prompt him to do anything in his power to aid me in this design; but it so happened that I had directed my earliest application to the Duke of Devonshire, and I could not refrain from making Lord Francis Egerton acquainted with the fact and its result. When I resorted to the noble possessor of the Bridgewater Library, I was met with a proposal that I should be furnished from thence with all the plays, poems, or tracts, that would contribute to my purpose. Thus I obtained the *unique* "Titus Andronicus" of 1600,—many of the first and subsequent editions of other pieces by our great poet,—the *unique* drama of "Love and For-

tune," 1589, and various other plays, poems, and pamphlets, intrinsically of great curiosity, and to me of most essential importance. Early impressions of plays, even of the same edition, not unfrequently differ in minute particulars, improvements having been made while they were going through the press; and it was therefore highly useful to me thus to have an opportunity of collating one copy against the other. Lord Francis Egerton was also kind enough to add to the obligation, by lending me his folios of 1623 and 1632, the first being more than ordinarily interesting on account of certain early manuscript corrections in a few of the plays, which will put an end to doubts on some passages of the original text, and will most satisfactorily illustrate and explain others not hitherto well understood.

The Bridgewater folio of 1623, belonging to Lord Francis Egerton, is particularly valuable on account of the manuscript corrections in the margin, which are probably as old as the reign of Charles the First. We shall copy out a specimen of such emendations in "All's Well that Ends Well." Bertram's speech to Parolles stands in the following manner, as originally printed in the folio of 1623:—

"I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,  
Given order for our horses; and to-night,  
When I should take possession of the bride,  
And ere I do begin."

Thus the passage passed through the four early folio editions, some of the modern impressions, however, owing to the not understanding the concluding hemistich, giving it as if Bertram had not finished his sentence, and was interrupted by Parolles, printing the line in this manner,—

"And ere I do begin" ———

Whereas all that is required to make the sense perfect and intelligible is to alter a single letter, and that single letter is in the margin of Lord Egerton's folio, correcting the text thus,—

"End ere I do begin."

Bertram's evident meaning therefore is, that escaping from the wife he has just been compelled to marry, he resolves to *end* the union *ere he begins it*.

From a comparison of some of the plays as they stand in the first folio with modern copies, Mr. Collier proceeds to establish how carelessly former editors have executed the mere mechanical work of collation, a necessary branch of work which will not be neglected by him whose enthusiasm and skill for its performance never were surpassed, and perhaps in no instance equalled with reference to Shakespeare and the older dramatists. He declares, indeed, that he will, "with the most plodding diligence, go over every line, word, and letter of each play or poem, in order to be sure that the new edition corresponds with the ancient copies, as far as they are to be followed, and that no syllable is passed over or omitted that can be



corrected or recovered." He cites examples of the modern system of editorship which has been pursued :—

I will cite a few passages from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," to prove that the modern editors of Shakespeare strangely neglected the duty they undertook, as far as respects furnishing an authentic text, supported by the best authority to which they could refer—the folio of 1623. The modern text is taken as it is found in the edition in twenty-one vols. 8vo, which the late Mr. Boswell saw through the press, and which contains Malone's latest corrections and contributions, besides the notes of Pope, Theobald, Warburton, Johnson, Steevens, Reed, and other commentators, during considerably more than a century.

In act ii. sc. 2, of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Julia asks her maid, Lucetta, her opinion of her various suitors; and first,

"What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?"

To which Lucetta replies, according to the folio of 1623,

"As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine."

How is this line printed in Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell? Thus :—

"As *our* knight, well-spoken, neat and fine."

In the same scene, on the re-entry of Lucetta, Julia inquires,

"Is it *near* dinner time?"

and Lucetta's answer completes the line,

—————"I would it were."

In Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, the word "near" is omitted in Julia's question, by which the metre is destroyed; and the omission is the more extraordinary, because Boswell added a note of his own, to inform the reader, that "Is it" was printed "Is 't" in the folio; but he did not carry his attention even to the very next word, or he must have seen that it was wanting, even if his ear did not make him acquainted with the deficiency.

Passing over mere misprints, of which a formidable list might be furnished from this very play, the following striking errors of a different kind in a small part of a single page (iv. 102), are not to be forgiven.

"You would *then* have them always play but one thing."

The adverb in italic is an interpolation, without the slightest reason assigned, and as the passage is only prose, no excuse could be found in the requirements of the metre. The excuse of the improvement of the metre (though we ought to be far from wishing for any such *improvements*), may however be made for the unwarranted insertion of the same adverb in a line of "The Taming of the Shrew," act. i. sc. 1.

"In brief, *then*, sir, sith it your pleasure is," &c.

If commentators and verbal critics were to be allowed on all occasions to amend in their own way what they might consider the defective metre of Shakespeare, they would generally make strange work of it. Steevens

was the boldest experimenter of this class, although his ear was notoriously most exceptionable. In fact, in this scene, some passages meant for colloquial verse, just above the level of ordinary speaking, have been printed by Malone as prose; such, for instance, as Julia's answer to the line above quoted, which ought to be regulated thus:—

“I would always have one play but one thing,  
But, Host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on,  
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?”

A few lines farther we meet with a careless transposition, which I should not have noticed, but for the other defects in the same passage: the observation of Proteus,

“Sir Thurio, fear not you, I will so plead,”  
was allowed by Boswell to stand,

“Sir Thurio, fear *you not*, I will so plead.”

In the following instance of the same kind from “The Taming of the Shrew,” the transposition would seem to have been wilful:—

“This will I do, and this will I advise you,”

as if, because “will I” occurred in the first clause of the sentence, it was necessary that it should be repeated in the second. It is printed, “and this *I will* advise you” in the folio; and perhaps the very reason which induced Malone to make the change (without any notice that he had done so,) was the very reason why Shakespeare wrote the contrary. Where no alteration is absolutely necessary, we are apt to consider the poet the best judge of the mode in which he will express himself.

Again, on the re-appearance of Silvia at her window, Proteus, in the old copy of 1623, addresses her—

“Madam, good even to your ladyship,”

which is printed by Malone—

“Madam, good *evening* to your ladyship,”

avoiding the authorised and refined term Shakespeare purposely employed, and giving an air of familiarity to the salutation, inconsistent with the relative positions of the parties to the dialogue. These errors (not one of which is countenanced even by the text of the second folio) are all included within a space of nineteen lines; and on the very next page (103), we meet with a passage which is rendered pure nonsense by the substitution of one word for another. Silvia is reproaching Proteus with injuring his friend by making persevering love to her, and she asks—

—————“and art thou not ashamed  
To wrong him with thy importunacy?”

Thus it stands in the first and in all the folio editions; yet in Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, the preposition has been absurdly changed, and the passage is thus given:—

—————“and art thou not ashamed  
To wrong him *of* thy importunacy?”

A form of expression neither authorized by the original text, nor by the customary mode of writing in the time of Shakespeare. No blunder of the kind can be deemed a trifle (even if it did not make the passage unintelligible) where an editor professes to fix the genuine reading of such an author; and when in a subsequent scene of the same act (act iv. sc. 4) we meet with "all men's judgment," misprinted for "all men's judgments," both substantives having been correctly and consistently written by Shakespeare in the plural, all lovers of our great dramatist ought to be offended.

This system of blundering (for it may be said to amount almost to a system) is kept up to the very last scene of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," where Valentine, addressing the Duke, observes, as the lines appear in the folio of 1623,—

"And as we walk along, I dare be bold,  
With our discourse, to make your grace to smile."

In the copy of the play in the edition in 21 vols. 8vo, revised by Boswell and containing Malone's latest corrections, we find *alone* substituted for "along," just as if two people could walk alone, and as if the Duke and Valentine would not be surrounded by the other prominent characters in the drama, besides being attended by the ducal train.

So far with regard to some of the errors in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona;" but the case of that play is by no means singular, and in others the mistakes are hardly to be accounted for, excepting by supposing culpable carelessness combined with remarkable ignorance (of which of course we do not, in the ordinary sense of the word, accuse the commentators), in order to disfigure the text of Shakespeare. Now and then, changes are made which could not be accidental, and for which there is not the slightest warrant by supposing the meaning of the poet to have been misrepresented by the old printers. The alteration in the following lines from "The Winter's Tale," (act v. sc. 1) seems merely wanton, and it runs through all the modern impressions. Paulina would not have Leontes marry again, and Dion, in reply, urges her to pity the State, and to call to mind the necessity of continuing the succession in the family of Leontes:—

—————"If you would not so,  
You pity not the State, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign name; consider little  
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,  
May drop upon his kingdom."

Nothing can be plainer, but all the modern editions substitute *dame* for "name," (as it stands in the folio) and thus absolutely contradict the poet's meaning. Shakespeare would hardly have made Dion advert to the fate of Hermione, at the moment when he was urging another marriage upon the king. Moreover, in the folio of 1623, and in the three others, as if to prevent the possibility of mistake, "Name" is printed with a capital letter. This was therefore a wilful corruption of the text, without any notice that a variation had been made from the old and authentic reading of the play. In one drama, "The Taming of the Shrew," a whole line has been omitted, and Boswell (who has been ostentatious of his collations,

pointing them out in separate notes at the foot of the page) did not detect the deficiency. It cannot indeed be said that the sense is absolutely incomplete without this missing line, but still it is necessary to the full meaning of the author.

Mr. Collier does not spare the incompetent editors who have preceded him; and yet he convicts some of them of such inattention and bold liberties as might have authorized still severer chastisement than he has inflicted. Words have unscrupulously been foisted upon Shakespeare, or omitted without reason. Boswell is one of the grossest offenders in perverting the text. Then with regard to the metre, the most unwarrantable freedom has been used with the poet's lines by Malone, Steevens, and others. "I am firmly persuaded," says Mr. Collier, "that many passages, now considered defective, were purposely left so by the poet, with a view of giving variety, and of avoiding that weighty and tedious monotony observable in the works of all his immediate predecessors, with the solitary exception of Marlowe." Besides, an editor has no right to omit or insert any word, merely because it may be imagined that the lines are thereby improved. The rhetoric of the present age is not always agreeable to what was the prevalent taste of Shakespeare's era, and a supposed amendment may therefore be a base vitiation. Not only have the dramas suffered severely in this way, but the poems also, which are all to be included in the new edition, after being most accurately collated with the oldest and most authentic impressions. With regard to these productions, of which Steevens had the effrontery to speak meanly, Mr. Collier entertains the loftiest admiration, and will bestow the merited care, by no means regarding them as merely a necessary supplement, or only as proper to be inserted in a complete collection of the poet's works. The "*Venus and Adonis*" is to be printed from the quarto of 1593; the "*Lucrece*" from the quarto of 1594; the "*Sonnets*" from the quarto of 1609, and "*The Passionate Pilgrim*" from the octavo of 1599, compared with the reprint of 1612, "omitting the poems by other authors, fraudulently inserted by the bookseller, to which it is acknowledged Shakespeare has no claim." We also extract the following observations with regard to the poems:—

The collation of the *Sonnets* (many of them unquestionably autobiographical, and others possibly written for third persons, a point of considerable interest, which will be duly considered in its place), and of the "*Venus and Adonis*," and "*Lucrece*," will correct many defects which have been allowed to remain in the various re-impressions of them: beautiful as the poems are, no editor seems to have thought it necessary to compare the reprints with the originals. By way of illustration it may be worth while to notice two or three errors in "*Lucrece*." The first occurs in the short dedication to Lord Southampton, where a word is omitted; a second is in

the body of the poem, after Tarquin has quitted Lucrece, and she is left to her own reflections. The original, as it is found in four copies which I have had an opportunity of consulting, is in these words :

“ Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,  
Her mansion battered by the enemy ;  
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,  
Grossly engirt with daring infamy,” &c.

It may be asserted that the whole beauty of this passage is absolutely ruined by the substitution of one word for another in the third line, which in Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. xx. p. 173, runs thus :—

“ Her sacred *table* spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,” &c.

To talk of a “ table” being “ spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,” and “ grossly engirt with daring infamy” is merely ridiculous ; and to answer that it is a misprint is no excuse, since it inevitably leads to the corruption of all subsequent impressions, the text of which may be taken from this supposed authentic edition. A third instance is from nearer the conclusion of the poem, when Collatine and Lucrece meet, after she has sent for him :—

“ Both stood, like old acquaintance, in a trance,  
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.”

The sense seems so plain that it is impossible to mistake it, yet by the substitution of *but* for “ both” in the first line, the couplet is rendered something like sheer nonsense.

The *text* of course will be Mr. Collier's first consideration ; but he is also to append notes, care being taken to make them as few and concise as possible, so as not to encumber the volumes and not needlessly to distract the attention of the reader. The method which our editor is diligently to pursue and observe is first to settle the true reading ; next to form an accurate judgment whether that reading is intelligible ; and lastly, if a note be deemed by him necessary, to say no more than is absolutely required.

Introductions, for the most part entirely new, will be prefixed, each play having its appropriate matter, conveying information respecting the origin of the plots and the performance of the dramas. No person who is acquainted with Mr. Collier's past contributions to the history of our dramatic literature can for a moment doubt his competency with regard to each of these points. To him it is a labour of love to illustrate the masters of the Elizabethan period ; although the modesty with which he executes such services is as remarkable as the ability and the judgment which his performances display.

The criticisms on *Shakespeare* by Coleridge, the German writers, and others who of late years have taken a wider and more intellectual range than formerly, will be consulted by our editor. He will also attend, as far as the lights can guide him, to the chronological

order of the plays, having in his possession highly important materials for this purpose, with which his predecessors were unacquainted. And yet he confesses that he is unable to settle more than a few points satisfactorily about which Malone, Chalmers, and others rarely agree. There is one authority with reference to some of the plays which we are told has never before been adduced, viz., "England's Parnassus," an octavo volume of more than 500 pages, which came out in 1600, that will be appealed to by Mr. Collier. This volume contains nearly 100 quotations to which the name or initials of Shakespeare are appended. "Romeo and Juliet," for example, is quoted eleven times. "Richard III." is quoted five times. Other of the dramas are also quoted, but such as are not may perhaps not have been written or acted before the year 1600. Such an inference may perhaps be made. However, as to about half the dramas of Shakespeare, it is confessed that we must still consider ourselves entirely destitute of anything approaching distinct information when they were first acted, much more when they were first written. "Of six-and-thirty plays, only seventeen were published during Shakespeare's life."

An important portion of the first volume of the new edition (it is to consist of "eight handsome demy octavo volumes") will be devoted to the poet's life. Mr. Collier will resort to no second-hand authorities, but will examine the original sources of information, from the register of his baptism to the proof of his will. The biography is to be introduced by a succinct history of the origin, rise, and progress of dramatic performances in this country, that the reader may be made acquainted with the precise condition of our stage and its poetry, at the time when Shakespeare first became connected with it.

Such is to be the character of an edition which Mr. Collier has been for many years preparing, and which, there can be no doubt, will nearly supersede all that have gone before it; unless, indeed, pictorial illustrations recommend some of them, or the mere fact of cheapness. Whether pictures are to embellish the new work we have not been told; but from the size of it, and judging from the specimen page prefixed to the "Reasons," we presume that the price will not be increased by engravings to any great extent. It is a library edition that is required, comprising the latest discoveries and elucidations made by the continued efforts of celebrated antiquaries and commentators; and this the publishers promise. The volumes to be issued periodically, commencing on the First of February, 1842. Hereafter Mr. Collier's name will be closely associated with that of William Shakespeare, and therefore immortalized. By the bye, he spells that name as we have copied him throughout. What would Charles Matthews have said to this part of the proceeding? Shall we not have some Reasons for this feature?

ART. III.—1. *The Letters and Journals of Robert Baillie, Principal of the University of Glasgow.* Edited by DAVID LAING, Esq. 3 vols. Edinburgh: Ogle.

2. *Letters Illustrative of the Revolution in England, from 1646 to 1653.* Edited by HENRY CARY, M. A. Vol. I. Colburn.

MR. LAING, an eminent antiquary, has undertaken to give a complete and accurate edition of Baillie's Letters and Journals, extending from 1637 to 1662, two volumes of which have been published, and the third is shortly to appear. No satisfactory and correct copy of this distinguished man's manuscripts has ever before been given to the public, although portions of them have appeared; while almost every writer concerning the struggles civil and religious of the Great Revolution frequently quotes his authority. It can hardly be said that between the dates mentioned a year elapsed which was not marked by momentous events in British history, and the agitation of questions which were either mighty in themselves, or rendered most memorable by the manner of discussion, as well as by the persons who entered the fields of conflict. And certainly Robert Baillie was one of the most active, the most characteristic, and the most entertaining that the Scotch presbyterians furnished. There is much of honesty and independence as well as of bigotry in his writings, his feelings, and his conduct; and while he throws very considerable light upon the parties and the occurrences of the stirring period in which he flourished, he also affords an animated and minute insight into the manners and modes of thinking of the age, together with an unconscious self-portraiture that is racy and amusing, the more so on account of his numerous Scotticisms and pithy Doric. His descriptions, for example, are as expressive as they are quaint; his sentiments and opinions as plain as they are cogent and appropriate to the man. His learning, too, it is manifest, was very considerable, as might be at once inferred from his high office of Principal of the University of Glasgow, and at a period when learning was held in real repute, even among the Puritan party; and there more especially, without a question, than where the Cavalier pretensions come to be weighed. Profound and various erudition was required, had it only been to equip the polemical combatants for the arena of battle. An extracted sentence or two will confirm and illustrate what we have now stated. Baillie is writing concerning an expected visit by the King to Scotland, whom he calls a "sweite prince," and of a certain change which had taken place, as well as how brought about, in his own mind, with regard to opposing his sovereign. He says, "I was latelie in the minde, that in no imaginable case, any prince might have been opposed. In all our questions I confesse no change bot in this

only; whereto I was brought, not by Paræus, or Buchanan, or Junius Brutus, for their reasons and conclusions I yet scunner at; bot mainly by Bilsone de Subjectione." "Luther, Melancthon, Bucer, Martyr, Beza, Abbots, Whittakers also gives leave to subjects, in some cases to defend themselves, where the prince is absolut from subjection to any man, bot not absolut from tye to the lawe of Church and State, whereto he is sworn, which is the case of all Christian Kings now, and ever also since the fall of the Roman Empire."

Baillie was an encourager and patron of learning, and maintained an extensive correspondence with persons abroad concerning his own studies, and the advancement of those of others. He wishes one that he "would essaye to perswade some" at Amsterdam, "who has good types and paper, to print, for their own great profit and scholler's great use, ane Hebrew Bible, and Syriack New Testament, in one volume, both with the poynts, in quantitie of our English poutch Bibles." And he adds, "a million of thir would sell in two years." He also writes for "the Targum and Talmud," &c. His own library seems to have been large, considering his income, and that the press did not daily groan as it does in our day. The orders he appears sometimes to have given for foreign books attest his love of learning, its range, and depth.

But we are forestalling particulars; or rather are keeping at a distance from the main purpose of our paper, which is to present such passages as will illustrate the manners of the times in which Baillie lived, and bring before us vividly national and party characteristics; not altogether leaving out such notices as furnish interesting sketches of individuals, the writer of the Letters himself necessarily figuring most prominently among the portraits. The grand historical events, the leading features of the great actors in the drama, are too familiar to every reader to require any critical treatment in our pages at present, or any anxiety to find corroborations and corrections in the Principal's relics.

The period at which the Letters commence was one of remarkable importance in the history of Scotland, Baillie being then parish minister of Kilwinning, in the shire of Ayr; for the service-book and the bishops were about to be forced upon the people; but with what prospect of success might have been augured from such Amazonian scenes as are described in the following passage:—

Mr. William Annan, on the 1. of Timothy, "I command that prayers be made for all men," in the last half of his sermon, from the making of prayers, ran out upon the Liturgie, and spake for the defence of it in whole, and sundry most plausible parts of it, as well, in my poor judgment, as any in the Isle of Brittain could have done, considering all circumstances; howsoever, he did maintain, to the dislyk of all in ane unfit tyme, that which was hinging in suspense betwixt the King and the countrey. Of



his sermon among us in the Synod, not a word ; bot in the towne among the women, a great dinne. To-morrow, Mr. John Lindsay, at the Bishop's command, did preach ; he is the New Moderator of Lanrick. At the ingoing of the pulpit, it is said that some of the women in his ear assured him, that if he should twitch the Service Book in his sermon, he should be rent out of the pulpit ; he took the advyce, and lett that matter alone. At the outgoing of the church, about 30 or 40 of our honestest women, in one voyce, before the Bishope and Magistrats, did fall in rayling, cursing, scolding with clamours on Mr. William Annan : some two of the meanest were taken to the Tolbooth. All the day over, up and down the streets where he went, he got threats of sundry in words and looks ; bot after supper, whill needleslie he will goe to visit the Bishop, who had taken his leave with him, he is not sooner on the causey, at nine o'clock, in a mirk night, with three or four Ministers with him, bot some hundreths of intraged women, of all qualities, are about him, with neaves, and staves, and peats, [but] no stones : they beat him sore.

*But no stones !* Baillie is a true Scot ; a man unquestionably of strict integrity ; but yet with not merely the religious exclusiveness which characterized every sect or church of his day, but with those national prejudices which form, perhaps, an essential attribute in the highest instances of patriotism. He was as earnest a champion in behalf of Presbytery, to the fierce denunciation and strong-handed destruction of Episcopacy, as any of the wives who pelted and buffeted the apologists and advocates of the Liturgie, that was forced upon Scotland, could prove themselves. He buckled on his armour with alacrity, it mattered not what the scene or opportunity might be. In the pulpit he was a thunderer ; in his writings he was the nationally admired assailant of Laud,—instance the formidable "*Ladensium Autokatakrisis*, or the *Canterburian's Self-Conviction* ;" and he took the field in good earnest as one of the chaplains of the Scots army when it marched into England. It is amusing to observe how his heart warms towards Auld Scotland and her sons in arms ; and how he vauntingly contrasts these with England and the English. The Southrons are in his eyes little better than arrant cowards and gross gluttons :—

It would have done you good (he says) to have casten your eyes athort our brave and rich Hill, as oft I did, with great contentment and joy, for I (quoth the wren) was there among the rest, being chosen preacher by the gentlemen of our shyre, who came late with my Lord of Eglintoun. I furnished to half a dozen of good fellows musquets and picks, and to my son a broadsword. I carried myself, as the fashion was, a sword, and a couple of Dutch pistols at my saddle ; but I promise for the offence of no man, except a robber in the way ; for it was our part alone to pray and preach for the encouragement of our countrymen, which I did to my power most cheerfullie.

He goes on to tell how the "Hill was garnished on the toppe, towards the south and east, with our mounted canon, well near to the number of fortie great and small." "Our marche did much affraye the English campe." "It was thought the countrie of England was more afraid for the barbaritie of his highlanders than of any other terror; these of the English that came to visit our campe, did gaze much with admiration upon these souple fellows, with their playds, targes, and dorchachs." Such are some of the good man's self-complacent and congratulatory sentiments; such a few of his descriptive touches. "Our captaines, for the most part, barons or gentlemen of good note; our lieutenants almost all sojourns who had served over sea in good charges." Besides, "Everie companie had, flying at the Captaine's tent-doore, a brave new colour stamped with the Scottish Armes, and this ditton, *For Christ's Croun and Covenant*, in golden letters." The General had "a brave royal tent," but it was not set up. Nevertheless "his constant guard was some hundreds of our lawiers, musqueteers, under Durie and Hope's command, all the way standing in armes, with cocked matches before his gate, well apparelled." Also, "Our sojourns grew in experience of armes, in courage, in favour dailie." Most of them were "stoute young plowmen." The sight of "the nobles and their beloved pastors dailie raised their hearts." What made them "all so resolute for battell as could be wished," were "the good sermons and prayers, morning and even, under the roof of heaven, to which their drumms did call them for bells; the remonstrances very frequent of the goodness of our cause,—of their conduct hitherto by a hand clearlie divine; also Leslie his skill and fortoun."

The sketch of the General, with a few particulars connected with him, must be quoted without a break:—

We were feared that emulation among our nobles might have done harme, when they should be mett in the fields; bot such was the wisdom and authoritie of that old, little, crooked souldier, that all, with an incredible submission, from the beginning to the end, gave over themselves to be guided by him, as if he had been Great Solymán. Certainlie the obedience of our Nobles to that man's advyces was as great as their forbearance wont to be to their King's commands: yet that was the man's understanding of our Scotts humours, that gave out, not onlie to the nobles, bot to verie mean gentlemen, his directions in a verie homelie and simple forme, as if they had been bot the advyces of their neighbour and companion; for as he rightlie observed, a difference would be used in commanding sojourns of fortune, and of sojourns voluntars, of which kinde the most part of our camp did stand. He kept dailie in the Castle of Duncane ane honourable table for the nobles and strangers with himself, for gentlemen waiters thereafter, at a long syde table. I had the honour, by accident, one day to be his chaplaine at table, on his left hand; the fare was as became a

Generall in tyme of warre: not so curious be farr as Arundail's to our nobles; bot ye know that the English sumptuositie, both in warr and peace, is despised by all their neighbours.

The plight of the Scots was not always so gratifying, nor their conduct so exemplary. But we go not into the history of the march or of the fortunes of the army. We keep with as much closeness as possible to the minister and his more special conduct and sketches.

Having returned to Kilwinning, he was ere long summoned to accompany the Scots Commissioners to London. This is the characteristic account of part of the journey: "On Monday morning we came that twentie myle (from Ware) to London before sun-rising; all weell, horse and men, as we could wish; diverse merchants and their servants with us, on little naigs; the way extreamlie foule and deep, the journeys long and continued, sundrie of us unaccustomed with travell, we took it for God's singular goodness that all of us were so preserved; none in the companie held better out than I and my man, and our little noble naigs. We were by the way great expenses; their inns are all like palaces; no wonder they extors their guests." It appears that he was never adequately paid for the expenses of his journey; whereas others connected with the commission seem to have been well rewarded. His own outlay, not to speak of services, was far from being remunerated; having also had "to keep ane young gentleman to attend me all that 8 months, whose expenses in apparell and purse I did bear." Still, "As for me, I seek no recompense; onlie if my reall and true charges may be defrayed to me, I will thank God and my Lord Chancellor for that favour; or if this my desyre may be found to his Lordship to be unreasonable, or may tend to anie long or publick agitation, I require no more favour bot that it may be suppressed; for my meane estate hath not, thanks to God, so farr ever prevailed over the honestie of my mind that I would choose to have my name tossed for large soumes."

All this is highly characteristic of the writer, and so are the following "instructions to Mr. Alexander Cunningham," belonging to an earlier date than when the minister was in London himself:—

If in your way ye have occasion to divert for three or four dayes to Cambridge, or if at your leisure ye go to it from London, see Dr. Ward: try of him the secret, how Arminianisme hes spread so much there; how Shelfurde's absurdities pleases him; how they were gott printed there, with such approbation of so manie fellowes, and Dr. Beell Vice-chancellor for the tyme; if the book was called in, and any censure inflicted on the approvers. His colleague in the professiō, Dr. Colings, is verie courteous: sift him what he avows of Arminianisme and Canterburian poperie; they

say he is farr on, and opposit to Ward. Conferre with that Dr. Beel, and try if ye find him a papist. I think Dr. Coosings be at Oxfoord, bot if he be at Cambridge, conferre much with him: he is thought the maine penner of our Scottish Liturgie: if he will be plaine with yow, ye will see what that faction would be at. Be cannie in your Conferences, laist they take yow for a spye. Visit their fair Bibliothecks and manuscripts. Try who are fervent and able opposits there to Canterburie's way, and let your chief acquaintance be with them: beware of our countrey men Hay and Areskine, for I heare they are corrupt. At London acquaint yourself with Holdsworth, lecturer at Grasham Inne; [and] with Dr. Featley the author of Pelagius Redivivus: try how they can be silent to see Poperie growing. Search for the author of the Holie Table, Name and Thing. Try the present estate of Burton, Bastwick, and Prin [Prynne]; also of Lincolne, Bishop Davenant, and Hall: if they be there, conferre much with them; see if they be opposit to all Arminianisme, to bowing to the altar. Try what crucifixes and new images are at Paule's and the Chappell; and if Burton's complaints be reasonable.

Again,—

Wale your privat tymes that ye be not marked. Try of some discreet Alderman the grounds why London did not joyne against the Scotts; what hopes there is of a Parliament, and taking order with the Canterburians for their Arminianisme and Poperie; if there be any correspondence betuixt Con and Canterburie, betuixt him and Rome, and what evidences of it; what is the charge of Sir William Hamilton, the Queen's agent at Rome; if the Prince's letter to the Pope from Spain be disavowed: There are ane hundred such things as thir, whereof ye will have occasion, if ye be diligent, to find the ground, and the very root. Search who is about the Prince, if they be orthodoxe, and if any of the chaplains be honest.

Every letter shows, more or less, that the conscientious and sincere writer had constantly many and weighty concerns upon his mind; and also that he cherished no mean idea of his own importance. Nor, when we consider the offices he was put to, while with the Commissioners, are we to regard him as an insignificant personage. He was, for instance, appointed "for the convincing of that prevalent faction against which I have written." He was "put to the labour of frequent writing." And, referring to Laud, he says, with great glee, "It is laid upon me to give his little Grace the last stroak, to make, as we hope, his funerall."

While Baillie was in London, that celebrated state affair, the trial of Strafford, took place, regarding which we find many minute details and vivid notices. Our extracts from this part of the letters and journals will not be thought too lengthy. To begin with the beginning:—

All things here goes as our heart could wish. The Lieutenant of Ireland came bot on Monday to toun late; on Tuesday rested; on Wednes-

day came to Parliament; bot ere night, he was caged. Intollerable pryde and oppresiaon cryes to Heaven for a vengeance. The Lower House closed their doores; the Speaker keepe the keyes till his accusation was concluded. Thereafter, Mr. Pym went up, with a number at his back, to the Higher House, and, in a prettie short speech, did, in name of the Lower House, and in name of the Commons of all England, accuse Thomas Earle of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, of high treasone, and required his person to be arreisted till probaton might be heard. So Pym and his pack were removed; the Lords began to consult on that strange and unexpected motion. The word goes in haste to the Lord Lieutenant, where he was with the King: with speed he comes to the House: he calls rudely at the doore, James Maxwell keeper of the Black-Rod, opens; his Lordship, with a proud glouming countenance, makes towards his place at the boord-head: bot at once manie bids him void the House; so is forced in confusion to goe to doore till he was called. After consultation, being called in, he stands, bot is commanded to kneell, and, on his knees, to hear the sentence. Being on his knees, he is delyvered to the keeper of the Black-Rod, to be prisoner till he was cleared of these crymes the House of Commons did charge him with. He offered to speak, bot was commanded to be gone without a word. In the outer roome James Maxwell required him, as prisoner, to deliver his sword; when he had gotten it, he cryes, with a loud voyce, for his man to carrie my Lord Lieutenant's sword. This done, he makes through a number of people towards his coach, all gazeing, no man capping to him, before whom that morning the greatest of England would have stood discovered: all crying, What is the matter! He said, A small matter I warrand yow! They replied, Yes indeed, high treason is a small matter! Coming to the place where he expected his coach, it was not there; so he behoooved to returne that same way through a world of gazeing people. When at last he had found his coach, and was entering, James Maxwell told him, Your Lordship is my prisoner, and must go in my coach; so he behoooved to doe.

Let us now proceed to Westminster Hall:—

At the north end was set a throne for the King; and a chayre for the Prince; before it lay a large wooll-seck, covered with green, for my Lord Steward, the Earle of Arundail; beneath it lay two other secks for my Lord Keeper and the Judges, with the rest of the Chancerie, all in their red robes. Beneath this a little table for four or fyve Clerks of the Parliament in their black gouns; round about these some furmes covered with green freese, whereupon the Earles and Lords did sitt in their red robes, of that same fashion, lyned with the same whyte ermin skinner, as yow see the robes of our Lords when they ryde in Parliament; the Lords on their right sleeve having two barres of whyte skinner, the Viscounts two and ane half, the Earles three, the Marquess of Winchester three and ane half. England hath no more Marquesses: and he bot one late upstart creature of Queen Elizabeth's. Hamilton goes here bot among the Earles, and that a late one. Dukes, they have none in Parliament: York, Richmond, and Buckingham are but boyes; Lennox goeth among the late Earles. Behinde

the formes where the Lordes sitt, there is a barr, covered with green: at the one end standeth the Committee of eight or ten gentlemen, appoynted by the House of Commons to pursue; at the midst there is a little dask, where the prisoner Strafford stands and sitts as he pleaseth, together with his keeper, Sir William Balfour, the Lieutenant of the Tower. At the back of this is a dask, for Strafford's four secretars, who carries his papers, and assists him in writing and reading; at their side is a voyd for witnesses to stand; and behinde them a long dask at the wall of the room for Strafford's counsell-at-law, some five or six able lawers, who were [not] permitted to dispuitt in matter of fact, but questions of right, if any should be incident. This is the order of the House below on the floore; the same that is used daily in the Higher House. Upon the two sides of the House, east and west, there arose a stage of elevin ranks of formes, the highest touching almost the roof; everie one of these formes went from the one end of the roome to the other, and contained about fortie men; the two highest were divided from the rest by a raill, and a raill cutted off at everie end some seatts. The gentlemen of the Lower House did sitt within the raile, others without. All the doores were kept verie straitlie with guards; we alwayes behooved to be there a little after five in the morning. My Lord Willoughbie Earle of Lindesay, Lord Chamberland of England, (Pembroke is Chamberland of the Court,) ordered the House, with great difficultie. James Maxwell, Black-Rod was great usher; a number of other servant gentlemen and knights assisted. By favour we got place within the raille, among the Commons. The House was full dailie before seven; against eight the Earle of Strafford came in his barge from the Tower, accompanied with the Lieutenant and a guard of musqueteers and halberdiers. The Lords, in their robes, were sett about eight; the King was usuallie halfe an howre before them; he came not into his throne, for that would have marred the action; for it is the order of England, that when the King appears, he speaks what he will, bot no other speaks in his presence. At the back of the throne, there was two roomes on the two sydes; in the one did Duke de Vanden, Duke de Vallet, and other French nobles sitt; in the other, the King, the Queen, Princesse Mary, the Prince Elector, and some Court ladies; the tirlies, that made them to be secret, the King brake down with his own hands; so they satt in the eye of all, bot little more regarded than if they had been absent; for the Lords satt all covered; these of the Lower House, and all other except the French noblemen, satt discovered when the Lords came, not else. A number of ladies wes in boxes, above the railes, for which they payed much money. It was dailie the most glorious Assemblie the Isle could afford; yet the gravitie not such as I expected; oft great clamour without about the doores; in the intervalles, while Strafford was making readie for answers, the Lords gott alwayes to their feet, walked and clattered; the Lower House men too loud clattering; after ten hours, much publick eating, not onlie of confecti-  
ons, bot of flesh and bread, bottles of beer and wine going thick from mouth to mouth without cups, and all this in the King's eye.

We need not go into the trial, merely further quoting regarding the conduct of it, that "the Chamberland and Black Rod went and

fetched in my Lord Strafford ; he was always in the same sute of black, as in dole. At the entrie he gave a low courtesie, proceeding a little he gave a second, when he came to his dask a third, then at the barr, the fore-face of his dask, he kneeled : ryesing quicklie, he saluted both sydes of the Houses, and then satt down. Some few of the Lords lifted their hats to him : this was his dailie carriage."

Having again returned to Kilwinning, Baillie was ere long appointed Principal of the University of Glasgow. But before following him thither, let us hear what were some of the vices with which he had to battle as a parochial pastor, and also with what freedom he reprov'd the *gentle* and no doubt the *semple*.

I had been oft grieved with the excessive drinking of sundry of my parochiners : when my Lord Eglintoun's daughter, my Lady Yester, was going to be married, I went over and admonished my Lord and his children, and his servants, that they would beware of excesse ; and in regard my Lord Seatoun, Lord Semples, and other papists, would be present, I entreated the ordinar exercises of religion in the family might not be omitted, for their pleasure ; notwithstanding all were omitted. My Lord Eglintoun himself stayed out of the Kirk on Sunday afternoon to bear my Lord Seatoun company. My Lord Montgomerie having invited all the company to his house, there was among the Lords more drink than needed ; among some of the gentlemen and servants evident drunkenness. One that served a gentleman of my flock, who oft before had been excessive in drinking, within two days being in companie with a gentleman of our neighbour parochie, with whom at Newcastle, when both had been in drink, he had ane idle quarrell, they fell in words, though neither then was drunk, the other strook him dead with a whinger at one stroke, and for this his rashness, had his head the next day stroke off by the Justice. It had been a verie great losse of both the young gentlemen. The day thereafter, being Sondag, I was in high passion, Satan having so much prevailed at my elbow, and in the zeale of God, in presence of all, did sharplie rebuke all sins came in my way, especiallie drunkenness and cold-ryfness in religion ; somewhat also of the breach of Covenant was spoken. This was evill taken by manie of the Lords, bot Callendar was most displeased. Eglintoun thought himself publickly taxed, and complained to eurie one he mett with. To all that spoke to me I replied, I had not spoken anything personallie, bot when upon so horrible occasion God's Spirit had moved me, from the word of God, to rebuke open sin, if any took it in evill part, they behoved to know I was the servant of God, and would not spare to reprove sin in the face of King Charles, let be of all the Earles of Scotland ; and if this displeased them, I wish they were assured it should be bot a beginning ; so long as they were my parochiners they should have much more of it. When my Lord Eglintoun some twenty days thereafter drew me by and admonished me sharplie of that day's extravagancie and fume (as he spake) I told him I had done nought bot my dutie, whereof I did not repent, nor would not be directed by him in

my sermons, and if he was displeased with my ministrie he should not be long troubled with it.

So much for clerical freedom of reproof and for the manners of the higher orders in Ayrshire, two centuries ago; a county celebrated in the history of the Reformation and of Covenanting.

Baillie not only obtained the preferment of Principal of an ancient university, but in 1643 he was chosen as one of the deputation of ministers from Scotland to sit in the celebrated Assembly of Divines at Westminster. The second volume closes with his return to Scotland, after having with his colleagues "wrestled through the whole Confession."

The Letters illustrative of the Revolution in England from 1646 to 1653, edited by Mr. Cary, are from the originals in the Bodleian Library, the writers being Fairfax, Cromwell, Sancroft, Hammond, Sir Walter Strickland, and many other eminent persons of the same time. Those by Cromwell are to appear in the second volume. Of course these Letters treat of, or concern many matters, political and religious, which are noticed in Baillie's correspondence and journals; and much of the feelings of the Independents is to be found in them, whom the Scotchman hated about as bitterly as he did Episcopacy or even Roman Catholicism. The Letters themselves are valuable necessarily in two ways: they not only illustrate and confirm important points in the annals of the country, but are characteristic even of the personal and private life of their respective authors.

Charles's flight from Oxford is a subject which occupies some of the most interesting of the papers edited by Mr. Cary. It was rumoured at first, and even gladly received by many in London and among the Presbyterian party in England, that his flight was towards the metropolis. But the truth soon became known, which was that the King went direct to the Scots army at Newark. We need not go into the particulars of the manner of his treatment by the *cannie* people; such as the urgency with which they pressed him at Newcastle to subscribe the Covenant, in order that the Presbyterian form of church government might be established throughout Great Britain. To this, however, he was extremely averse, and yet he appears to have meditated compliance, at least externally and for a time, in order to facilitate some arrangement that concerned the stability of his throne and the future accomplishment of his internal purposes. Accordingly we find that he consulted some of the bishops with regard to the extent to which his moral obligations and his real principles would allow him to yield, or profess to comply; and the following are parts of the answer which Duppa, the Bishop of Salisbury, and Juxon, the Bishop of London, jointly returned:—



May it please your Majesty,—In obedience to your majesty's commands, we have advised upon that proposition, and your majesty's doubt arising thereon; and, according to our duty, and your majesty's strict charge laid upon us, we shall deliver our opinions, and the sense we have of it, plainly and freely, to the best of our understandings; nor shall we fail in point of fidelity, however we may in judgment. The doubt is touching the lawfulness of a temporary compliance in matters of religion, in the state they now here stand; that is, (as we apprehend it,) whether your majesty may, without breach of your oath, and with a safe conscience, permit for some time the exercise of the directory, for worship and practice of discipline, as they are now used, and stand enjoined by ordinance. \* \* Taking therefore your majesty's settled determination touching the church for a foundation immovable, and this proposition (in your majesty's design) as a means subservient thereunto; considering also the condition your majesty's affairs now stand in, being destitute of all means compulsory, or of regaining what is lost by force; we cannot conceive in this your majesty's condescension any violation of that oath, whereof your majesty is so justly tender, but that your majesty doth thereby still continue to preserve and protect the church by the best ways and means you have left you, (which is all the oath can be supposed to require;) and that the permission intended, (whereby, in some men's apprehension, your majesty may seem to throw down what you desire to build up,) is not only by your majesty allowed to that end, but, as your majesty stands persuaded, probably fitted for the effecting it in some measure. And as your majesty will stand clear (in our judgments, at least) in respect of your oath, which is principally to be regarded, so neither do we think your majesty will herein trespass in point of conscience; because your majesty, finding them already settled, and (as it were) in possession, do only (what in other cases is usual) not disturb that possession while the differences are in bearing; or (which is more justifiable) permit that which you cannot hinder if you would: not commanding it, (for that may vary the case,) but, which possibly may be better liked, leaving it upon that footing it now stands, enjoined by authority of the houses, which is found strong enough to enforce obedience; which intendment of your majesty would stand more clear, if this point of a temporary toleration were not laid as the principal of the proposition, (as now it may seem to be standing in the front,) but as an accessory and necessary concession for the more peaceable proceeding in the business.

The Scots, however, by withdrawing into their own country, and consigning the king to the English Commissioners, rendered the advice of the casuists at that time unnecessary.

It must ever be the result of revolutionary movements and violent political agitation, that a nation be divided and subdivided into factions; and that what may have been at the first a great and united section, will split into sundry pieces, and be nearly as fiercely opposed one to another as were originally the two sides of the civil dissension. A striking illustration of this will be found in the jealousies and the want of confidence which arose between the Par-

liament and the revolutionary army before the death of Charles. The majority of the army consisted of Independents, and powerful parties in both Houses of Parliament were anxious to have the whole of the troops disbanded that were not actually required for garrison duty, the moment that the king was completely in the hands of his enemies. This intention of disbanding was the occasion of much bitter feeling ; the soldiery perceiving the motives which dictated the measure, and insisting on indemnity, protection, and the payments of arrears before they should lay down their arms, and be not only refused the free exercise of religion and perfect liberty of conscience, but be exposed to prosecutions for what had occurred in the course of the war. The following are extracts and specimens of the strong remonstrances urged on the subject :—

Hath anything been desired by us that had not been promised us, or than we have just cause to expect ? if there hath, then let it and the authors thereof perish. But can the parliament, upon misinformation, pass us for enemies, and we not therein perceive the design of our enemies ? Can we be satisfied with a compliment, when our fellow-soldiers suffer at every assize for acts merely relating to the war ? Is it not our lives we seek for ? Where shall we be secure, when the mere envy of a malicious person is sufficient to destroy us ? Were our enemies in the fields with their swords in their hands, we should expect no more than a bare command, and a divine protection in our endeavours to free ourselves. But it is another and a far worse enemy we have to deal with ; who, like foxes, lurk in their dens, and cannot be dealt with, though discovered ; being protected by those who are intrusted with the government of the kingdom. It is the grief of our hearts that we cannot desire our own securities without the hazard of your honour, if but in speaking in our behalf. When shall we see justice dispensed without partiality ? or when shall the weal of the public be singly sought after and endeavoured ? Can this Irish expedition be anything else but a design to ruin, and break this army in pieces ? Certainly, reason tells us, it can be nothing else ; otherwise, why are not those who have been made instruments in our country's deliverance again thought worthy to be employed ? or why are such (who for their miscarriages have been cast out of the army) thought fit to be intrusted, and those members of the army encouraged and preferred to that service, when they are, for the most part, such as (had they considered their just demerits) might rather have expected an ejection than employment.

The following is another extract from this firm and spirited letter :—

But we are confident that your honour cannot but perceive that this plot is but a mere cloak for some who have lately tasted of sovereignty, and, being lifted beyond the ordinary sphere of servants, seek to become masters, and degenerate into tyrants. We are earnest therefore with your honour to use your utmost endeavours, that before any other or further proposal be sent to us, our expectations may be satisfied ; and if they are not, we con-

ceive ourselves and our friends as bad as destroyed, being exposed to the mercilessness of our malicious enemies : and shall your honour, or any other faithful servant to the state, be appointed for the service of Ireland, and accept of that employment, we must of necessity, (contrary to our desires) show ourselves averse to that service, until our just desires be granted, the rights and liberties of the subjects of England vindicated and maintained, and then, as God and our own consciences bear us witness, shall we testify to the kingdom, the integrity of our hearts to the service of Ireland, and our forward actions shall demonstrate the sincerity of our expressions in reference to that employment. Once more, we are earnest with your honour for your assistance ; without it we are like to be wholly ruined ; and having obtained it, may be enabled, as in duty we are bound, to express ourselves.

The soldiers addressed the Commissioners at Holmby in the terms we now quote :—

May it please the honourable commissioners of parliament, we, the soldiery now under his excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax's command, have this day, by the general consent of the soldiery, manifested our true love to the parliament and kingdom, by endeavouring to prevent a second war, discovered by them of some men privately to take away the king, to the end he might side with that intended army to be raised, which, if effected, would be to the utter undoing of the whole kingdom. We shall be able and willing to bring our testimony, when called for, who are the plotters and contrivers therein, this being the only way and means to prevent all those forementioned, that might unhappily come upon us and this whole kingdom, whose weal we have always endeavoured, with the hazard of our lives, and the blood of many of our fellow-soldiers and commanders ; this being the only thing presented to us, which put us on our late action for the preservation of the king's person, and furthering the parliament's proceedings, together with the commissioners' great care to effect the same, and to discharge the trust reposed in them.

Holmby, June 3, 1647.

Sir Thomas Fairfax at the same date with that of the soldiers' letter just quoted, to which he refers when he speaks of the "inclosed paper," thus writes to the Speaker :—

Mr. Speaker,—This day I received advertisement from Holdenby, that the soldiers of that party formerly assigned to attend the commissioners there, together with some others belonging to the army, (of whose number or quality I have had no account, nor how they came thither,) have of themselves undertaken, by placing other and stronger guards about the king than formerly, to secure his majesty from being secretly conveyed away. The grounds they allege for the attempt you may gather from the inclosed paper, which is the very same copy sent to me in a letter from thence ; being, as it seemeth, a kind of declaration presented to your commissioners there by the said soldiers, to set forth their grounds and intentions in the said undertaking. I understand, that colonel Graves is there—

upon secretly slipt away, and therefore I have immediately ordered colonel Whalley's regiment to march up thither, and himself (in the room of colonel Graves) to attend the commissioners, and take the charge of the guard necessary to be kept there, for the prevention of any dangers or inconveniencies that might ensue. This I thought my duty to signify unto you, that I might understand the further pleasure of both houses thereupon. I remain your humble servant, T. FAIRFAX.

The army began to march towards London; its quarrel with the Parliament became more stern; and each now bethought itself of gaining over the unfortunate and virtually imprisoned king to its interests and party. We quote a letter that gives intimation of the opposite purposes:—

Honourable Sir,—We had very late this afternoon an information given us, that Dr. Sheldon and Dr. Hammond, (two of the king's chaplains,) Mr. Kirke, Mr. Levoston, and Mr. Henry Murray, (all of the bedchamber to the king,) were gone to the king at Hatfield, and had access to his person, which we thought ourselves in duty obliged immediately to know of the General, (especially in regard that the two chaplains were desired formerly, and the houses forbore to give any resolution therein,) which we have done, since our despatch this day, by colonel White and Mr. Povey; and the General tells us, that it is very true the king wrote to him for those two chaplains about a fortnight since, but he never gave him answer; whereat the king was angry; and that he hears they are at Hatfield, but by no order of his; and that the commissioners there, who have power to restrain their coming, will not direct colonel Whalley so to do: and colonel Whalley, on the other hand, conceives he hath not power to debar their access without the commissioners' order; and thus between both, they have freedom, whereof we thought fit to acquaint you; as also, that the General then told us, that a resolution was taken to draw back some of the quarters of the army as far as Wycombe, Beaconsfield, Oakingham, Marlow, and Henley, but the head quarters will remain here, in expectation of your further answer to their desires, sent up this day by colonel White and Mr. Povey.

The Parliament however was powerful enough to remove the two chaplains, although the king must have perceived that the army was more ready to side with him and to meet his views, than the other. Into the waverings of hope, the vacillations of factions, sometimes the prospect of agreement and peace between them, so as that the king might without much apparent difficulty have been restored to liberty and modified power, we do not strive to guide the reader of our few and disjointed extracts. But some of the observations of N. Hobart will indicate how strangely and nicely the balances sometimes vibrated:—

When I wrote last to you, I had been with Sir John Berkeley, one of his majesty's agitators (for that is now the word), who told me he had a

confidence (almost equal to an assurance) that the chief officers were firm to the king ; and that the agitators, notwithstanding a prevalent party in the parliament, were not able to oppose them, so that they were upon a design to make sub-agitators. This was the sum of what I then intended. Cromwell, Ireton, and Huntington, are still the same ; insomuch that Henry Martin, that *flagellum principum*, said publicly that Cromwell was king-ridden. Truly there are such divisions and sub-divisions, both in the parliament and army, that I want art to make a table of them. The duke of Richmond, Hertford, Southampton, and Ormond, were at Hampton Court, on Friday last, sent for by the King, with the allowance both of the parliament and army, but commanded away on Saturday by the houses : this caused a great consternation at court, and has raised in all men sad and ominous thoughts. The Scots are very busy, have a great influence upon the parliament, and no small interest (by that means) in the army. His majesty's answer to the propositions will never be forgiven by that nation. But, alas, this is but a pretence ; for how can they forgive him whom they have betrayed and sold ?

We shall close with part of a letter by Sir Thomas Knyvett, which breathes a different tone from any to be found in Baillie's collection. The stout cavalier would have reposed no confidence in the Calvinistic Principal's doctrines and purposes :—

Sir, I confess I never fancied a conjunction with the Scots, either in their laws civil, or their spiritual discipline, much less to join in a covenant and arms with so treacherous a nation against my own prince and countrymen, as at first ; nor can I humour a thought yet of assisting them against these ; for though I know our English rulers now stink in the nostrils of all loyal true-hearted subjects, yet sure I am, I shall join with the cunninger traitors of the two ; and therefore let Presbyterians and Independents fight till I part them. But it is so far from coming to that, as it is now noised up and down, that a reconciliation and compliance is a working between the two factions ; which, if once composed, the next effect sure must be a marriage between a Presbyterian Incubus and an Independent Succubus, to beget a new generation of devils for the next parliament ; or rather for the continuation of this, so well grounded in diabolical principles.

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ART. IV.—*Narrative of a Recent Imprisonment in China, after the Wreck of the Kite.* By JOHN LEE SCOTT. Dalton.

THIS narrative is dedicated to the Lord Mayor, and consists of as interesting a story of shipwreck and captivity as we have ever read, possessing all the features of simplicity and modesty that may be expected from a young and intelligent tar. But circumstances combine to give the unpretending little volume special value at the present time, China being the object of the intensest curiosity, and

hardly ever penetrated or seen by Europeans beyond its most extreme boundaries. This narrative, by laying before us an unvarnished tale of what the author observed of life and manners in the celestial empire, will therefore be sought after and greedily perused by every person who admires merit, who loves to hear of adventure, who sympathizes with the afflicted and unfortunate, and who desires to learn aught of strange races and locked countries.

Scott was one of four apprentices on board the *Kite*, a brig of 281 tons, commanded by Mr. John Noble. She sailed from Shields to Bordeaux in July 1839, thence in October to the Mauritius, with a cargo of wines, and early in the following year to Madras, where she was taken up by government to carry stores to the British fleet destined for China. Having arrived at Chusan a little too late to witness the capture of the place, she made a trip or two, and was wrecked off the coast, at the mouth of the Yeang-tze-Keang river. Several of the crew died of dysentery; the captain and his baby were lost; Mrs. Noble and some of the party took to the jolly-boat and were saved; while others, among whom was Scott, collected and lashed together spars to make a raft, when to their great surprise they found themselves surrounded by Chinese boats, two of them large ones, and full of soldiers. The poor cast-aways were made prisoners, and during five months' captivity were exposed to extreme suffering, cruel and wanton insult. It is only necessary for us, after these few preliminary facts, to follow the author in his narrative, picking out or abridging some of the more arresting passages and vivid unlaboured descriptions, omitting any further particulars of the sad shipwreck. After having explained the manner in which they were forced towards the shore, he says,—

We reached the shore about three in the morning; and the Chinese made signs to us, that if we would follow them, they would give us something to eat: we accordingly walked after them until we arrived at a small village, which consisted of a few miserable mud huts, with but one respectable brick house; but from these few huts a swarm of men, women, and children, poured out on our approach. We were taken into an outhouse, one half of which was occupied by an immense buffalo, and in the other half was a cane-bed with musquito-curtains; in one corner was a ladder, leading to a loft containing another couch. They now brought us some hot rice, and a kind of preserved vegetable: we contented ourselves with the rice and a basin of tea, the preserve being so exceedingly nasty we could none of us eat it. Whilst in this place, a Chinese, who seemed the superior of the village, and doubtless was the owner of the one brick house, brought a piece of paper written upon in Chinese characters, and made signs for one of us to write upon it; intimating, at the same time, that he had written some account of us on this paper, and that he wanted an account in our writing; which I accordingly gave him, stating the time and cause of our shipwreck, and also our present situation; hoping that he would take it to the mandarin of the district, and that from him it might

be forwarded to the authorities at Chusan, who might thus learn where we were, and take some steps for our return to the fleet. When it was broad daylight, we mentioned the name of Ningpo; and they made signs, that if we would go with them, they would show us the way there; so we started, as we imagined, for Ningpo. Having no trousers, and my only clothing being a flannel-shirt, and a black-silk handkerchief round my head, which Twizell had given me when in the maintop, they gave me a piece of matting; but this proving rather an encumbrance than of any service, I soon threw it off, and walked on *sans culottes*. We passed in this style through a highly-cultivated country; on every side large plantations of cotton and rice, and various kinds of vegetables, but all unknown to me. Having gone six or seven miles, seeing very few houses, but crowds of people turning out of each as we passed, we at length arrived at a cross-road. Here another party of Chinese appeared, who absolutely forbade our proceeding any further; but as our guides went on, and beckoned us to follow, we pushed through our opponents and walked on; but they, having collected more men, headed us, and we were obliged to come to a standstill. In this case we found the want of a perfect understanding amongst ourselves; for the lascars were so frightened at their situation, that they fell on their knees before the Chinamen, which of course encouraged the latter, and before we could look around us, men rose up as it were from the ground, separated us, and made us all prisoners at once, with the exception of four, who ran off, though without any idea whither they should run, or what they should do.

Belonging to the crew were several lascars, the chief of whom at the point of the narrative to which the extract has brought us, made a foolish and ineffectual attempt to cut his throat with a rusty old knife. The prisoners acted injudiciously in not being all of one mind; for the pusillanimity of the lascars emboldened the captors, who bound and dragged them off, the four that ran away being in a short time caught, and getting a very severe beating, besides wounds from the spears of the Chinese.

Severer and severer usage awaited the prisoners. They were separated. Scott was preserved at one time narrowly from receiving the spear of a soldier; and when he arrived at a large village he was handed over to a person who bound his wrists behind his back, and put a rope round his neck, by which he was led about. At times he gave himself up; and yet he could not imagine the Chinese to be so cruel as to murder him and the others in cold blood, considering the manner by which they had fallen into the hands of the people. But what could he expect in the way of pity, when he was led into the court-yard of a house and made fast to a pillar, and afterwards to a tree, exposed to the mercy of the mob, who made it their amusement to terrify and mock him. Some signified that his head would be cut off; others that he should lose his eyes, tongue, and nose.

I was kept here some time, surrounded by a number of ugly old women,

who seemed to take a delight in teasing me ; but the most active of my tormentors was neither old nor ugly, being a tall and well-made person ; her feet were not so mis-shapen as the generality of her countrywomen's ; in fact, she was the handsomest woman I saw in China. At last a man came, loosed me from the tree, and led me off to a little distance ; and while one man brought a stone-block, another was sent away, as I imagined, for an axe or some such instrument : before this block I was desired to kneel, but this I refused to do, determined not to give up my life in so quiet a manner as they seemed to propose. The messenger returned shortly, the block was taken away, and I was led out of the village. Being now guarded by a dozen armed men, I was led along the banks of a canal until I came to a bridge, where I saw some of my companions in misfortune ; I could only exchange a hurried word or two as they dragged me past, as I supposed, to the place of execution. I went on thus, with two more of the prisoners at some distance before me, stopping now and then, and imagining every stoppage to be the last, and that I should here be made an end of ; but they still led me on, until we came to another village, or rather town, and I was taken to what appeared to me to be the hall of justice. I was led to the back-yard, and placed in a room half-filled with a heap of wood-ashes. Here I found three more of the crew in the same miserable condition as myself ; but still, even here, we found some to feel for and relieve us a little,—for, on making signs that my hands were bound too tight, one of the Chinese loosened the bonds, and afterwards went out : returning shortly with a lapful of cakes, he distributed them amongst us, and then procured us some water, of which we stood in great need, as we had had a long march under a broiling sun. We had scarcely finished our cakes, when some of the soldiers came in, and took one of my fellow-prisoners just outside the door : as I could observe almost all that passed, it was with feelings of the most unpleasant nature that I saw him made to kneel, and directly surrounded by the soldiers ; one of whom came in and took away a basketful of the ashes. I now supposed that we had in reality come to the last gasp ; I fancied my companion's head was off, and that the ashes were taken out to serve in the place of sawdust to soak up his blood. I was not long kept in suspense ; for the door opened, and some soldiers entered, who forced me to get up, and go out into the yard. I now took it for granted that my hour was really come ; but, to my great relief they had only brought me out to fetter me. They put irons on my hands and feet, those on my ankles being connected by a chain of five or six links, and an iron collar round my neck, with a stick fast to it which was also made fast by a padlock to my handcuffs.

He did not know whether to rejoice or not at this prolongation of life. He was again tied to a post, and now saw his companion similarly bound ; other two of the unfortunate men were in a short time made fast to pillars, the lower orders heaping on them insults and contumely,—pulling their hair, spitting upon them, &c. By and by some rice was supplied to them ; and they discovered a Chinaman ironed exactly as they themselves were.

Having been taken from the post once more, Mr. Scott was put



into a boat, and towed along a canal at a rapid rate. He could see, he says, that other canals branched off in every direction; and on the banks were an immense number of wheels and machines of curious descriptions, for raising the water, and irrigating the rice-fields; some worked by men as at a tread-mill, others by buffaloes, which walked round and round. Some towns were passed through; and at length Scott was joined by others of the unfortunate party, when a mandarin examined them by means of signs, being particularly anxious to learn if they had carried opium or fire-arms on board the Kite. They answered no, and were then taken to a jos-house for the night.

The narrative proceeds:—

In the morning when I awoke, I found I was in a temple; outside the railing was a large hall; on each side, rows of seats were ranged, with a broad space in the centre; the sides of the building were quite plain, and so also was the roof. Inside the railing was a green silk canopy, under which were several images, handsomely dressed in different coloured silks. Standing against the walls were four more figures the size of life, one painted entirely black, another red, and the other two variegated; and all armed with some extraordinary instruments of warfare. These I suppose represented their gods, and were tolerably well made, but not to be compared to others I afterwards saw. \* \* \* Breakfast was brought in early, consisting of sweet cakes and tea. When we had finished, two wooden cages were brought; the Chinese lifted one of our men into each, and carried them outside the gate, to be looked at by the common people; whilst the gentlemen, and better class, with their families, were admitted about two dozen at a time, to look at us who remained inside: sometimes we were visited by a party consisting entirely of women; they were a remarkably plain set, their pretensions to beauty, in their own eyes, appearing to lie in having the face painted red and white, and the feet distorted into a hoof-like shape. After keeping those in the cages outside for about two hours, they were brought in, and two fresh ones were taken out. Those who came in, told us that the bodies of our two poor fellows, who had been killed the day before, were lying outside on the grass, with their fetters still on. Fortunately it soon began to rain heavily, when the other two were brought in, and the crowd gradually dispersed. About noon we had our dinner; one basin full of rice and vegetables, and cakes and tea, as before; our jailers would never give us plain water, but whenever we asked for anything to drink, brought us weak tea. For supper we had cakes and tea again, and, after this last meal, lay down on our straw for the night. The next day was passed in a similar manner; towards evening there was a great mustering of cages in the hall; little did I think for what purpose they were intended. After the Chinese had ranged these horrible things in the open space in the centre, they made us all get into them, one into each. I forgot to say that before we were put into our cages, our jailers gave us each a loose jacket and a pair of trowsers, besides as many cakes as we could carry. In these wooden contrivances—which were not much unlike what I imagine Cardinal Balue's machines to have been, only

ours were wooden and portable—we had neither room to stand, sit, nor lie, so that we were obliged to place ourselves in a dreadfully cramped position. Some few of the cages had a hole cut in the lid, large enough to allow the top of the head to pass out: into one of these I was fortunate enough to get; but those who were not so lucky, had the misery of sitting with their heads on one side, to add to their other discomforts. Afterwards I was put into one without a hole, and miserable was my position. When we were all stowed in our separate cages, we were carried down to the side of the canal, and placed in boats, two cages in each boat, attended by a mandarin officer and several soldiers.

The prisoners were subjected to many changes and a great variety of hardships. But they at length reached Ning-po, where there were other English prisoners, among whom was Captain Anstruther, a gentleman whose case is familiar to every reader of our newspapers since hostilities commenced between England and China. "He told us that our heads were in comparative safety, but that the Chinese would only consent to give us up if the English would evacuate Chusan."

Mrs. Noble and the party that had taken to the jolly-boat were also brought to Ning-po, after having met with as bad and even worse treatment than what Scott and his more immediate companions had endured. The poor lady was thrust into the same sort of cage with the men; and she had been also ironed. But we must look out for a few passages which convey information relative to the Chinese, rather than such as detail the various kinds of treatment to which the shipwrecked sufferers were exposed. What we now quote, however, contains both sorts of intelligence, and some personal touches. The jailer was—

An old man, with a loud voice, cross look, and a piece of thyme, or some other herb, always stuck on his upper lip. He opened the lids of the cages of the eight lascars, and took the irons off their wrists, thus enabling them to stand upright, and shake themselves; we had no such indulgence, but were kept fast. At eight o'clock our breakfast was brought in; it was jail allowance, two small basins full of rice, and one of vegetables: the cages were opened, and the irons taken off our hands, whilst we ate our scanty meal, which we had no sooner finished than we were fastened down again. We remained in this state all day, and after our evening allowance were again secured for the night. A little before dark, the watch was set, and a large gong, at a short distance, was struck once; upon which a number of smaller gongs struck up, and when they had finished, a boy outside the room began to strike a piece of bamboo with a stick, which noise was continued without intermission the whole night. This horrid noise most effectually prevented my sleeping. The large gong was only struck when the time changed, striking first one, then two, and so on, till it struck five: thus regulating the watches of the night, which in China, I imagine, are divided into five; at any rate I always found

it so. The following morning the jailer unlocked the lids of our cages, and took the irons off our hands; so that we were at liberty to stand upright, and stretch our limbs; which, from our cramped position, much needed this relaxation. The large place we were in, was, as I have said before, divided into four smaller apartments, three of which were occupied by us in our cages; whilst in the fourth were some Chinese prisoners, who lived in it by day, but slept in another part of the jail. Outside was a covered passage, in which were several stoves; and here the greater part of the Chinese prisoners cooked their rice and other victuals. They had all chains on their legs, but were otherwise free: and they gave us to understand that they were imprisoned for smuggling opium, or for using it. Some were of the better class, being well-dressed, and eating their meals with the mandarin of the place. Two of the commoner sort had lost their tails, and one was minus his nose, which gave anything but a prepossessing appearance to his countenance.

At length they were removed to another prison, that was filthy and swarming with vermin; but where there was plenty of provisions, and the treatment upon the whole tolerably kind, and sometimes jocular. We quote an account of the removal, and of what was done, seen, and heard:—

We had an early supper, and as soon as we had finished, some mandarin officers arrived, one carrying a small board, with some Chinese characters upon it. Their arrival caused a great bustle, and the jailer came in, unlocked the long chain that went through all the cages, and took five of the prisoners away with him. They walked out of the yard, and soon after he returned and took five more, and so on till it came to my turn; I was then lifted out of the cage, and walked out of our yard into a smaller one, where the ring was taken off my neck, and the irons off my hands, my legs still remaining chained. I was here motioned to sit down on a small form, and on looking round I perceived Mrs. Noble standing at a gate in one corner. I had not seen her since the wreck, so wishing to speak to her, I got up, and was going towards her, but my keepers immediately stopped me, and one, to my surprise, said, "Must not, must not." I turned to him directly, and said, "Do you speak English?" he replied, "Yes, sare;" though on my asking him some other questions, he either would not or could not answer me. On my again attempting to go to Mrs. Noble, he repeated his former expression, and put his hand on my shoulder to prevent my rising. I was obliged, therefore, to content myself with exchanging a few signs with her. I did not remain long in this place, for I was soon walked out into the open space before the prison, where I found some sedans, into one of which I stepped. They were open in front, and the ends of the bamboos were fastened together by a crosspiece of the same material, which the bearers, by stooping, placed on their shoulders, and raising the sedan from the ground, trotted off with us at a great rate; several soldiers going before to clear the way. Some of the streets through which I passed were rather broad, and all were paved with loose flags, not cemented together. The different trades appeared to have their particular

streets; the dyers were in one part of the town, the braziers in another, and so on: some of the shops were very well set off, and all quite open to the street. The houses were mostly built of wood, and the names and occupations of the owners were painted up and down the door posts, in yellow and other bright colours, some being gilded, giving the streets a gay appearance. Here and there was an opening where a *joss-house* stood; the pillars and other parts of the front gaudily painted and ornamented; and on the roof were placed several images. I passed several open doors, which led into courtyards belonging to apparently large houses; the courts were thronged with women and children, who all crowded to the entrance as I passed. Neither in this, nor in any other instance did they appear to be deprived of liberty, or to live secluded. The streets had generally a door at each end, in an archway; and this being shut at night, relieves the shopkeepers from the fear of thieves, to whom their open houses would otherwise be very easy of access. The butchers' shops were well fitted up with huge wooden slabs and blocks, and quarters of immensely fat pork hung up for sale; geese, ducks, vegetables, and fish, were all exposed in the broad open streets, as if in a market. I was carried across several bridges, which were built over black, slimy, sewer-looking places, from which, and from the streets themselves, arose even more than the two-and-seventy several stench of Cologne. My bearers trotted on through innumerable streets, the soldiers clearing the way before them, not a difficult task, as the curiosity of the inhabitants seemed satisfied, and there was little or no crowd, the people merely coming to their doors and looking at me as I passed. I arrived at length at the end of my journey; the sedan stopped, and I walked out.

Time passed on pretty well now; communications were opened with the British at Chusan, although it was afterwards ascertained that assistance forwarded to the prisoners was to some extent perfidiously appropriated. They were also told by the mandarins that all was peace, and that in six days they should be sent to Chusan, although their release was delayed for sixteen weeks. We have, however, intimated that their condition was much improved. The irons, for example, were taken off; and little incidents occurred to amuse them; or they indulged in sailors' tricks to the entertainment of the old jailer. Two of the soldiers would fight in the yard, seizing hold of each other's tails with one hand, and dragging the head down almost to the ground, would claw and scratch with the other, till the one with the weakest tail gave in. Sometimes the prisoners getting hold of the tail of a drunken soldier would make it fast to the grating, and leave him bellowing till released by a comrade.

About this time, having got rather free and easy with our jailers, one of our party slipped out into the passage, whilst the servants were removing the rice and dishes, and brought in the piece of bamboo and stick, which the watch used at night; in the evening we saw the soldiers searching for

it, but we kept quiet till dark, and then we began to keep watch ourselves; but the noise soon brought our jailer in, who took the bamboo away, threatening to put us in irons. This threat made but little impression, for, a short time after, another of the party walked off with a tea-pot belonging to one of the soldiers; this we kept for several days, till the owner found out where it was; but we would not give it up unless he paid for it, and as our jailer and his own comrades only laughed at him, we obliged him to redeem his tea-pot with a hundred or more pice, much to his dissatisfaction. \* \* One evening, whilst at our supper, one of the soldiers came to the window, and amused himself by imitating our awkward attempts to eat with the chopsticks. This impertinence so incensed one of our men, that he jumped up, and filling a basin with water, dashed it through the bars into the soldier's face, taking him quite by surprise: the water streamed down his breast, inside his numerous jackets, and must have made him most uncomfortable. But his only revenge was swearing and shaking his fist at us as he ran away. Finding that no harm arose from this attempt, we determined never to be annoyed again, regretting that we had allowed ourselves to be overlooked so long; therefore all parties that would not pay for peeping, we drove away by throwing water at them; and having a bucketful in the room, the water was always at hand. Our proceedings amused the old jailer exceedingly, and he very often brought people to see us, and then getting behind them, made signs for us to throw the water in their faces: taking care, however, always to get out of reach of the shower, and to condole with the visitors, who generally received a good ducking.

The old jailer seems to have been a *character*, and with more humour and humanity in his constitution than such functionaries generally display. The prisoners sometimes were witnesses when his head was shaved with clumsy but keen razors, which did their duty well. It was his pleasure also to submit to a species of shampooing after the other operation was over, the barber drubbing his back well with one hand open and the other clenched. Indeed the sailors contrived to get more sights than the Chinese authorities calculated upon; and but for the war and the jealousies of the government, we presume the people would have been agreeable and hospitable. Says Mr. Scott,—

Once, when I retired whilst Wombwell was giving his version of a letter, I was taken to an officer's rooms, and saw him and three others at dinner; but, notwithstanding my signs to that purpose, they would not allow me to share it with them. In the centre of the table was a large bowl, with a heater in the middle of it, containing a rich soup, full of vegetables and meat, cut into very small pieces. Around this were several large plates, containing pork and fowls cut up, the bones having been taken out, pickled fish and vegetables in a rich thick gravy; two small plates, one containing salted shrimps, and the other, something exactly like sea-weed, and also a small basin, filled with a white lard, into which the officers dipped their chopsticks, and taking out a small quantity, mixed it with their rice. The

rice, which was very fine and white, was in a small wooden bucket ; from which the servants gave their masters a fresh supply, when their basins were empty. The chopsticks were made of a hard black polished wood, something like ebony ; and the basins and plates were of that beautiful transparent China ware which we esteem so highly, with figures and flowers painted on them, in most brilliant colours. Two servants stood behind their masters' chairs, and waited upon them with the assiduity of European servants. When the officers had finished, the servants took their places, and made their dinner off the remains. They followed their masters' example in excluding me from their repast ; though they very readily gave me cups of hot water, which I suppose they called tea, as I could discern two or three leaves at the bottom of the cup. Having now nothing to do, I went to the entrance, and, on looking out, I observed, opposite to me, a building, from which proceeded a Babel of voices, and seeing a little girl come out of the door, I thought I would take the opportunity, whilst the officers were in another apartment, and the servants intent upon their supper, to walk over, and see what was in this place ; so on the girl's return, I followed her ; but was noticed too soon by the ladies inside, who no sooner saw me than they jumped up, and slammed the door in my face, setting up most dreadful shrieks, which brought the officers out, who immediately ran over to me, and led me back, laughing heartily at the same time ; so that my attempt to see a Chinese lady's apartment was frustrated.

In their close confinement the sailors could see little or nothing of the Chinese religious observances. Once or twice the old jailer was observed doing something like making his offerings to his gods :—

The domestics having placed three tables in different parts of the yard (one being exactly before our window), ranged round the edge of each nine basins, with chopsticks to all ; they then filled the cups with hot rice, and covered the tables with plates of pork, fish, and vegetables, and by the side of every table placed a pile of thin paper. Before each of these tables the old gentleman knelt three times, bowing his head to the ground thrice each time ; after this he filled a small cup with samshu, and setting fire to the heap of paper, sprinkled the samshu over the blaze. When he had prostrated himself before all the tables, and burnt the three heaps, he retired to his apartment, and the servants removed the whole apparatus. I suppose his devotions had made him charitable ; for all the good things he had prepared for his deities he distributed amongst us poor prisoners.

Here are some notices of the formalities and state observed towards a mandarin by his attendants :—

On my last visit to the mandarin's, I saw another coming in to see him ; and as his attendants made rather a curious group, I shall give a description of them. In front walked two men, with high felt caps, to which were appended two goose-quills, having very much the appearance of a

large ink-bottle, with two pens in it ; they dragged chains after them ; then came two more, with the same curious head-dresses, beating gongs ; then a soldier, with a red silk chatty, which he carried as if about to charge ; after him were two more soldiers, and then the mandarin's sedan made its appearance, carried by four men, and surrounded by soldiers and other attendants ; the whole party were shouting, and making a great noise. When they had passed through the great gate, the train filed off to the right and left, and the mandarin walked out of his sedan, and went in ; attended only by his pipe-bearer, and one or two more officers. All, with the exception of his immediate attendants, were very raggedly clothed, and the sedan-bearers were almost naked, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather ; indeed, the *quantity*, and not the *quality*, of the attendants, seemed the order of the day.

We must conclude, and do so with the liberation of the prisoners in consequence of the brief peace, when they were conducted towards Chusan :—

On getting outside the gate, we found an immense crowd assembled ; they did not molest us in the least, but we passed on very quietly. We were taken through a different quarter of the town to any I had been in before, but the streets were built and ornamented in the same manner ; they were lined, on both sides, with such a number of people, that where they could all have come from I could not imagine. We went on thus till we came to the gates of the city, where the mandarins were assembled to see us pass out. The walls were about eighteen feet thick, and twenty-five feet high ; but the materials (stones and bricks) were so loosely put together, that a swivel might very soon have made a breach in them. We were now in the suburbs, and close to the river, to which we were taken ; and each sedan-being placed in a separate boat, we were soon ferried across. The river here was divided into two branches, across one of which we had just been carried ; and we went down the left bank of the other ; it was about the breadth of the Thames at Westminster. As they conveyed me over, I got out of the sedan, and looked back at the place of my imprisonment. It seemed a large town, walled all round ; but in some places the walls were in a very ruinous condition.

A little further on we read that—

The people in the villages turned out, everywhere in great numbers, to stare at us. The crops were in some places beginning to make their appearance, and almost every inch of ground was cultivated ; all that appeared bad unprofitable land was covered with tombs, and particularly the sides of the hills ; in summer, the white tombs peeping out from the high grass and shrubs would have a very picturesque effect. The coffins were placed on the ground, and some were covered over with bamboo and matting ; a very slight defence, which in many instances had given way, and left parts of the coffins exposed ; other graves had square tombs over them, built of brick, and covered with a slab of red stone ; but in some of

these the bricks had given way, and the slab falling in on the coffin, had burst it open : others, being, I suppose, for the superior class, were built entirely of stone, curiously and rather tastefully ornamented. The coffins being made of slight materials, the smell on passing the burial-places was very unpleasant. We continued our journey, sometimes walking, sometimes in the sedan, the officers scarcely ever allowing the bearers to rest, and indeed beating them severely with sticks, and their heavy sheathed swords, if they stopped for even a moment without leave. The old jailer was with us, in a sedan ; and seeing us walking, he spoke to the officer commanding the party, who came and made signs for us to get into the sedans ; but it was far too cold for an open carriage, and besides, after so long a confinement, the walk was agreeable. About dusk we came to the gate of another city, walled round in the same manner as Ningpo. We passed through several streets till we came to a large joshouse, before which a number of people were assembled. We went into the outer court, and perceived, by the sedans, that many mandarins and other officers were within. Passing through a building in which were four colossal figures, about twenty feet high, and painted in Chinese style, we came to another yard, out of which Mrs. Noble and Mr. Witt were taken in sedans just as we entered.

Such are samples of this affecting yet unaffected little volume, which is sure to be widely read, and to rank with some of the books of strangest adventure, shipwreck, and suffering, that exist. The glimpses which it affords of the Chinese stimulates one's curiosity regarding that peculiar people, and to some extent satisfies the cravings for information.

ART. V.—*An Introduction to the Dialogues of Plato.* By W. SEWELL, B.D.  
Rivington.

THIS Introduction, by the late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford, contains, we are told in the Preface, the substance of some articles on Plato which have appeared in the *British Critic*, being intended principally "to assist students in forming a right judgment on the general scope and object of the Platonic Dialogues." There is appended another paper, a reprint from the *Quarterly Review*, and also by Mr. Sewell, having for its subject the "Rise of the Alexandrian Platonism." Its design is to draw "the attention of the student to the distinction between the old and new Platonism, of warning him against repudiating the old on account of the faults of the new ; putting him on his guard against the revival of a Pantheistic system, with which the present age seems threatened, and suggesting to him the proper mode of studying history, whether of states or of philosophy, by placing side by side analogous periods and events." It is added that these



articles have already been made the subject of various misconceptions and censures on their first appearance.

From the nature of the subject, and from the prefatory observations which we have quoted, it will at once be presumed that the Introduction is of a highly metaphysical kind; nor less safely may it be conjectured that the reasoning often significantly points to the Oxford Divinity which has recently excited so much discussion. But it would be going far beyond our depth, and indeed violating the rules which we have laid down for the conduct of the Monthly Review, if more should appear in its pages, with regard to Mr. Sewell's volume, than a very general opinion concerning its literary features; followed by some abstracts and extracts to indicate the manner of the performance, the nature of its matter, and the conclusions to which it guides.

There can be no risk in pronouncing the author to be eminently erudite and deeply read in the philosophy of the ancients. That his mind is subtle and keen as well as expansive, suited to metaphysical speculations, and rendered expert by professional habits, will not be denied. That he advances his doctrines with distinctness, and illustrates or enforces them eloquently, or rather, rhetorically, we think admits of no doubt. But whether the doctrines he would build up be in themselves sound and logically urged—whether his philosophical flights be borne upon strong pinions, or enfeebled by refinement and an exaggerated enthusiasm—and whether he has not discovered more in Plato's *Dialogues* than the philosopher himself intended or than they can bear—are points which we leave to others to settle, according as their convictions may lead them. We only for ourselves feel obliged to state that we have not found the impressions bequeathed by a perusal of the volume to be so fresh, distinct, and powerful as we expected from the perceptions and the delight which particular sections communicated at the moment we first fell upon them.

The first chapter thus opens,—“It has become a trite observation of thoughtful men, that in all around us in the present day there is a sound and a movement—a working in the human mind—a stirring in the waters, which betokens the approach of some great change. Not only in this country, but throughout the civilized world, there are symptoms of a crisis in opinion as well as in society. The two cannot be separated. Old forms are breaking up, and new are thickening on each other. Wider scenes of action seem opened to practical minds, and deeper mines of thought for speculation. There is in the many an eager restless craving for some vague good, which all anticipate and none define; an exultation at coming prospects; a contempt for the poverty of the past, and the imperfection of the present. \* \* \* And where the current is not rushing forward with

an accelerated movement, it is turning in an extraordinary way, and remounting back to its source."

One of the most striking symptoms of this anxiety and movement, we are told, is the revival of the study of Plato, not only in Germany and France, but in England, where it is recovering slowly and chiefly in the University of Oxford, to which Aristotle and Plato have been principally confined; that ancient school having been "providentially saved from setting the seal of its sanction to either Paley or Locke." But it is within the last five years that "more attention has been gradually drawn to the writings of Plato. Unconsciously, and without recognizing fully the extraordinary affinity of his views to the principles which are once more forcing themselves into life, and struggling against the errors of this day, young men especially have been captivated by the grandeur, the warmth, and even the mystical profoundness of his thoughts." The tendency, however, of the philosophy which has been growing into vogue in other quarters, it is asserted by our author is that of *materialism*, of *physical science and useful knowledge*. Mr. Sewell looks even upon Bacon as a coarse inquirer and speculatist as compared with the favourite Greeks, one of the striking advantages of their philosophy being the "exquisite beauty of its form;" for even Aristotle is not destitute of this external grace; and there is correspondence and harmony between the two, which "cannot be better seen than by imagining the syllogisms of Aristotle loaded with the robings of Plato, and the grand flowing thoughts of Plato left bare beneath the thin veil of Aristotle."

The following paragraph appears to us, as well as do the snatches of sentiment which we have been hastily tying together, to be significant at least of his sympathies, and also of such as have recently given evidence that a reaction is taking place in the tendencies of speculative minds in relation to the real, the literal, the merely rational and utilitarian. The beauty of external form, he observes, "is not the least—it is perhaps the greatest source of the influence of the Grecian philosophy. It is also a peculiar condition required in an instrument of education. Those at least will acknowledge this, who believe with Plato in the close harmony of soul and body; in the analogy of beauty to itself wherever it exists, in sound or language, colour or feeling, proportion or virtue; in the identity of real beauty and real goodness, and therefore in the necessity of providing for the young, as our Maker has provided for us, an external creation of loveliness to be the type, and monitor, and preparation for an internal creation of virtue."

Without pronouncing upon the exact worth of this ingredient in the Grecian system, one so finely sensualized, or at least addressed more to the imagination and the feelings than to a discerning understanding, let us hear what is the alleged connexion of that system

with Christianity,—what the analogy, the similarity, the parallelism.

Mr. Sewell not only declares that the course which Grecian philosophy takes in our great schools of education indicates, like a float upon the water, the direction of the current of the times—that it is the great instrument of education still—that it always has been the great stimulus to the activity of the human mind—that the study of it has gone hand in hand with advancing civilization—that the loss of it has been followed by decay in science, in art, and in all things to which art ministers; but he speaks warmly and at length of it as being the effective handmaid—the congenial ally of Christianity. The Church of England, according to our author, or rather, the University of Oxford, which he represents as the great stronghold for the maintenance of the Church, and as the safe and secure school of education, has always recognized this connexion, and will flourish according as it makes use of the handmaid's services. By quoting at considerable length from Mr. Sewell's sketch of the plan of Plato's philosophy, constructed, as he thinks, to meet the *exigences of melancholy times*, it will be seen that it is even maintained that the principles of the *doctrine of faith*, as taught by the old Greek, were in accordance with those which constitute much of the foundation of Christianity.

That unhesitating, uncompromising grasp of principles, which Plato, as well as Christianity, declared to be necessary not only to human knowledge, but to human action, he endeavoured to confirm in this point, as in others, by a dialectical process, which tested every hypothesis advanced, by its concordance with acknowledged truth, especially with the order of nature, and the moral constitution of man. What faith is in Christianity, science, so far as science implies positive undoubting being, is to Plato. They are both modes of obtaining absolute subjective certainty. But Plato was compelled to make this belief rest on demonstration; that is, on the seeming agreement of truth with itself; that seeming agreement depending on the constitution of each individual mind, and requiring a logical process wholly beyond the reach of all but the educated few. Now Christianity demands it as a duty; fixes it by repetition as a habit; demands it upon authority, not on demonstration; upon the testimony of many others, not on the testimony of our own single self; justifies the demand by the weight and vastness of the testimony produced; appeals to man's heart, before his head, and to those affections of the heart which are the soonest developed, and the last to be corrupted,—the trustfulness of a mind conscious of its own weakness, and docile under the guidance of superiors. It thus ensures its possession over the child from his fancy; never leaves him alone in a world of doubt without some fixed habitual principles; makes his certainty independent of the perpetual fluctuation of daily opinions without, and of passing fancies and feelings within him; does not exclude demonstration, but never renders it necessary; obtains for him thus a hold over a whole world of truths, which are either beyond the

reach of demonstration, or which demonstration could never bring home to his heart ; and makes the very act of belief a moral virtue, by requiring in it an exercise of principle, which may be entirely wanting in the most perfect conviction of the reason. It gives to the child and the peasant, without any stipulation for those talents which are the rarest gifts of nature, knowledge, which the wisest of heathens vainly sought for ; so that, in the words even of a French philosopher, “à la faveur des lumières qu'elle a communiquées au monde, le peuple même est plus instruit, et plus décidé sur un grand nombre de questions intéressantes que ne l'ont été les sectes des philosophes.” And without waiting the slow and precarious process of raising the trees of truth from chance and thinly scattered seeds, it covers with them the whole field of human nature, and plants them at once full grown and full of blossom, to bring forth their fruit in due season.

This instrument for implanting knowledge in the human mind, was not within the reach of Plato. His belief was the belief of an individual, worked out to outward eyes by the energies of his own mind. There was no joint voice of an established society, no prejudice of early years, no habitual reverence of office, no connection with an organized system of testimony, preserving his doctrines, as one common deposit in the most remote regions, and transmitting them as the inheritance of ages. He stood before those whom he would teach, with no power of appealing except to their own reason. And he could recognize no certainty except where that reason approved. And yet (it is one of the most important features in his system, and one which renders it so applicable to uphold truth in the present day), Plato does recognize the principle of faith wherever he can possibly employ it.

Passages are cited from Plato to corroborate and illustrate this sketch of the philosopher's plan ; a plan which is thus explained and urged when our author proceeds to describe the character of *faith*, and to dilate upon the use and value of *authority* :—

Truths must be engrafted in the mind of the child long before he is able to understand them ; and no dreary blank be left, no previous state of darkness before he is admitted to the light. His eyes are closed at his birth, and we are not to leave him in a dungeon, till he opens them and calls for light, but to pour the light gradually upon them, and couch them at the same time in order to admit it. It is the principle of infant baptism in heathen philosophy.

Such a process as this necessarily requires faith in the child, that he may submit himself to the hands of his instructor, and receive from him unexamined the doctrines which are afterwards to be unfolded. The same principles are indicated by the very form of instruction, into which the Dialogues of Plato are cast ; a form which is constructed on dialectical principles, and those principles intimately connected with the very foundation of his system. The essential feature in the Platonic dialectics is the intervention of a second person, to give birth to, and shape, and test the spontaneous creations of the mind of the pupil. It might be very possible for a student in his closet to master and apply the whole logical system of

Aristotle, using his formularies of argument, and carrying on long processes of synthetical reasoning, as a child can play the game of patience by himself. But the analytical process of Plato, which insists on arriving at truth by overthrowing preliminary errors, and the principal object of which is to bring men to a sense of their ignorance, before it communicates knowledge—this can no more be carried on by ourselves than any other exercise, the value and interest of which consists in the possible defeat of the performer. It is a game of chess, and cannot be played single-handed.

A more direct enunciation of the principle is contained in the crowning part of the Constitution of the Republic—a body of aged men, placed at the head of the state as the depositaries of great truths, and those truths the truths of religion. For whatever be the veil of metaphysics thrown over this part of Plato's writings, cautiously perhaps to avoid the jealousy of the Athenians, we must never forget that philosophy and religion were with Plato indissolubly connected. "*Cujus scientiæ*," says Lactantius, "*summam breviter circumscribo, ut neque religio ulla sine sapientiâ suscipienda sit, nec ulla sine religione probanda sapientia.*" By them the education of the state is to be conducted; they are to discipline and form a perpetual succession of such teachers, by a long course of experimental instruction, and thus to transmit unimpaired their treasures of original truths, as the very palladium of the state. These are the "guardians and conservators of the society;" and such a system could be maintained only by holding together all the parts of the state in a permanent and regular subordination through faith, or a childlike confidence in the authority of the instructors.

Even in the personal character of Plato's thoughts, with all his necessary rationalism, there is a constant vein of trustful feeling running throughout—a willingness to receive truth for granted when coming from competent authority—a tendency to cast himself for support upon the guidance, testimony, and control of others, looking to their moral superiority as the fit guarantee, rather than to the assent of his own individual reason. It is seen in his constant allusion to those old traditional streams of ancient revelation, the *παλαιοὶ λόγοι* of his ancestors; in his fond and reverential returns to the mysteries and myths of the East; in the stern and authoritative tone, with which he supports the dictates of the laws of his country, whether Socrates is commanded by them to die, or an hereditary mythology is enforced. If a ceremonial of religion is to be established, it is referred to the oracles of his ancestors. If the real ground is to be stated of his hopes of immortality, as distinct from the possible arguments, which reason might bring to their support, it is rested on the spontaneous belief, a belief of the heart rather than of the head, that God is good, and, as good, is a rewarder of goodness. But the noblest and most decisive passage is found in the tenth book of the Laws.

"How," says he, when about to enter on the argument of natural theology, (and it might be well for those who are giving undue weight to that theology to see where Plato laid the real foundation of belief)—"how without passion can we reason to prove the existence of God? It must be with bitterness of heart—with hatred and indignation against men, who compel us to engage in such an argument. They who once trusted to the

tales, which from their childhood, when lying on the breast, they used to hear from their nurses and their mothers—tales told to soothe or awe them, and repeated like charms above their cradles—who heard them blended at the altar with prayers, and all the pomps and rituals so fair to the eye of a child ;—while those same parents were offering up their sacrifices with all solemnity—earnestly and awfully praying for themselves and for their children, and with vows and supplications holding communion with God, as indeed a living God ;—who, when the sun and the moon arose, and passed again to their settings, heard of, and witnessed all around them the kneeling and prostrate forms of Greeks and barbarians alike—all men in all their joys and all their sorrows, clinging as it were to God, not as an empty name, but as their all in all ; and never suffering the fancy to intrude, that God has no existence ;—they who have despised all this—and without one justifying cause compel us now to reason as we do—how can such men expect, that with calm and gentle words we should be able to admonish and to teach them the existence of a God ?”

Such is the decision of Plato on the fundamental question in the education of man, the use and importance of authority ; not that Aristotle would have answered otherwise, or any other sect worthy of the name of philosophy. Even the Pyrrhonist recognised authority as the foundation of his unbelief, and by the common consent of mankind endeavoured to prove that no such consent could be trusted. In the same manner the still lower school of Sophistry, which made each man “ the measure of all things,” had, notwithstanding, its teachers and pupils, and held out its promises of instruction, with a demand of confidence in their wisdom. And in its most degraded and vitiated form of a Callicles or a Thrasymachus, it only transferred the authority from a reason without to a passion within, and still gave up the individual as a slave to a power which impelled him blindly, he knew not whither.

Undoubtedly, wherever we turn, this is the question, the question of authority, that meets us, and re-appears in every difficulty which embarrasses either the Church or the country. Every age has some one principle, or, to use a phrase very current in the new speculations of France, “ represents an idea of its own,” which it is the business of the philosophical observer to detect, and of those who are appointed to watch over the minds of men to regulate or expel ; and this is the idea of the present day. Our legislation, year after year, is a series of concessions to the people, because no one, it is said, but the people has a right to pronounce on their own interests or duties. The state is to be desecrated and unchristianized, because no human power may decide between contending opinions in religion. The polity of the Church is set aside, because man must not bend to man, but must be left in independence and solitude to judge of the mysteries of Heaven by the taperlight of his own reason alone, and to worship his Maker as he chooses. Our old schemes of education are to be remodelled to meet the wishes and opinions of those, to correct and control whose opinions all education is appointed. And when a new system is established, as in Ireland, for a whole nation to be won over to the truth, the same fatal *idea* rises up, and, as if by special contrivance, the very notion of authority is extinguished in the minds of the young, by bringing

their teachers before them in direct and perpetual collision, on the most solemn of subjects; and by exhibiting in their daily tasks a conflict of difficulties and doubts, which can end but in an alternative of evils—either absolute unbelief on the one hand, or absolute subjection on the other, to the boldest assumer of a spiritual despotism. How is it that we have fallen into this gulf? How is it that we have forgotten not only the arguments of reason, but the first and best instincts of our hearts; instincts that rise up before our face, at the very moment we attempt to belie them, and which we may misuse and calumniate, but cannot extinguish? We are unsettling the foundation of Christianity by resting it on the false support of an unsound natural theology—because we distrust the true basis on which it was placed by its Founder—the testimony of its teachers. We are admitting into our philosophical schools, cold, feeble, undigested novelities, to engross and mislead the public mind, if the word *leading* can be applied to an influence, which only retards and embarrasses—because we are ashamed to acknowledge our adherence to the guides of antiquity. We are directing both public measures and private duties, measuring our politics and our ethics by the most false and fatal standard that human ingenuity ever devised, the standard of expediency; cutting off all reference to the past; denying the providence of Him who in making goodness the law of the world, made it also the preservation of the world; stifling our natural affections; annihilating the very essence of virtue; converting life into a business of calculation, and of calculation without data or end—simply because we are afraid of walking humbly by the precedents of our forefathers, of taking old lights to guide us in old ways, of trusting to the prejudices of nature, and boldly replying by her voice, as it is echoed by the mass of mankind, to those cavils of a curious casuistry—“why is this right, and this wrong?—why are we pleased, or why are we pained?” as if it were not enough to say, that we approve and censure, and love and hate, and believe and obey, because nature has formed us thus; because such are our natural feelings, and we know they are true to nature, because no warning voice from the rightful interpreters of nature has risen to condemn them—as if nothing was true which did not come within the range of our own knowledge—nothing to be admitted as the witness of a power above ourselves—nothing believed until proved, instead of all things believed until disproved. And all this arises from one and the same source, our contempt or distrust of authority.

We here only couch remark in the form of question: Deem ye that the Apostle would have delivered himself to this effect?—is it in harmony with his testimony?—was he ignorant of the character and practical effects of Grecian philosophy when he pronounced upon its vanity? We leave it to the disciples of Bacon to interrogate Mr. Sewell upon many other points, that may appear remarkable to them, which occur in his views on education and modes of study. “In England,” he says, “at least so long as the education of the English nation is carried on by the Church, we shall not tolerate any such absurdities,” as to become, for instance, “what Bacon longed to see, while he confessed that it had never existed, ‘of so

constant and severe a mind as to have determined and tasked ourselves utterly to abolish theories and common notions, and to apply our intellect altogether smoothed and even to particulars anew." Such a doctrine, involving a contempt, as Mr. S. thinks, of all authority, and a non-acknowledgment of any leading system, is one which the Church of England ought not to, will not follow. "We shall not prohibit, but rather encourage all experiments, all reasoning, all proof, all addition to our knowledge, which really are additions. But we shall not launch men upon the sea without giving them charts, and compasses, and sounding-lines. We shall not expect them to move on without some firm foundation to move upon. We shall not call upon them to grow while we are cutting off their roots, or to become rich while we are reducing them to poverty. We shall ensure them a capital of knowledge, and that knowledge will be Christianity—and Christianity as it is countersigned and guaranteed by the best of all possible securities, the witness of the Church."

As we have hitherto guarded ourselves against the expression of any strong opinion with respect to the sentiments noticed or quoted, which are certainly characteristic of Oxford, we shall not consider it necessary, concerning what may follow, to enter into controversy. Many stout reasoners may be ready to meet Mr. Sewell relative to the claims he sets up for the superiority and dominancy of that school of learning; many eminent and good men assert it to be in arrear of the age; many denounce its restrictive and prohibitory spirit as that of a vile monopoly; and perhaps a majority of the nation, right or wrong, declare that they will not submit to be trammelled in the matter of education by the *fiat* of the Church, or by its representatives, the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. But while we abstain from eager conflict, it may be profitable to follow a little further an ornament of Oxford, while he expatiates in his paper upon the "Rise of Alexandrian Platonism," with regard to education, educational institutions, and national literature.

Mr. Sewell, with skill and perspicuity, gives his sketch of the old and original systems of education together with religion, both in the East and West; and he arrives at the conclusion that the rise of Alexandrian Platonism, of the new rationalistic system, upon the soil of Egypt was analogous to that "which is passing before our own eyes, and which may presage a similar result," viz. that of a Pantheism. But passing over many of his tracings in the way of argument and illustration, in order to establish these views, we come to the point where he holds that in Egypt, Persia, and other heathen Eastern empires, there were institutions analogous to the first schools which rose up in Christendom under the wing of the first cathedrals and monasteries; the advantages of which were, that the corporate character of these bodies contributed to ensure uniformity and stability of doctrine. The defects of individual teachers were



thus compensated ; a greater range of education was taken in ; and a proper elevating moral authority was preserved over the pupil ; whereas now, in Germany, a regiment is required to manage a university ; the pupils of the *École Polytechnique* are admirable hands at a barricade ; and in England, but for the consolidation of Cambridge and Oxford with the Church, the collegiate system would have been corrupted, revolutionized, and destroyed by Whig governments and philosophical radicals. " In England and in England only, the same merciful Providence which has so often interposed in behalf of an ungrateful people, led the Church almost unconsciously to raise up her own power within the civil power of the universities, as they emanated from the Crown, by founding colleges to receive the students under something like domestic protection. The colleges are the representative of the Church, and the university of the state ; and when, by the multiplication of colleges, the circles of each were made at last to coincide, so that no one was a member of the university without being a member of a college, the union of Church and State was completed. The universities became consolidated with the Church ; and all the dangers of political interference with the quiet sacred duties of education were prevented ; while all the benefits were preserved which might be derived from the legitimate superintendence and co-operation of the Crown."

Here again, without denying the accuracy of this compact and beautifully adjusted theory, or even that its practical workings in times past have been upon the whole productive of good, it cannot escape any impartial reader of the pages before us, that the author passes with a natural complacency over defects, questionable habits, and even demoralizing tendencies of student life, which a Dissenter, for example, would find no difficulty in adducing as a set-off to much of Mr. Sewell's eulogy. Besides, it is not perfectly clear that future generations will do well in allowing the monastic, restrictive, and monopolizing institutions to exercise their wonted privileges. In the meanwhile, however, Oxford may be wise in its generation in striving to bring within the pale of the Church all the scattered elements of society and of faith. This Conservative purpose naturally suggests the necessity of having some broad and midway platform upon which to meet and to unite. But to attend to some other statements :—

Mr. Sewell remarks that from the want of the development of the collegiate system, between the Ptolemean era and the sixth century, the great schools and universities of Christendom " became the focus of every mischief which can result from a high pressure of intellectual excitement removed from all moral control. They became what our educational reformers would make of Oxford and Cambridge, and every other place where they would raise either a

German university or a new-fangled *National School*." Our author makes the slightest account, we dare to say, of the universities of Scotland, where monastic rules and restrictive laws are unknown; and where, according to what we take would be his disparaging meaning of the word, *liberal* courses of study are at any one's command. And yet, will it be stepping beyond the truth, if we assert that as much of decorum and morality characterizes the conduct of the students in these northern seats of learning, as can be claimed in behalf of his favourites—that as much which is useful, refined, and wholesome is communicated—and that the religion of the clergy bred in the Scottish colleges is as pure and operative as that which may distinguish England among European nations?

The "late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford" discovers another parallelism besides that which belongs to education and educational institutions, between the present age and that when the Alexandrian Platonism was in vogue, viz., an enormous multiplication of books. Such a multiplication cannot be distinct or separated from an originating, an accompanying, and a consequent taste for reading, for devouring books. He proceeds to lament over and to denounce such an indiscriminate tendency and state of things; but without making anything like what we consider to be a due allowance for the benefits derived. And yet he tells us he would not abolish the printing-press, nor prohibit reading. Then what would he have to be done? Having told us that "never was a parallel more remarkable than between the literature of Europe in the last 200 years, and that which arose up in Egypt under the patronage of the Ptolemies, to pave the way first for a sceptical philosophy, then for a frivolous physical science, as it is called, and then for pantheism," he proceeds not only to urge upon the Church the necessity for it immediately to examine the whole subject of our popular literature, but to "provide a literature for this country, which, if it cannot expel the present from the market, may at least supply the wants, and prevent the infection of the sounder part of the population." And he adds that some steps to this end have already been taken, and that it is to be hoped they will be followed up. What these steps are we have not seen specified; although he asserts again that the Church "may by great exertions construct a fresh literature less mischievous than the present—a new river, instead of the ditch-water of the Thames." For the fumigating of the press, "every book written should be imbued and impregnated with sound principles, both religious and political. Poetry, history, philosophy, travels, novels, reviews, newspapers, grammars, everything should contain in them the great truths which it is required to inculcate on the human mind." A mathematical text-book, we presume, ought to be impregnated with religious and political demonstrations!

It will hardly be objected by any one that every book ought to be imbued with sound principles. But is it in the power of the Church to obliterate the knowledge of the art of printing, which event, we are inclined to believe, Mr. Sewell would not consider a very dire calamity? Books, however, in multitudes we have, and the art, as well as the desire to have them multiplied will never be destroyed. Many of them are pestiferous, and not a few such have been written by churchmen. Nay, at the very moment that we write, Oxford is divided within itself, and a most unseemly contest is waged between its members, its offspring, and its professors. The example is so pernicious, and the enmities so bitter, that we cannot look for much fumigating influence from that quarter for a time to come. In short, we do not think that Mr. Sewell's efforts to establish the parallelisms to which we have so often referred, are at all successful, were it but as regards the number of books and the art of multiplying them in the Alexandrian period as compared with the present. Then, are the past services which the university of Oxford holds out more encouraging? or is the supremacy and monopoly which he would have extended and established over the minds of the community throughout this great empire to be desired? Will the rule of a priesthood be tolerated beyond its present power? Will the strengthening and expansion of the collegiate system bring all men into one sheepfold, and to be of one mind?

But whatever may be thought of the main conclusions to which our author's original purpose, and each part of his work, may have been directed; or however forced, exaggerated, and ultra his principles and argument, it must be conceded that there is much in his pages which is masterly and satisfactory. His disquisitions concerning the different sects of Grecian philosophers, particular doctrines, and celebrated individuals, are often excellent, displaying an acute perception of their characteristics. Political and literary notices, as well as those of a philosophical and religious nature, abound in the volume. But the grand feature of the whole is, of course, his manner of treatment as regards Plato, embracing views of his character in every capacity, and discussions especially relative to the plan, the arrangement, the doctrines, and the object of his writings and philosophizings. As a specimen of his commentary on the Dialogues we quote part of that which the *Phædrus* obtains, which he considers entitled to precedence, not only on account of chronological date, but of other circumstances, some of which are thus explained:—

There is also another reason why the *Phædrus* is the first Dialogue which claims attention. It is the most striking of them all, most singular, at the first view, most incoherent, most strongly marked with the peculiar character of Plato's thoughts and style of composition, most perplexing in its structure, and at the same time most startling in its ethical tone. In a

rhetorical point of view, in which men have too long accustomed to lose sight of Plato's philosophy, the Phædrus has evidently been the sample, on which philologists have justified their animadversions. Laertius censures it as puerile, *μυφακιδέες*; Dicæarchus as vulgarly extravagant; Olympiodorus as dithyrambic. Plutarch ridicules its description of landscape scenery; Hermeas repeats the criticism of his day upon it, as "coarse, inflated, bombastic and artificial;" Longinus alludes to similar censures on the "wild extravagant diction, harsh metaphors, and forced allegories" imputed generally to Plato, but which are scarcely to be found except in the Phædrus; Dionysius of Halicarnassus hints at the same errors of Plato's style "wherever his philosophy carries him into subjects of a lofty and supernatural character." And every one who fails to see the real drift of the composition, notwithstanding all his prejudices in favour of the "Attic Homer," "the master of Demosthenes," the man whose language would be the language of Jupiter, if Jupiter spoke Greek, will rise from it with a similar impression of turgidness and ostentatious pretension.

He will rise with another impression also, of a far more painful and perplexing nature: and it is to be hoped that he will. The Phædrus, more than any other relic of ancient literature, more even than the Comedies of Aristophanes, tears aside the veil which taste, and poetry, and learning, and ignorance of history in many men, and the cant of liberty in still more, have combined to throw over the hideous deformities of Athenian life. It lays bare scenes and things, which, shocking as they are, we are yet bade by God's own word to look upon at times, that we may learn to hate them. And it is no slight lesson to find them, where inexperienced human fancy is most inclined to imagine perfection, in the midst of unbounded freedom, and philosophy, and refinement, and all the other vanities, on which man's reason prides itself, and which become vanities the moment they are let loose from the control of faith and self-denial. Addison tells the story of a father, who crushed in his son the first seeds of passion and sin by taking him round to their haunts, and laying open to him at once the whole mystery of iniquity. Something of the same kind was undoubtedly contemplated by Plato in the composition of his Phædrus. And benefit may be derived from it to Christians, if it merely exhibit a picture of the miserable state of heathenism, even in the most intellectual portion of the most intellectual age of the most intellectual people in the ancient world.

The younger reader will also find in this Dialogue another difficulty, which has perplexed all commentators alike. Where is the unity and regularity of structure, which we should expect from the acknowledged skill of Plato in giving form to his writings, and which on minute examination is so obvious, that Schleiermacher has not hesitated to take it as one of the leading clues to their right arrangement? At first sight, the Dialogue splits into two parts, the former on the nature of Love, and the latter on Rhetoric. And such a binary structure is very common in Plato's writings. It occurs in the Gorgias, which commences with Rhetoric, and ends with Justice; in the Republic, which introduces into the midst of a discussion on Justice (and that too merely as an illustration) a theory of a social system, which occupies more than three-fourths of the work; in the Sophist, which throws in an inquiry into the nature of abstract being as a paren-

thesis to a humorous caricature of the Sophist's profession; in the Protagoras, where the conversation diverges from its ethical subject to a criticism on poetry; and in the Philebus, which by the same marsupian structure carries a metaphysical analysis of unity and plurality in the pouch of a treatise upon pleasure. It is evident, from many observations thrown out by Plato himself on the occasion of these digressions, that they are not accidental, but intentional. These seemingly strange and heterogeneous juxtapositions are not to be regarded, as if a careless flow of conversation had forced its own way without thought, taking up everything which happened to lie in its bed—pebbles, and twigs, and insects, and clay, and hardening them together into one concretion—but they are evidently designed for various purposes. In many instances the one subject is not merely inclosed, but *enwreathed* in the other; is connected with it, that is, by a vital link of thought; is born from it; and very often left almost an embryo in one dialogue to be taken up and fully developed in another. Thus, even to the most careless observer, the commencement of the Phædrus leads on to the Lysis, and the Lysis to the Convivium. The latter part again carries on, as it were, a propagation of subject from itself to the Gorgias, and the Gorgias another to the Republic. In other cases a totally distinct vein of thought is thrown up to dislocate a train of inquiry, just as in geological language beds of rock are interrupted by faults. And on such occasions there is a playful apologetic irony accompanying the process, just such as we might imagine would play upon the face of nature, if she amused herself with thus perplexing the labours of the miner, in order to try his patience, and give scope for ingenuity. Still more frequently, especially in the Sophist, the Republic, and the Phædrus, the two subjects are connected by a chain, which can only be traced clearly in the accidental circumstances of the day. They are as two buoys floating side by side, and the cable which ties them together has disappeared under the water, and can only be recovered by diving somewhat deeply into the history of opinions and practices which are now lost to sight.

Mention having been made of Aristophanes in our extract, we quote a paragraph which is devoted to the prince of Athenian comic writers, who is compared with Plato:—

One, therefore, of the best preparations, which may be recommended to the student, is an accurate and thoughtful examination of a class of works very different from those of Plato in their outward form, but very similar in their aim and spirit, the Comedies of Aristophanes, and especially the Clouds. Men smile when they hear the anecdote of one of the most venerable Fathers of the Church, who never went to bed without Aristophanes under his pillow. But the noble tone of morals, the elevated taste, the sound political wisdom, the boldness and acuteness of the satire, the grand object, which is seen throughout, of correcting the follies of the day, and improving the condition of his country—all these are features in Aristophanes, which, however disguised, as they intentionally are, by coarseness and buffoonery, entitle him to the highest respect from every reader of antiquity. He condescended, indeed, to play the part of jester to the

Athenian tyrants. But his jests were the vehicles for telling to them the soundest truths. They were never without a far higher aim than to raise a momentary laugh. He was no farce writer, but a deep philosophical politician: grieved and ashamed at the condition of his country, and through the stage, the favourite amusement of Athenians, aiding to carry on the one great common work, which Plato proposed in his Dialogues, and in which all the better and nobler spirits of the time seem to have concurred as by a confederacy—the reformation of an atrocious democracy. There is as much system in the Comedies of Aristophanes as in the Dialogues of Plato. Every part of a vitiated public mind is exposed in its turn. Its demagogues in the Knights, its courts of justice in the Wasps, its foreign policy in the Acharnians, its tyranny over the allies in the Birds, the state of female society in the Lysistrata and the Ecclesiazusæ, and its corrupt poetical taste in the Frogs. No one play is without its definite object: and the state of national education, as the greatest cause of all, is laid open in the Clouds. Whatever light is thrown, by that admirable play, upon the character of Socrates, and the position which he occupies in the Platonic Dialogues—a point, it may be remarked, on which the greatest mistakes are daily made—it is chiefly valuable as exhibiting, in a short but very complete analysis, and by a number of fine Rembrandt-like strokes, not any of which must be overlooked, all the features of that frightful school of sophistry, which at that time was engaged systematically in corrupting the Athenian youth, and against which the whole battery of Plato was pointedly directed.

ART. VI.—1. *Hardness; or, the Uncle.* 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

2. *The Mirza.* By JAMES MORIER, Esq. 3 vols. Bentley.

THE season is prolific as usual of lightsome reading for the winter quarter. But what season is not? Young ladies and old gentlemen have such a notion in these book-making days that nothing is so simple and easy as to put upon paper their fancies *romantic!* and every little *body* says,—Oh! if the world knew my history it would read better than a novel! So full is every one of its little self. But to write a novel—a good, a readable novel—is not such a simple and easy matter as striplings and ignoramuses may imagine; and without telling our friends at present what is requisite, and what will accomplish their purpose, we go on to state that the author of “*Hardness*,” be he an old stager, or a young adventurer, has made a *hit*. Why, sir, the wide world is so completely within your grasp, you have such a simple, natural, and powerful way with you, that there is hardly a chapter in your book that does not furnish a character, suggest passages of life, or indicate—perhaps express—sentiments, which common fictionists would think themselves blessed in having to work out into three volumes. Your “*Uncle*” is full to cramming of suggestiveness, let alone completeness in itself.

But then you are no artist, novel friend. It seems to us, indeed, that you despise those qualities and accomplishments that would enable you to set the Thames on fire,—that is, strike out a new walk in fictitious literature. We are worn down by historical, romantic, and fashionable novels. To you, it seems, the achievement has been appointed to suggest, rather than as yet to exhibit and cultivate a new, and thoroughly fresh and true sphere for the disportings of erratic genius. We doubt whether you understand your vocation; but that vocation assuredly is in the land of healthfulness, sturdy thought, and instructive reflection.

There is one eminent feature in your manner that is quite charming; there is no straining for effect—no apparent effort in producing your effects. You seem to be unconscious of your weapon-skill, and therefore you wield it with a redundancy that militates against the single performance to which you set yourself. Your materials are too numerous for your disposal of them; you are a master of particulars, but a bad adjuster of them. Let, however, yourself or any apt scholar tread in the outlined path, and study the cultured passages, and you or he cannot fail to do that for literature—that is to say, for humanity and morals—which, perhaps, no man has done since the days of Goldsmith or Fielding. How different—and yet how similar in the end!

There is not much of a story in this work; for the author does not appear to have regarded a strongly connected framework of the kind as necessary to his purpose; scenes and characters being freely introduced which have but slight reference to the plot, such as it is. The incidents are natural and never strained; and, although ability and perfect ease distinguish each part, there is yet no violent excitement produced. It can hardly be said that there is a catastrophe in the novel; nor does any one of the *dramatis personæ* awaken such a superior interest as to be decidedly heroic.

So far as story is concerned, it may be sufficient to state that Lord Innismore is a good specimen of an old, rich, and exclusive aristocrat, whose nephew having squandered the larger portion of his patrimony, is obliged to sell his commission, and to make such sacrifices as force him to retire into the country, not merely with the view of recruiting his fortune, but of allowing his uncle time to be reconciled. Unfortunately, however, while rusticating and practising economy he falls in love with and marries a girl of inferior rank, and thus offends the old lord still more deeply. The cross purposes consequent on this event, and the different sorts of people that readily present themselves to the author, are treated with the talent and fidelity which we have already characterized; and when we add that he takes advantage of passing events and existing subjects of discussion, it will be inferred that his sketches, opinions, and reflections have a real value and a practical interest.

When a man of rank and fashion is suddenly left to his wits to make a living, a variety of speculations of the day naturally suggest themselves. Literature is one field which a person who has had a good school education, and has seen a good deal of life, will readily think of, and most probably the department contemplated will be that of *fashionable novels*. The following is a good satire on the class; the memoranda purporting to have been supplied by a friend who had made trial of such publications, but who having married a fortune required to do little more than give commands and advice. Some Colburn or Bentley had instructed the adviser to this effect:—

The following proportion of subjects has been found very effective, but is nearly worn out, the taste of the public appearing to be turning towards Newgate, highwaymen, prostitutes, executions, burglaries, murders, and such more exciting subjects. Mr. Hooker, however, being a gentleman, most probably had better make up his novel as follows:—

Love-scenes . . . . .	120	pages.
Pastoral ditto . . . . .	15	"
One dinner, with bill of fare, and a side-dish upset . . .	12	"
Two balls (one to be Almack's or a Queen's ball). . .	30	"
One opera, hero to be addressed at the door by a farmer's daughter he has seduced, and to quarrel with the heroine in consequence; this must be in the first volume .	15	"
An elopement . . . . .	15	"
Two marriages; the bridesmaid to be represented as bursting with envy at one, and the bridegroom to be married before in the other . . . . .	30	"
Two deaths . . . . .	25	"
Description of hero—his father, mother, dress, character, and estate, which he ought to hold from temp. Hen. VIII.	70	"
Do. heroine—do. do. do. : her family should be Norman—sometimes she is an heiress, but in that case she must be made to propose for the hero . . . . .	90	"
Description of a boudoir . . . . .	75	"
Do. of a race-course . . . . .	20	"
Do. of an exquisite—he should be very effeminate, very handsome and affected, and have a poodle; a liason with an opera-dancer—but, nevertheless, be a first-rate boxer and swordsman . . . . .	25	"
Do. of ladies' dresses . . . . .	120	"
Do. of a manœuvring mother . . . . .	50	"
Gentlemen's slang . . . . .	13	"
Sentimental reflections (chiefly from the German) . .	80	"
Lords and ladies . . . . .	75	"
Something very horrible, it does not much matter what, but it must be between a love-chapter and a millinery-chapter . . . . .	25	"
A sort of story to connect . . . . .	115	"
Total of the whole . . . . .	1,000	"



N.B. The love-chapters puzzle the gentlemen most, but the old hands get them written for them by opera-figurantes or girls connected with the theatres ; they know best what sort of thing in that way pleases the public most : the pastoral chapters are best done by putting " Thomson's Seasons," or Crabbe, or Wordsworth (the latter is dangerous, being very difficult to understand), into prose ; the millinery chapters must be written by milliners' girls, and should be corrected by one of them too : these chapters are very dangerous, for being unintelligible to the author, great care is requisite. For the cookery-chapters, Ude's is the safest book, for it gives the English translations of the French dishes, and some complete bills of fare, so the author knows what he is putting on the table, and the nobility are very apt to judge a book by that : the upsetting the side-dish or lobster-sauce over her is to exhibit the sweetness of the heroine's temper. Gunter's men will give any information that may be wanted about the balls. The description of heroine and hero must be written, or at all events revised by a woman, as likewise the boudoir. The exquisite is considered as the author's portrait of himself—of course he lays it on pretty thick ; the sentiment also, of course, must be done by a lady ; and the lords and ladies likewise ; the ladies of the smaller gentry are the only people that really and vividly feel rank, but it is advisable and usual that the person employed upon the aristocracy should know little or nothing about them. The imagination should have free play—the novelist must attract the public ; and the way to attract them is not by dislodging or otherwise taking liberties with preconceived notions. The lord of the novel is a stiff, affected, heartless sort of person if old, or a libertine if young ; just as the lion of the Herald's Office is blue, white, or red, according to the family which bears it. Exhibit the lord natural, or the lion proper, the public cries out, " that is not *my* lord," the herald shakes his head, " that is not *my* lion." The story is not material. Some have married their heroine to another man in the first volume, and killed him off at the beginning of the third ; but that has been objected to, since an eminent author, in a novel the hero of which was a murderer and executed accordingly, represented, as one of the greatest perfections of his heroine, that she was a virgin on the morning of her marriage.

There are more of these memoranda :—

By the by, he desired me to warn you to be very cautious about the millinery ; which is of the greatest importance, considering the court by which you are tried, a jury of matrons. And take care that it is done by some one that dares not play you a trick ; he got a cousin of his to write some of it for him, and she sold him a regular bargain—girls are so infernally mischievous. She sent his heroine to a ball in a white dimity dressing-gown, with a flaming red turban on her head, green morocco boots, a coral necklace round her waist, and a patent elastic garter round her throat : she masked the whole description in a set of French phrases that he could hardly read, and did not understand a word of : he thought it was all right. The manuscript went to the publishers with this in it : nobody there of course knew anything about it—all that they saw was

that there was the regulation-number of French words: what they meant they neither knew nor cared; they took it for granted the author did: and it went to press, and would have been published with all that absurdity in it, only one of the compositors, in setting up the type, was struck with the words being different from what he had been accustomed to from time immemorial; for there's a regular stock of French words, you know, that are used in English conversation and literature by people who cannot express themselves in their own language: they are not very numerous. Well, this fellow luckily had a French milliner's girl living in the same house with him: he cribbed a sheet and took it home to her, and she discovered the thing at once; and so the chapter was rewritten: but it was a near escape.

Some of the most life-like sketches and portraits are those of military home-service,—of barrack scenes and mess-room doings. One specimen must suffice. A young officer receives a note containing almost mysterious hints, and thus acts:—

“Catch is a good dog, but Holdfast's a better: look to your banker.”

Of these mysterious warnings he was uncommonly puzzled what to make.

Now it was the custom of the Hundredth Regiment of Foot, as of many others, that whenever any peculiarly private and delicate epistle arrives—such as a request from a parent to declare what one's intentions are; or a notification that the writer is deeply enamoured with one's sister, and proposes soliciting her hand in marriage, if his income (which he states) is considered sufficient; or the communication of any bit of family secret history that is to be kept as still as the grave, or anything else of that sort—to lay it forthwith upon the mess-table, in order to take the general opinion of the regiment upon it. In the multitude of counsellors is safety; and so the mysterious warning was subjected to the usual scrutiny; but without result; the united wisdom of the Hundredth not being equal to reading the handwriting on the wall: and as soon as the Paymaster declared his inability to decipher or expound it, the job was given up in despair, and our friend was recommended to trouble his brains no more about it; it being a sound military principle, in desperate cases, to go on never minding.

“My dear fellow,” said one of the Captains of the regiment, a scion of aristocracy, who placed so much confidence in his brother officers that he was in the habit of intrusting his duty to their charge six months of the year, “my dear fellow, this letter appears to refer to some impending smash in your money-matters: now if that be the case, you may take my word for it, you will be much happier and enjoy yourself twice as much as a poor man as you do as a rich one. I was as happy as a prince when I had nothing: now I am constantly suffering the most acute misery; every guinea I spend now goes to my heart. I am spending my own money now; formerly it was other people's money that I spent; which was much better fun, for I never grudged it.

"The Mirza" comes well from the hands of Mr. Morier, a gentleman who has made Persia and Persian life his own; who has, by the medium of fiction, in a great measure done that for an eastern empire which a Scott performed for a northern. It happens that in the guise of fiction truth may be more forcibly and explicitly mirrored than even in the pages of the chronicler with his details, or the grave historian with his philosophy.

We have seen that it is objected to Mr. Morier that he seizes upon the gross mannerisms, the peculiar artificialities, of the Persians, to the caricaturing of the whole, and to the neglect of the essential, indestructible, and permanent features of humanity. There may be some grounds for this criticism; and yet, we think, the saliency of his points are indisputable; while for the effectiveness of sketches, of snatches, and of significant pictures, it seems necessary to avoid all levels and to deal with bold reliefs.

"The Mirza" is a work worthy of more notice and regard on this account,—that the life which it professes to paint is fast passing away, and like that of the Red Indians, which Mr. Catlin has so touchingly described, will be a matter for historical speculation and random delineation a few generations or years hence. "I may venture to assert," says Mr. Morier, "that the East, as we have known it in Oriental tales, is now fast on the change. '*C'est le commencement de la fin.*'" Perhaps we have gleaned the last of the beards, and obtained an expiring glimpse of the heavy caôûk, and the ample shalwar, ere they are exchanged for the hat and the spruce pantaloon. How wonderful is it—how full of serious contemplation is the fact—that the whole fabric of Mahomedanism should have been assailed almost suddenly, as well as simultaneously, by events which nothing human could have foreseen. Barbary, Egypt, Syria, the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, the Red Sea, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Persia, and Affghanistan, all, more or less, have felt the influence of European or anti-Mahomedan agencies. Perhaps the present generations may not see a new structure erected, but true it is, they have seen its foundation laid."

The volumes before us contain a series of distinct fictions in the shape of tales or stories, which are told for the most part by the Mirza, who purports to be an official attached to the Persian court, with whom the author has become familiar, and who is to be understood as the poet-laureate of the Shah. The stories are so cast as to afford room and occasion for the author to figure as a colloquist in their development, and thus to intersperse reflections and speculations suitable to his European character. The representation is thus rendered picturesque, and is dramatic in its construction. We now give a sample; it is from the story of "Azbeaz, the Shoe-maker-king," told by a Persian prince, while the author is an interlocutor:—

"But what does the *Sahib*, the gentleman, say to my tale?" said the prince, turning towards me with great deference of manner. "I hope he has done me the honour to approve." I did not fail to express myself extremely delighted; I complimented the prince upon his manner of expressing himself, but particularly upon his invention; for, said I, "you really have given the appearance of truth to that which must, in its nature be fabulous." "How is this?" said he, "will you not believe that such things can be? All the members of this company are ready to believe, and even take their oaths, if necessary, to the truth of what I have related, and why too should not you believe?" "A very long discussion, indeed, would ensue," said I, "were I to endeavour to show you why I cannot believe in supernatural agencies exercised locally, partially, and for objects which do not apparently comprehend the well-being of the whole of God's creation, and which are not so fully established by proof and witnesses, as entirely to overcome my unbelief." Then recollecting the old story of the flying fish and Pharaoh's chariot wheel, I said, "But do not be angry if I refuse to give credence to what you have related, however much delighted I may be with the story; perhaps I, too, may assert some facts relating to my own country, to which you may not be willing to give credence, but to the truth of which, I, in my turn, am ready to take my oath." "*Ohi*—oh, well said and well done," said the prince, his words echoed by the poet, and repeated by the rest of the company. "Speak on—let us hear—our ears are all open. We have given up our souls to you." I then said, "Perhaps every one present has seen a ship, and though they may not have sailed in one, have remarked how it is impelled by wind; perhaps, too, some may have been caught in a tempest, or observed its effects on the sea. Now, we have ships in my country, which, in defiance of storms and tempests, will make their way right in the teeth of the wind, and thus perform voyages from one end of the world to the other." I paused awhile after having made this assertion, to hear the remarks of the company. I could perceive incredulity in every face; a little scorn and contempt, perhaps, was associated with that feeling, but it was plain no one believed my words. "*Sahib ekhtiar*. You are at liberty, of course, to affirm what you please," said the Prince, "but to me, it appears that what you have advanced is wholly impossible." "What words are these?" said another. "You might as well say that I can thrust a spear through my enemy's body, and he not bleed, as to say a ship will go ahead against wind." I heard the word "*derough, derough*—lie! lie!" whispered about from mouth to mouth throughout the assembly, and I became convinced that I was totally disbelieved. I then tried them upon another subject. "There is another thing," said I, "to the truth of which I am ready to take my oath. In my country, our cities are lighted at night by the means of lanterns suspended on iron pillars. A subterranean vapour is made to circulate through our streets, which is led to the summit of the said pillars, and at a given hour, men run about the city, carrying a lighted taper in their hands, which they merely present to a small spiral tube, whence a flame is seen to issue, which keeping alive the night through, illuminates the city like day, the inhabitants meanwhile sleeping soundly, unapprehensive of evil consequences. "Where, in the name of Allah," said the prince, "have

you found words to affirm such things? A subterranean fire running under ground all through your streets, and nobody afraid! Yours must be a world different from ours, inhabited by men of a different formation to Persians. I cannot believe what you say." "People may talk of Persians being liars," said one of the company, "but as there is but one Allah, and Mahommed is his prophet, and Ali his lieutenant, let them go to the Franks for the future. Wonderful assertions have we heard to-day!" "Now I begin to understand," said a man of the law who was present, "why Franks are unbelievers of our faith, the ever blessed and only true faith of Islam, why they reject our prophet and despise his sayings, while they adhere with so much pertinacity to their own. See this Sahib—he tells us of things which cannot be true, and believes in them, whilst events which may occur every day, which so many people here present, men of respectability and worthy of confidence, have seen and heard of, he rejects. Is it not plain that the reputation which Persia has acquired for the sagacity and acuteness of her sons, has been well acquired, whilst all the rest of mankind are kept in a state of total blindness? Let the Sahib forgive my words," said the speaker, turning himself to me, "but in truth, our holy prophet legislated with all wisdom when he said, 'As for the unbeliever, all that is left for him is *katl, katl*, slay, slay.'" "May your shadow never be less," said I, laughing, addressing the man of the law, whilst I assumed a mock humility of manner: may your house flourish—we are grateful—we kiss the dust of your slippers!" My words and manner seemed to amuse the prince and his guests, for instead of siding with the man of the law, they most good-humouredly laughed outright, and evinced by their conduct how little they partook of the holy man's zeal. This circumstance produced the effect of turning the conversation into a new channel, and I was questioned on the right hand and on the left, upon the nature of our institutions in Frangistan, for so they call Europe, with a pertinacity and liveliness of curiosity, which exhibited one of the most striking characteristics of the Persians in its strongest colours, namely, their love of hearing and knowing of strange things. "Sir," said one *berai khoda*, "in the name of Allah, is it true that you never see the sun in your country?" "We can't believe," said another, "what is currently reported here, that you cut your horses' tails off, and also go to the trouble of cutting your dogs' tails off too." Close upon this question followed another. "Forgive me," said a third, "but swear by the soul of your father and mother, is it true that your kings dance like luties? And is it also true that women may rule over you, and that they too dance in public?" Before I could satisfy any one of these questions, I heard a voice crying out from a distance: "Tell me, O Sahib, can you belong to a nation which holds nothing unclean, to people who may even eat of a dog, and not be defiled? This passes our comprehension." At length, our host, the prince, who was too well bred to allow of my being more questioned and teased, seeing it impossible for me to satisfy every one's curiosity, called for kilians, as a signal for breaking up the assembly.

We conclude with Mr. Morier's account of the extravagancies of Persian phraseology, and of the practical reduction of their exaggerations.

He says,—

"During my stay in that country, which took place during the reign of the late king, Fattah Ali Shah, I became acquainted with many Persians of various ranks and denominations, from the king on the throne, to the lowest tent-pitcher and muleteer. At first, I felt as any other of my countrymen would feel; I was startled by their unceasing adulation, and petrified by their unblushing falsehoods, however pleased I might be with their winning manners; but as I became more acquainted with the genius and character of the nation, I learnt to place a more proper value upon their professions, and to give a truer interpretation to their assertions, for I found much of the disgust which I had at first felt, proceeded from their forms of speech, which I can compare to nothing better than to a redundant paper currency, which begins by being of doubtful value, and ends by being worth nothing at all. How would it surprise Mr. A. if riding with Mr. B. in the park, Mr. A. praising the beauty of his companion's horse, Mr. B. were immediately to say—"You do me honour—it is a present to you—it belongs to you forthwith—I will send it to you." And if, in utter confusion, Mr. A. felt himself bound to accept it, how much more surprised would he be to hear Mr. B. turn round and make the same present and the same speech to the next person who should happen equally to praise his horse! So it is in Persia. This sort of intercourse takes place on every common occurrence, and it would be deemed ill breeding, and a want of knowledge of life, if the language of falsehood, flattery, and hyperbole, were not used the more abundantly, the more in consonance with the character of the people. The Persians have aptly been called the Frenchmen of the East; vanity is, in truth, their besetting sin, and that circumstance alone may, perhaps, account for the lust for compliment and adulation which exists in both nations."

ART. VII.—*The Glory and Shame of England.* By C. EDWARDS

LESTER. 2 vols. Bentley.

It is wholesome for us when a sensible foreigner points out the plague-spots of our condition and our manners. There is much about us that demands amendment and healing. Not a few of our gross evils either almost entirely escape our own notice, or we have become so familiar with them as to experience little or no shame when they are looked upon. It is therefore good that we should be frequently mirrored in the looking-glasses of strangers, even although with such distortions as an imperfect reporter, an irregularly grained material, may return. It is proper that we should see ourselves as others see us.

We have often said that we regard with a special interest the testimony of citizens of the United States of America who may happen to visit us. It is not alone that they are remarkably inquisitive, or even that they are unscrupulous inquirers and barefaced revealers of whatever may engage their attention in the privacy of

domestic confidence; but especially because there is so much which is common to the two nations, that they mark the differences with a peculiar zeal, although, we believe, with less accuracy and liberality than other foreigners who are not everlastingly testing us by some kindred feature amongst themselves, and thus reducing all differences—the slighter these are, with the greater illiberality—to their own standard.

Still, whatever may be our distrust generally of an American's report of England, it is seldom that we do not feel the special interest in it to which we have alluded; and often also a considerable degree of entertainment. There are exceptions, however; such as when ignorance and conceit, or stupidity and vulgarity, characterize the writer. Allowance may be made for jealousies, and even for strong dislikes; but it is not easy to look upon an egregious fool who affects to be a moralist with other than utter disgust; and above all if that fool be a lump of morbidity, and as sickly as he strives to be smooth. It is in this last-mentioned squad that we rank the author of the "Glory and Shame;" for we have not been able to bring ourselves to the conclusion at which some have arrived, viz., that the work is a sheer imposition, and the trick of a needy literary hack. No: we are persuaded that there is such a gull as Mr. Lester; one who in every respect answers the character that would concoct in earnest such a work as the present,—a superficial, credulous, prejudiced Yankee; one whose fluency is so feeble, and sentiments are so unhealthy, as to render all his attempts at picturing misery the reverse of being suggestive of pity,—and at putting to shame, the occasion of loathing towards himself. That he has gone zealously to work, we doubt not; that he has made himself particularly busy in questioning the folks he met with in the Guildhall coffee-house about the *glories* and the *shames* is more than probable, just as it is that not a few have made it their fun to "sell him bargains," as we believe the sailors designate their waggeries; while others have recommended to his investigation parliamentary reports, Poor Law papers, O'Connell's speeches, and other rare sources of information for his particular study, and as texts for his practical hints. These circumstances have manifestly attended this person's efforts; his own pious colourings being fulsomely laid over whatever the wags communicated, and his personal researches discovered. A considerable amount of these researches might just as successfully have been pursued in Yankee-land as in England; and, as for the rest, his continual tendency to invent, unless it has all through been imposition, would have been as satisfactorily exercised towards us on the other side of the Atlantic as on this. There is nothing real, practical, or essentially true in the book; there is nothing that can be truth-like even to an utter stranger to our country, institutions, and con-

dition. Let us exhibit portions of our philanthropist's incidents and pictures: they consist chiefly of "shames." Our *glories* are few, except when he meets with a lord; and then his worshippings are anything but democratic. On the other hand, our Indian empire is a foul spot. However, let us meet with him on his landing at Liverpool, where at once he ferrets out touching histories, and acts charities with extraordinary lavishness:—

As I was passing from the office to the cars, a very pretty but pale-faced girl came up to me, with a basket of books on her arm, and in a sweet voice inquired if I did not wish to get a companion. I answered, "That will depend entirely upon the character—a gentleman or a lady?"—"Oh, sir," she said, with a smile, "a Companion that will be of more service to you than either: more intelligent than a gentleman, and less troublesome than a lady;" at the same time handing me, "The London, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester Railway Companion." I was interested in the girl's appearance, and I asked her a few questions. "Pray how did you know I was an American?"—"Well, Sir, I can hardly tell you; but there is something about American gentlemen that strikes me the first moment I see them; and I always try to find them, for they almost always buy my Companions. But they for ever ask me if I can't take less than a crown for the book; and when I say I am a poor girl, and have, by selling books, to support my mother, who is in a consumption, and a little brother, who had both his arms crushed by the machinery of the factory; and that all the rest of us are dead (except William, who is in New York), then they don't ask me to take less, and then very often give me more."—"Did you ever hear Robert Hall preach?"—"Oh yes, Sir; we used to go to Mr. Hall's chapel, and many a time has he come to tea at our house; and when he came he always had his pockets full of something good for us. But he has gone to heaven now, if any one goes there."—"Could you understand his preaching?"—"I was very young, and had not much education, and I could not understand much of his preaching on the Sunday; but I could understand almost every word when he lectured in the evening, and every time he came to see us, he would read the Bible, and explain it as he went along, and pray and talk to us about religion; and then I could understand every word. What made me like Mr. Hall so much was because he was so kind to the poor: he never was ashamed to speak to them in the street, or anywhere he met them. Do you have such ministers in America?"—"We have a great many good ministers, but not many, I fear, like Mr. Hall. How many hours a day do you spend here?"—"I am here when every train goes out, and I sleep between whiles."—"Don't this injure your health?"—"Yes, Sir; for, when I came here, I was not the pale girl you see now: I was as ruddy as any girl in Lancashire."

The slut's cunning was very thin; and yet it imposed upon Mr. Lester. She did not "want to complain;" not she. She remembered that "Mr. Hall used to say that we are all treated better than we deserve, and that we should not complain when God afflicts us." These pious and trustful expressions made our author exceed-



ingly glad, "though I am sorry for you." "Oh Sir," replied she, "if you could see how many thousands there are in England that have nothing but what they get by begging,—how many there are that go naked and hungry, you wouldn't pity me."

Now does anybody believe that Mr. Lester is a faithful unvarnishing reporter here? If so, the same person must set him down as an arrant fool, and as a person incapable of discernment even in the most superficial cases. But he instantly after proves himself to be a superlative ass. Witness his account of his introduction to an Irish lord:—

As I took my book and the girl turned away to find another customer, an accomplished and fine-looking man of youthful appearance, who had been seated near us and had overheard our conversation, called her back, and gave her a sovereign for one of her books; and then politely handing me his card, with an apology for introducing himself, inquired if I was going up to London. "Yes, my Lord," I replied, when I saw from a glance at the card that I was addressing an Irish nobleman.

This eaves-dropping Paddy-peer crams the *mawk* so thoroughly that *lord* comes as trippingly and complacently from the tongue as if the "American gentleman" had been nursed by a lady's maid, or were the *legitimate* of a valet. Oh! our solemn goose is a terrible aristocrat, amid all his pretensions of being the poor one's companion and equal. A peer has a stronger hold of his exaggerated sympathies than a pauper. But his Irish lordship is a phenomenon—a curiosity. After cramming the sickly philanthropist in an "apartment" of the steam carriage, he actually has the Hibernian modesty to deny his dignity when they arrive at *Brummagem*; for we are told that "after lunch we had time for a walk of a mile or two through the town. 'This must be an odious place to live in, my lord.' 'Pardon me; will you say *sir*?' It is very pleasant when we meet Americans, all of whom are heirs apparent to the throne, to lay aside our titles; will you say *sir*?' 'Most certainly, sir.' 'Ah! that's it—thank you; you are very kind.'" Such being the introduction and the disclaimer, let us hear what were the *philanthropisms* of this *every inch a lord's* descriptions of London *hells* and aristocratic villany. Our readers cannot but perceive that the bagman who crammed Mr. Lester was as innocent and ignorant of these same infernal spheres as the poor sick-clad Yankee who reports of them. Still, chief of all, mark the unnamed peer's significance of his banker's account. Oh! there never was such an Irishman in all London.

A twelvemonth ago, a young friend of mine, the Marquis of —, came to me about twelve o'clock at night, in the saloon of the — Club, and asked me for £1,000. I knew he wanted it for play; but I had great confidence in his judgment and self-control; it was an inconsiderable sum,

and I gave him a draft for the amount. He came out of the hazard room, in two or three hours, with £23,000. The next evening he staked and lost it all. He came to me at half-past one o'clock that night, and asked me for £5,000. He was a friend, and I could not refuse him. I gave it to him; and in half-an-hour he had not only lost every guinea of it, but impoverished his family for ten years. You may imagine the feelings of his beautiful wife, when, on returning home from Almack's the same morning, she found at her door a man waiting to take her carriage to Tattersall's to be sold to pay his debts of honour. Anticipating the result, I had gone with my friend to his house on his leaving the gaming-table. We were sitting in the drawing-room when his wife entered. He was almost raving with madness. She was exceedingly alarmed when she perceived the change in her husband; and came to him, took his hand, and asked him what troubled him. "You are a beggar, Mary," he screamed out in despair, and fell senseless on the floor. After he was restored, she came and sat down by my side on the sofa, and prayed me to tell her all. It was a painful task, I assure you. I shall never forget the scene which followed. It was a more affecting sight to see the agony of this beautiful woman, than it would have been to see her die a thousand times. I satisfied his creditors at Crockford's for £33,000; and this saved the furniture, her horses and carriage, and their house in the country. She left London with a broken heart, and is now living a retired and miserable life.

This is very original, and it is very funny. Pity that the wag who bought all the fun for a sovereign has not his initials at least stuck up in every commercial traveller's room in the kingdom. It would be a *magnum* for him on any Saturday—a standing toast with our cheerful and intelligent friends of the north road.

It may now be as well to let Mr. Lester show us the way—having arrived in the precincts of the Great Metropolis—from the Euston Square Station to the Guildhall Coffee-house. Here are *facts*, and here is *sentiment* for you :—

After I left the railway-station at Euston Square, I rode on mile after mile, scarcely realizing that I was among those very scenes of which from childhood I had so often read, and about which I had thought so long and so earnestly. I longed for daylight to unfold the wonders of that crowded world through which I was moving. The lamps here and there cast a flickering and uncertain glare upon the adjacent pavements and houses. To avoid the throng, we passed through different by-streets, where not a lamp was to be seen nor a voice heard, save the noise of low debauchery coming up from some foul and dismal cellar. What scenes, thought I, should I witness could I but look into all these dwellings! In that house an aged man, long weary of the world, just drawing his last breath; in the next, an infant opening its eyes for the first time upon the light! In that stately mansion is heard the sound of mirth and revelry; while by its side an orphan, who has this very day asked for food a thousand times, and asked in vain, is shivering in the cold damps of night. In that lonely chamber might be heard the dying groan of one once beautiful and virtu-

ous, but now outcast and deserted, with no one but God to see her die ; while perhaps in some neighbouring dwelling, pure young hearts are exchanging their vows of love. Here the abandoned are revelling in pollution, where the very air is loaded with guilt ; while separated from them only by a thin wall, the subdued voice of prayer and praise is ascending to heaven.

You, our readers, who know nothing of London but from books, rely upon it there is not a word of truth, or, at least of verisemblance in all this story of lampleness and of Dickens-like commixture. But Boz knows the town : he has common sense about him ; and with all his exaggerations and fictitious scenes, he preserves propriety. Dickens being our present text, let Lester and he be seen closeted together, at the instance of the joyous and unsuspecting author of the "Pleasures of Hope."

I thought I would withhold Campbell's letter until after my reception. I felt assured that the heart of Charles Dickens had not been so chilled by the cold spirit that reigns in the higher circles of English society, as to prevent him from receiving me with genuine kindness. I sent in my card, after writing on it with a pencil, "An American would be greatly obliged if he could see Mr. Dickens." In a moment or two the servant returned and showed me to the library. The author was sitting in a large arm-chair by his table, with a sheet of *Master Humphrey's Clock* before him. He came forward and gave me his hand familiarly, and offered me a chair. I told him I was an American, and hoped he would pardon me for calling without an invitation ; and, if he was not particularly engaged, I should be much gratified with a short interview. He begged me to make no apologies. He was always glad to see Americans : they had extended such a generous hand to the oppressed of England, that they ought to feel no delicacy in introducing themselves to Englishmen. I at once felt at home.

Oh ! quite at home. The following beats Willis hollow :—

I think Dickens incomparably the finest looking man I ever saw. The portrait of him in the Philadelphia edition of his works is good, but no picture can do justice to his expression when he is engaged in an interesting conversation. There is something about his eyes at such times which cannot be copied. In person he is perhaps a little above the standard height ; but his bearing is noble, and he appears taller than he really is. His figure is very graceful, neither too slight nor too stout. The face is handsome. His complexion is delicate—rather pale generally ; but when his feelings are kindled, his countenance is overspread with a rich glow. I presume he is somewhat vain of his hair : and he can be pardoned for it too. It reminded me of words in Sydney's *Arcadia* : "His fair auburn hair, which he wore in great length, gave him at that time a most delightful show." His forehead, a phrenologist would say, (*especially if he knew his character beforehand,*) indicates a clear and beautiful intellect, in which the organs of perception, mirthfulness, ideality, and comparison, predominate. I

should think his nose had once been almost determined to be Roman, but hesitated just along enough to settle into the classic Grecian outline.

Boz, the reader will observe, was prepared for the interview, having been told that an American waited upon him. But the way in which Mr. Lester pumped the *lion* was, according to his own showing, insolent and shameless,—only to be despised and disregarded by the generous Englishman.

It appears that Mr. Lester figured at the Anti-Slavery Convention held at Exeter Hall, and there are a few touches worth noticing connected with the anti-slavery folks. The following is of the number:—

I saw Lord Brougham at his house in London, and heard him converse some time. Mr. Birney was appointed by the Committee of the Pennsylvania Hall of Philadelphia to present his Lordship with a snuff-box, (as we all supposed,) which had been made from the ruins of that magnificent edifice. A company of Americans then in London were invited to accompany Mr. Birney on his mission; not to see the snuff-box, of course, but the snuff-taker.

That same morning I happened to be in the room with a very zealous American: and before we started for Lord Brougham's residence, he requested me to kneel with him in prayer, for "he had a weighty matter on his mind, about which he wished to seek Divine direction." This was all proper enough, I thought, and perfectly agreeable to my feelings; and if it had not been so, I would have yielded from respect to him.

The burden of the prayer was, that the philanthropists of America had so far forgotten their principles and the spirit of Christianity, as to present a snuff-box to Lord Brougham, "thereby encouraging a vice second only to slavery and intemperance."

He prayed, with a fervour worthy of a better cause, "that we might be directed what course to take; we wished to see Lord Brougham, but we did not wish to countenance iniquity."

I certainly could not join very heartily in this petition; for I did not see that it met my case at all, since I was going, as I before said, to see the snuff-box taker, and not the snuff-box. After a good many hesitations and scruples about the path of duty, curiosity prevailed, and the anti-tobacco brother started with me for his Lordship's house.

We were introduced into a lofty and ample sitting-room; the walls were hung with a few fine paintings of distinguished men, and in the corners of the room were the marble busts of four great American statesmen standing upon pillars of Egyptian marble—Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and the elder Adams.

Lord Brougham appeared in a plain dress: we all rose: he came forward and requested us to be seated. After some general conversation, Mr. Birney mentioned the commission with which he was charged, and produced the snuff-box; which had by some strange metamorphosis, been turned into an ink-stand! A slight mistake my friend had made; and I could hardly avoid bursting into a fit of laughter when I observed the incident.

There is something touching although too theatrical, and certainly not true, in what we now quote relative to mental destitution :—

I talked for an hour with the widow about the religion of the Bible, the love of the Saviour, and the hope of heaven. Her ideas on these subjects were extremely vague. "I used to go to church," she said, "when I had clothes to wear, but I heard what I could never believe. When I heard the priest speak of a merciful God, who loves all his creatures so well that he does not let a sparrow fall to the ground without his notice, I could not forget, that I, for no crime, had to toil on in poverty and wretchedness, and see the bread taken from the mouths of my hungry children, to support the rich minister, who never came near my cellar. If this is religion, I do not want it; and if God approves of this, I cannot love him." "But, my good woman," I replied, "your Bible tells you of the abounding mercy of God." "That may be, sir," she answered; "but I have no Bible to read, although I believe I could read one soon if I had it." I took from my pocket a small Bible, and read the story of the Saviour's love; his life, his works of mercy, his kindness to the poor, his ministry, his death and resurrection. I tried to make her distinguish between the unjust and cruel legislation of man and the just and kind laws of God. \* \* "Oh, sir," she said, "I think I could love *such* a Being;" and as she spoke, a smile, that seemed almost unwilling to stay, spread its gentle glow over her once handsome features. "But," after a moment's hesitation, she continued, "if there was such a Being as the Bible describes, such a Being as you have told me of; so powerful that He can do all things, and so good that He is pained to see any one of his creatures suffer, it seems to me He would help my children. He certainly would if He loved them as well as I do."

Here is another fiction, and yet some random hits :—

This morning Mr. ———, one of the distinguished philanthropists of Great Britain, called at my lodgings, to go with me to the Freemasons' Hall, where the world's convention was to assemble. He greeted me very cordially, and seemed disposed to render me those kind civilities which a stranger in a foreign land best knows how to appreciate. In passing through Ave-Maria Lane, a small street that runs from Ludgate Hill into Paternoster Row, the great book emporium, we met two children, about eight years old, who prostrated themselves on their knees before us, and implored us to buy a penny book they held in their hand; for they had eaten nothing, they said, for two days. The side-walk was very narrow, and Mr. ——— pulled me by the arm, saying, "Let us cross over." "We will wait a moment, if you please," I replied; "I want to ask these children a few questions." "Oh, sir," he answered, "if we stop to talk with every beggar we meet between this and Great Queen Street, we shall find business enough for the day;" at the same time he pulled my arm a little harder than before, and manifested considerable impatience. "If you are particularly anxious to go on," I remarked, "I must beg you to excuse me; for I cannot leave these children without knowing something

more about them."—"Oh, sir," he replied, "certainly we will stop if you wish." I did wish to stop. The little children were still kneeling on the pavement. A coarse hempen sack, with holes for the neck and arms, constituted their entire dress, and this was falling from them by pieces. The countenances of both were lean and pallid; but there was great beauty, or, rather, there would have been beauty, in the features of the girl, if they had not been sharpened and deformed by famine. "Get up, little children," I said; "we don't want you to kneel to us." It was the first time a human being had ever bent the knee to me. "How long have you been without eating, children?"—"We hadn't had nothing, please sir, for two days, only a boy give us a roll yesterday." Their pale and famished countenances declared that the child spoke the truth. "Is that your sister, my little fellow?"—"Please, sir, I don't know; I expect she ain't." "Where is your home, children?" Both of them asked, "What did you say, sir?"—"Where do your parents live?"—"Don't know, sir, please." "Where were you born? Can't you tell me?"—"No, sir."—"Where do you stay?"—"Please sir, we stays here all day, and nights we stays where they put us."—"They! who do you mean?"—"The policemen, sir."—"Where did you get the book?" Both of them began to cry. I repeated the question. "Oh!" exclaimed the philanthropist, "I can save you the trouble of asking that question. They stole it, of course. I never knew a beggar in my life that did not steal when he had an opportunity." My soul was stirred with indignation. I never heard words which grated on my heart more like a file upon the naked flesh. I was too much excited to answer him, and I continued talking with the children. "Tell me, my dear boy, where you got the book; you need not be afraid, for I won't hurt you, if you did steal it: tell me."—"Oh! sir," said the little girl, as her feeble form shook with fear, "we begged till we was so hungry we thought we couldn't live any longer, and we got nothing, and we see the book in a stall, and we didn't want to steal it, but we didn't want to starve, and Jimmy said he didn't dare steal, and so I did. But, please, we was so hungry, or we wouldn't done it."—"You see I am right, sir," said Mr. ———, with some appearance of exultation. "Yes, sir," I replied, "I see you are; and would you blame your own child for stealing a penny book to keep him from starving?" I said nothing more although it was almost impossible for me to control my feelings.

What the good Samaritan did we stop not to disclose; but conclude with another *romance*, which occurred at an hour when, we believe, Hyde Park, which is said to have been "hurried on through," is never open to omnibus or cabriolet:—

A thick fog hung over London, and a storm seemed to be coming on. The night was dark and gloomy. By the light of a neighbouring lamp, I perceived a lady in the omnibus, who was not only unattended, but there was no other person in the carriage. Her face, on which the lamp shone brightly, was as pale as marble; but her features were very beautiful. She was handsomely dressed. There was a look of deep distress on her countenance; such a look as we never forget after it has been once seen.

The large blue vein on her forehead swelled out as if ready to burst. We rode on for a mile through the streets, now nearly deserted and silent, without speaking. In the presence of what appeared to me such great anguish, I could not think of words I dared to utter. In the light which shone in from the lamps as we passed along, her face wore an ashy paleness; and on that face there was an expression of such utter loneliness and desertion, of such evident sinking from rank, and prostration of earthly hopes, that I needed but one glance to convince me that she had fallen from the gay and heartless circle of fashion. I ventured to ask if I could render her any service at that late hour. She replied, "O sir, whoever you are, for God's sake, don't speak to me; I only want to die; you can't help me now." As she uttered these words, she burst into tears. We rode on in silence, broken at intervals by her sobs and sighs. We passed through Temple Bar, and reached St. Pauls, where I intended to go out. But I was determined to go as far as the omnibus went, if necessary, to know whether my fellow-passenger was a maniac, or who she was. When we came to the Bank, the coachman stopped, and inquired where we would get out. Again I asked if I could render her any assistance. "Yes, sir, you can, if you have any pity. Let me get out anywhere. I care not where I go, if I can only find some place to lay my head in." I assisted her in getting out of the omnibus. She fell as she stepped down, and I caught her with one arm, and her—*child* with the other. This new born infant was wrapped in a Cashmere shawl—its only swaddling-clothes. The mother asked me to lead her to a place where she could sit down—the omnibus drove on; and not a human being was in sight. Near by was a flight of stone steps, upon which she was scarcely seated when she fainted away. There was no lamp near us; it was past one o'clock; the rain had begun to fall heavily upon the pavement; and, save the feeble cry of the infant in my arms, and the distant rumbling of the omnibus, no sound could be heard. I shouted for a policeman, knowing that one could not be far off, and down the street I heard his answer, followed by the heavy, quick fall of his foot. I inquired for a boarding-house. He said, we must pass down two or three streets towards the Thames to find one, and he would assist us in our search. "I will carry the lady," said he, "if you will spread this India-rubber cape (a garment which all policemen wear when it rains) over the child, and take care of it." I spoke to the mother, whom I had raised from the step when she fainted, and had supported till now: and as she partly recovered, the first words she spoke were, "Oh! where is my child—my child? Oh! God of heaven, has he stolen my child?" I told her the child was safe in my arms, and protected from the rain. "Oh! then give him to me." She seized the babe, and, pressing it closely to her heart, asked us to leave her. I said, "We will take you to a house where you will be comfortable." "God bless you," she answered, "if you will." She consented to let me take the child; and we hurried on through the storm to a place of shelter. We were met by several policemen, each of whom stopped us until he received the countersign from the one with us. At last we reached the house; and, after ringing the bell several times, the door was opened by a servant. We made known our business, and were admitted to the hall. The lady

of the house was called, and engaged to furnish accommodations for the young mother. She took the child from my hands; and I paid her charges for a week, and turned to leave the house with the policeman. The mother called me back from the door, and said, "I can only thank you, sir. God bless you—God *will* bless you for this." We left the house. As we entered the street the rain was falling heavily, and violent gusts of wind dashed by, with that dismal moaning sound which is never so mournful, even in the wild woods, as in the dark solitude of a large city late at night. But still, this was less dreary than the scene we had just left; and a load fell from my heart when I once more felt the night-tempest sweeping by me. I asked the policeman who he thought the lady could be. "Why, sir," said he, "there is no knowing, of course, with certainty; but did you see how she was dressed, and notice how she spoke? I suppose she has been ruined by some heartless fellow in Regent Street. [Why Regent Street?] There are thousands of girls that are; and then they come to the city and starve to death, or die of neglect and privation. From one extreme to the other, this is the way with the London world. For my part, I am satisfied with the lot of a policeman." I inquired if she could not be relieved by one of the charities. "Well, sir," said he, "we can do our best; but the charities are all crowded. I have made three unsuccessful applications for persons in distress within the last two days. But, if you will write something about this case, and let me take your letter, the chance will be fair." I engaged to address a letter the next morning to the City of London Lying-in Hospital, City Road.

One observation at parting. Had the author of the "Glory and Shame of England" brought common sense to his task, and presented simply and plainly that which the evils and sins of this mighty country offer to the contemplation and wonderment of the world—many of these being incidental rather than designed—and had he exercised an ordinary share of independent and healthy sentiment relative to the miseries of the masses, he might have instructed foreigners, impressed the English people, and made us blush. Instead of doing this he has caricatured distress, and rendered repulsive the scenes which he has dressed up; because his drapery is tawdry and artificial, not real and effective.

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ART. VIII.—*Outline of a Method of Model Mapping.* By J. BAILEY  
DENTON, Surveyor. 2nd Edition. London: Weale.

THIS Outline is submitted to the consideration of agriculturists and landed proprietors, as well as to engineers and surveyors, "with a view to append, by an application of the Art of Levelling to that of Area Surveying, the advantages of a Section of Elevations and Depressions to the uses of a Map of Superficial Contents." The scheme here proposed, which is upon a scale so extensive, and which



contemplates results so numerous and important, as to entitle it to be called a grand and national system, deserves to be noticed, and, we think, recommended in our pages to general attention, were it only that as many practical as well as scientific men as possible might apply their minds to the subject, in order, if not to perfect and introduce the scheme, at least to pass judgment whether it be feasible or not. We shall therefore endeavour to convey some idea of Mr. Denton's purpose and proposal, avoiding technicalities as much as possible, with the view of inducing our agricultural and scientific readers to recur to the pamphlet itself for further information, and to catch or improve the suggestions which it may offer.

The public is aware that the Marquis of Normanby, while Secretary of State for the Home Department, brought in a bill for the better draining of towns and villages. It passed the House of Lords and was read the first time in the Commons prior to the late dissolution of Parliament. Another bill was also brought into the House of Commons last session by Mr. Handley and Sir Robert Heron, for "Facilitating the Drainage of Lands in England and Wales." The measures contemplated by these members of the legislature are upon a scale and for ends analogous in magnitude to what Mr. Denton outlines and describes; and may be regarded, although in their embryo state, as having prepared the people of this country to receive with welcome, and to criticise with liberality, schemes of the most enlarged character, unstartled by any ancient saws about projectors and visionaries.

Mr. Denton, in dedicating his pamphlet to the Governors and Members of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, states his object to be, to reduce to a system, and to simplicity and cheapness, a means of combining in *one form*, and *under one view*, the distinct properties and uses of the Plan and Section, the methods hitherto adopted by land-owners when mapping estates, and by Parliament with regard to railroads and canals; his scheme of delineation consulting horizontal distance and vertical height in juxtaposition, at the same time that an ornamental work of art is presented to the eye.

The idea of a Model Map, with the heights, valleys, rivers, &c., and their relative positions and proportions made at once plain to the eye even of the most uninitiated in the reading of ordinary engraved maps, is not new. Mountain ranges may have been seen in museums, and also in London shops, thus pictured, together with mimic houses and trees, and every other feature of the particular landscape. But the peculiarity of the present scheme is, that the act of modelling may be applied not only to any extent, but conveniently to the representation of any estate, town or village, so as to develop its undulations, irregularities, and relative shapes. A perfect system of levelling and draining must be an obvious result or

concomitant of such a style of mapping ; art and usefulness necessarily combining, while giving a fac-simile of any estate, &c.

Mr. Denton's object is "to make the Model Map represent, in relief, the actual surface of the land and ground, thus rendering it to the eye of the observer a miniature emblem." By means of a certain kind of plastic composition and other appliances he will undertake to show (the result of many experiments, during which, as is modestly stated, every day suggested something new, encouraging the belief that still further improvements may be made) "not only the undulations of the ground, but all houses, buildings, woods, hedge-rows, mounds, hollows, and water, as well in relief and cavity as in area, and moreover to colour, corresponding with nature, the whole surface ; distinguishing the state of husbandry of each piece of land, and showing the direction of the current of all streams and water-courses."

With regard to the principles and construction of the Model Maps, Mr. Denton would make extensive use of the maps which have been drawn in terms of the various Acts for the Commutation of Tithes, for the New Poor Law, and for the Inclosures of open field Parishes ; or rather the tracings or copies of the original plan upon which the survey was plotted, the completed maps being sometimes reductions and not sufficiently definite with regard to outlines. He proceeds to mention the *horizontal* scales which he would adopt, the rates varying according to circumstances. Six chains to the inch will in some cases be large enough, this being the usual size to which maps are reduced for landed proprietors. In town districts, one chain, or twenty-two yards, to the inch, or even half a chain to the inch, may be required. The *vertical* scale depends on the horizontal, the exaggeration of the former being regulated by the size of the latter, and by the character of the surface to be represented.

A number of points to be attended to in regard to these scales, and the methods of admeasurement to be pursued, are familiar to surveyors, and in the processes of *levelling*. We need not enter into any such details, nor allude more particularly to what science can accomplish by means of the level and the chain, the theodolite and angular observations, the application of the mountain barometer in the case of numerous and precipitous altitudes, or any instrument, trigonometrical or otherwise, that is in use. But "having carefully noted down the observations taken in the field, and the *lowest* point of the estate having been ascertained from them, it remains only to assume such lowest point, as a starting point to determine all the remaining observations in altitudes ; and the calculation of their relative amounts being a very simple operation, would take but a short space of time."

Having next marked on the ground plan or horizontal survey the

sites of each observation, and transferred in figures, written close to those points, the various vertical dimensions which have been deduced, the modelling process becomes purely mechanical. A board of well-seasoned wood, with a perfectly even and regular surface, is to be fixed so as to retain a level posture. Upon this the plan is to be traced, transferring a fair outline of the estate or locality. At the exact sites of each level observation, needles of copper or zinc are to be inserted, corresponding in relative height to the altitudes obtained and stated on the plan, the lowest point being identical with the surface of the board itself; and the heights represented by the needles having been regulated by a proper graduated scale, the various points will thus be given which are to determine the surface, by the application of some kind of plastic composition to the heights of the needles.

The application of such a composition, with regard to the component parts of which Mr. Denton offers sundry suggestions, is done by a small flattening tool; and after the material has become dried, the whole is to be painted a light colour, on which the grand survey is again transferred, care being taken that the copy on the surface of the model correspond exactly with that below, which may be accomplished by means of certain points made prominent from the transfer beneath the composition. The surveyor should then proceed to distinguish arable from pasture land, houses, plantations, trees, &c.; sponge, wood, and plaster offering themselves for such purposes, as well as paint. The composition suggested being pliant for some length of time after use, rivers, ditches, and excavations may be cut in the model by means of carvers' tools.

Many little ingenuities would of course suggest themselves for these details the moment that the plan was perceived to be an exact miniature. The figures of two instruments accompany the letter-press of the pamphlet, which any person may readily apply to the face of his model, so as to ascertain from it any fall of surface, and any required distance, between the given points; circumstances which manifestly would be of the utmost consequence, not merely in the science of levelling and of draining, but for producing pictorial effects,—say in directing streams and pointing out spots to be preferred for planting trees. A model of the kind contemplated would even afford interesting amusement, however wintry might be the season, or dark the hour: it would be an admirable play-thing for the curious, as well as a sort of lay-figure for the students of landscape-gardening.

We must now notice the advantages, the alterations, the improvements which Mr. Denton feasibly enough contemplates as a necessary result of a system of Model Mapping. It would, for example, greatly facilitate draining, however extensive the scale, whether in the department of sewerages, or for drying land.

But we need not dwell upon these obvious points, nor describe the immense ameliorations which may be accomplished by clearing any farm, much more any district or province, say all England, of its superabundant moisture. Land, every one knows, may be greatly raised in value—in other words, rendered doubly productive, by well-directed measures of the kind mentioned. The climate may be thus most beneficially affected, by the ridding of marshes, for instance, of stagnant water. But this is not all that may be gained by a skilfully directed system of drainage: for such a system may be with comparative cheapness made the parent of, and intimately combined with, a comprehensive and beautifully ramified plan of *irrigation*.

The vast benefits derivable from irrigating land are not so generally appreciated as those which follow skilful draining. And yet the one class of improvement appears only to find an equivalent in the other, while neither ought ever to go forward separately. To free a retentive or a swampy soil of its *souring* water is not more advisable than to force that water, in the course of its escape, to form ornamental canals and ponds; and, at the same time, to pervade and enrich even previously fertile grounds and fields. But instead of enlarging on this subject, let us quote an illustration.

The following is an extract appended by Mr. Denton, taken from a recently published work called “Land Drainage, Subsoil Ploughing, and Irrigation,” which conveys such striking practical information with regard to draining and drain water, as exemplified on Lord Hatherton's estate, as will repay any one's perusal:—

The extra-parochial place of Teddesley Hay, in Staffordshire, is the residence of Lord Hatherton, and contains 2586 acres. It was originally part of the forest of Cannock, and, with the exception of two anciently enclosed parks—one of them containing 589, the other 198 acres—continued unenclosed till the year 1820, when the whole became, either by allotment or purchase, the property of his Lordship.

Since then Lord Hatherton has been engaged in laying out this tract and the adjoining land in a manner suitable to the neighbourhood of his residence, by making large plantations and an extensive farm; the old park fences having been thrown down, and the whole of the lands subjected to a new arrangement.

The extent of the farm-lands is 1832 acres, comprising a range of high and dry hills to the east, adjoining Cank Chace, which hills were formerly an extensive rabbit-warren, covered with heath, or fern. From the hills the lands slope gradually, with slight undulations to the west, down to the River Penk—a distance of somewhat about three miles.

Having heard this tract of land below the hills mentioned as exhibiting in a striking manner the results both of judicious draining and employment of the water so obtained, I took an opportunity of visiting the place in the latter end of May, 1841. I was conducted over it by Mr. Bright (the respected land-steward in the management of the property), who gave me

the details contained in this paper; and on riding through the farm,—which then presented an appearance of the most luxuriant vegetation,—described to me the condition of the lands in 1820. The larger park, which had been long divided into fields, was ill cultivated, and the lesser park might be fairly viewed as one bed of rushes. The circumjacent common-lands were also covered with heath or rushes, and, in the lower parts, with alder. The extent of surface which did not require draining was comparatively small; and the whole consisted generally of a light soil, rather inclined to peat; the subsoil being chiefly a stiff clay.

While the enclosure was in progress, some very deep drains were made in the marshy lands of the larger park, which were effectually drained, and from which large volumes of water now issue. As soon as the enclosure was completed, other deep drains were made on several parts of the allotted waste, and for the most part with excellent effect.

Things were in this state when Mr. Bright became agent to Lord Hather-ton, about eleven years ago. He immediately conceived the notion of putting the waste allotments, containing a surface of nearly 600 acres, through a regular course of thorough drainage, and afterwards collecting the whole of the drain-water into two main channels; with the double intention of conducting one of them through the farm-yard, for the purpose of obtaining by it a water-power for various objects connected with the estate, and then employing it, in conjunction with the other stream, in making an extensive tract of upland water-meadows.

The plan occurred to him in consequence of there being no natural stream on any part of this land. It must, however, be acknowledged to have been a bold attempt, which could only have been conceived by a comprehensive mind and a man of great practical knowledge; but it was liberally seconded by his noble employer, and has been accomplished with admirable success.

The person who thus writes from observation and particular inquiry, and who is the author of "*British Husbandry*," goes on, after minutely describing the dimensions and the cost of the drains, together with the nature of parts of the soil, to mention the interesting uses and results that have been experienced. He says,—

These lands having been effectually drained, Mr. Bright's next object was to collect so much of the drain-water as the levels permitted into two main carriers, for the purpose of employing them as a power to turn a mill-wheel, and afterwards to be applied in irrigation. For the former object, a small reservoir has been constructed, at a favourable level, about half a mile distant from the farm, the buildings of which are in a central situation. Here at the farm-yard a mill has been built; and it is a work which, both in its conception and execution, does infinite credit to Mr. Bright; for not only is there much merit in various contrivances by which the water is conducted to it,—almost every where in covered drains and carriers,—but it was necessary to seek a level to carry off the water at a considerable depth by driving a head-way through a bed of hard sand-stone from a distance of about 500 yards. The stream of water was of course not suffi-

ciently powerful to turn an under-shot wheel; and, to enable it to act with force, it was necessary to bring it out to the upper part of a wheel of 30 feet diameter. This wheel has been placed in the rock 35 feet deep, and the head-way has been carried from the bottom through the rock, which comes out in a valley below, at the distance, above mentioned, of 500 yards.

The mill and this channel for the water cost very little more than £1000: it works a thrashing-machine; cuts hay and straw, and kibbles oats and barley for a stock consisting of about 250 horses and cattle; grinds malt, and also turns a circular saw, which does great part of the sawing for a large estate. The annual saving by this machinery has been carefully estimated at about £400, and it is still intended to apply the power to other purposes.

From this wheel, and from another small carrier, which is made to pass immediately under the farm-yard (where all the urine and moisture that runs from the manure is carefully collected in a reservoir, which overflows into the carrier), the water has been conducted over lands,—principally uplands,—containing altogether 89 acres, at an expenditure of only £224. 4s. 10d.: by which an improvement of £2 per acre has been effected, or £178 per annum. This is Mr. Bright's calculation; but it is difficult to estimate the importance of such an acquisition as 89 acres of productive water-meadow to a large farm like this, on which there is (especially on the upper part of it) a great quantity of very dry and thin soil. I know no other place in which drain-water has been turned to such good account; luckily, the water is all soft, and good for irrigation.

A scheme such as is proposed by Mr. Denton might be rendered signally serviceable in the subjoined ways:—*Houses* and *pasturage* might be supplied with water from distant springs, at a much less expense than is frequently incurred by sinking a well. A Model Map would offer the best and the speediest hints for *road-making* operations. And, not to multiply illustrations, *geological* science might obtain an interesting handmaid, were models so constructed as to portray the substrata as well as the surface; which might be done by inserting into the model "small rods, a quarter of an inch in diameter, at those places which correspond with the spots where the borings were effected. The rods would be of a length identical with the depth of boring, and would be painted in suitable colours, indicative of the strata."

"A model of the average of estates in England," Mr. Denton says, "may be made at a cost of from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. an acre, a sum little exceeding the charge for the production of a finished map formerly."

We have lately heard a good deal about the Embanking of Father Thames; about Metropolitan Improvements; and about Drainings of Towns and Villages. But Mr. Denton contemplates still more general, and, for aught we see, larger and grander advantages than

them all. He might even connect with his scheme the "Breeding of Fresh Water Fish" upon a splendid scale.

We conclude with certain suggestions offered by Mr. Denton for a Bill for facilitating the Drainage of Land, and promoting an advantageous Use of the Water derived therefrom.

Whereas there are in this Kingdom many Lands which are subject to be overflowed or otherwise injured with Water, and in their present condition are of inferior value: And whereas many Lands are also injured by underground-flooding arising from subjacent springs: And whereas disease is engendered and aggravated by an accumulation of stagnant Water on or near the surface: And whereas such Water (now the cause of the aforesaid evils) possesses many fertilizing properties, and would be of much benefit if applied to the purposes of Irrigation: And whereas all flowing Water contains in itself a force of natural motive power, which might be most advantageously used by proper conservation and judicious application: And whereas it would be advantageous to the Proprietors of such Lands as are injured by Water, and the Country generally, if, by the authority of Parliament, such Proprietors were necessitated to drain the same, according to a systematic and prescribed course: And whereas it would be expedient to apply the Waters thus obtained to various useful purposes: And, in order to do so to the best advantage, it is expedient to empower proper authorities to order such Drainage, to divert, enlarge, or contract existing Water-courses, to form Reservoirs, and dispense and distribute the Water obtained in the most advantageous manner for the Country;

BE IT ENACTED, &c., &c.

That according to the character of the Surface, the nature of the main Outfalls, the constituent quality of certain Substrata, and the occupations of the Inhabitants, the whole Kingdom be divided into Districts to comprise not more than Ten Parishes in a District.

That one Engineer, or a Board of three Engineers of eminence, be appointed by Government to divide the Kingdom into Districts.

That, after the division of the Country into Districts, each County take to itself the Districts composing such County, or as nearly so as the character of the country will admit; and that the Magistrates of the County have the Jurisdiction of the measure as far as relates to such County.

That the said Magistrates appoint an Engineer or other competent Person to act as Commissioner for each County; and that the appointment be permanent.

That the duty of such Commissioner be to direct the course, direction, and order of the Drainage of such Lands as the Proprietors and Occupiers may be desirous of draining—to set out and appoint the main Drains and Receivers—to direct the widening, deepening, and diverting of existing Water-courses—to direct the mode of Conserving the Waters, and the construction of the necessary Reservoirs—and to order the Application of the Water obtained.

That, in order to procure the best possible information as to local peculiarities and the properties of the Soil, there be appointed District Trustees,

one Person to every 2000 acres, who shall meet to carry out the objects of the measure as far as relates to their Districts, and to see that the directions of the Commissioner be fulfilled.

That the appointment of the Trustees, &c., be similar to the New Poor Law management.

That it shall not be compulsory on the Occupiers of Land to *underdrain*, but if they drain the Lands at all, they must be drained according to the Order prescribed by the Commissioner.

That in all cases of Neglect or Evasion of the Orders of the Commissioner it shall be lawful for the said Commissioner to enter upon the Lands of such Person neglecting or evading his Orders, and to execute the necessary Works at the expense of such Person.

That Compensation be made to all Owners and Occupiers of existing Mills for Injury done in carrying this Measure into execution.

That all Benefit derived from the Application of the surplus Waters towards Irrigation, Ornamental Water, erecting of new Mills, increasing the Streams of those in existence, and other Purposes, be paid for according to the Advantage derived.

That the Expense of making the *Main Drains*, and other works ordered by the Commissioner to be made, be paid by Rate on all the Occupiers of Land *drained*, or which, in the estimation of the Commissioner, it is desirable should be drained.

That the share of such outlay be apportioned between Landlord and Tenant, according to their respective interests in the Lands benefited by the making of such *Main Drains*.

That the Labour employed be derived from each Parish in proportion to the Work required to be done in such Parish.

That the Commissioner be necessarily independent of local Drainage Acts and Speculations.

That the Salary of the Commissioner be paid from the County Rates, as it is believed that the Benefit to be derived generally by the Community by the drawing off of stagnant Water from the Surface of the Country will be ample Compensation for such Payment.

#### OBSERVATIONS.

The above suggestions are offered *at the present time*, for three reasons. First, That a more general and *compulsory* measure, having for its object both a general system of Drainage, and the beneficial distribution of the waters to be obtained from Drainage, may supersede the Bill of Mr. Handley and Sir Robert Heron. Secondly, Because at this time much interest is felt in the success of Lord Normanby's Bill for the Effectual Drainage of Towns and Villages: and it is felt that it would be judicious, and of advantage to the Country, were it so arranged, that a general measure for the effectual drainage of lands, should progress simultaneously with Lord Normanby's Bill, and that the interests of each should be combined, so that the proceeds of the one should be beneficial to the other. Thirdly, Because, at this present time, the country is in such a state of inundation, owing to the late excess of rain, and a want of attention to main outfalls, that all agriculturists will at once be alive to the importance of the project.



A more extensive measure than any at present in force, or any yet contemplated, is urged upon the attention of landowners, with a view to employ the cause of the greatest evil the farmer experiences, as a means of effecting a great benefit; there being no doubt that by the application of the surplus waters from the higher lands, obtained and concentrated by drainage, and thereby rendered disposable for irrigating the lower lands, the rich and vegetable matter which is now lost to the farmer by periodical floods, would not only be returned to the land in the shape of alluvial deposit, but the water conveying it might be also used (in its passage from the higher to the lower ground) as a natural motive power for turning mills, &c.

It is admitted that arable lands are improved to the extent of one bushel (at least), of wheat an acre, by good drainage; and it is admitted also that on all well-drained meadows which are irrigated, a benefit is effected to the extent of two, if not three, tons of hay an acre. In addition to these advantages to arable and grass lands resulting from a measure based on the foregoing principles, there would be another of considerable importance to the agriculturist, viz.: The occupier of an upland farm would be enabled to increase the number, and improve the quality, of his stock, by the conversion of high and dry pastures into water meadows.

These suggestions are further and earnestly urged upon the attention of landowners, in order if possible to exhibit the advantages which would accrue to the country by the drainage of lands and the sewerage of towns being made uniform to one system. It is unnecessary here to refer to the loss agriculture suffers from the non-application of the refuse of towns as a manure for the increased fertility of the soil. The best authorities agree that vegetation would be greatly increased by management such as is here recommended. It therefore appears as just as it is feasible that in providing for the better sewerage of towns, such outfalls should be used as will secure the proceeds for farming purposes, while, by due regard to the levels and contour of the surrounding ground, a supply of rain water (which is considered best for domestic purposes) might be conveyed to those towns which are so situated as to allow of such an arrangement.

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ART. IX.—*Blackwood's Standard Novels.* Vols. I. and II. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood.

IN accordance with the fashion of the time, the Messrs. Blackwood have published two volumes of a cheap and uniform edition of the novels and tales that have issued from their house during the last twenty years; for, at least during that space, as our vivid recollections well can testify, have standard works of the class notified been accumulating upon their hands; and when a judicious selection from the series is completed, a more valuable and characteristic library of fiction will nowhere else be found. Not more valuable in regard to originality of thought, truth and healthiness of feeling, and power of diction; not more characteristic of the land which

claims their authors for her sons. Was it said "that a novel, or work of fiction, entirely Scottish, could not take?" Let the "Annals of the Parish," and the "Ayrshire Legatees," which are reprinted in the first of these volumes, give the answer. We defy Scotchman or foreigner to name creations that have more in them of what is really indigenous, genial, and genuine—of what addresses itself in the garb of fiction with more gratifying unction to intelligent, right-minded, and strong-hearted persons. Nor could a better and more fitting beginning be made of Blackwood's classics than with these two works. But they must not at this time be mentioned in our pages, without some account of their author.

Prefixed to the first volume before us is a Memoir of Galt by Delta, who knew him well, and who has performed the part of biographer with judgment and chaste earnestness. Mr. Moir naturally cherishes warm recollections of his contemporary and gifted countryman, but not without candour and discrimination. He appears to us to have done the utmost that could be accomplished for his subject, and yet not to have offended by any extravagance of sentiment, and certainly not by any rhapsody of style.

Irvine was the birth-place of the author of the Ayrshire Legatees; 1779, the year in which he first saw the light. "In his early childhood he was of a feeble and delicate, or rather sensitive constitution, although his complaints never assumed any serious form." His first lessons in reading were received at home. He was afterwards placed at school in Greenock. When very young he was fond of flowers, and also of lounging on his bed and reading story-books—a devourer of legends. For many years, indeed, he appears to have had unsettled or very diversified tastes. His activity was remarkable, his temper sanguine, his enterprise unwearied, but frequently at random. His early attempts in poetry were not few; he affected antiquarianism; tried his hand at mathematics, mechanics, music, and even politics a little in the revolutionary fashion. In the way of business he was for a short time in the Custom House, and also in a merchant's office. In 1804 he came to push his fortunes in London. Here his partnership with a Mr. M'Lachlan was unsuccessful; and he then entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, where his law-studies lasted only a few months. The next distinct period of his life was devoted to travel; in the course of which he visited Italy, Greece, Turkey, &c., literature during that time, as it had previously done, occupying him, as well as mercantile schemes and projections. In his travels he formed an intimacy with Byron, passages of which he afterwards recorded in a "Life" of the poet, which drew down upon the biographer sundry bitter attacks. His "Life and Administration of Wolsey;" "Voyages and Travels;" and "Letters from the Levant," had, by the period at which we have arrived, been written by him. We now quote more closely, after

premising that he had a grand speculation in his head of a mercantile description, that was to be connected with the Mediterranean :—

From the time of entering himself of Lincoln's Inn, before going abroad, until this period, he had indulged in something like bibliomania, and had been a picker up of rare and curious books to a considerable extent. He now resolved to sell off his collection, which had been made abroad as well as at home, and to quench for ever the expensive taste which prompted it. The disappointment of many cherished hopes had, by this time, damped his sanguine temperament, and sobered down much of his natural enthusiasm. Youth had lost something of its irritability along with its golden colouring : and he determined not only to fret less against the bars of the fate that engaged him, but to demean himself henceforward with something more akin to philosophical submission, if not indifference. In this chastened frame of mind, he paid a farewell visit to his native place before setting out for Gibraltar, going to every spot with which his boyhood had been familiar, and even to the churchyard, with the old familiar faces of whose mossy tombstones he claimed acquaintance. "The journey," he himself says, "was, in one respect, not pleasant. I found myself prodigiously changed, and I saw many persons altered by time—changed too, I thought, in character. But the great transmutation of which I was sensible was in my own hopes. I remembered well how buoyant, even fantastical, they once had been, how luxuriant and blossomy ; but I saw that a blight had settled on them, and that my career must in future be circumscribed and very sober." The unforeseen accidents which had hitherto thwarted many of his best-laid schemes and most fondly cherished expectations, did not, however, cease here. The success of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula, and his triumphant entry into Madrid, blasted all hopes of success in the Gibraltar speculation. In the leisure which his situation afforded, Mr. Galt applied himself to the attainment of the Spanish language ; and having free access to the garrison and town libraries, his thirst for reading was amply gratified. Some months were thus pleasingly enough spent ; but it was clear that the plan of the intended establishment could not now succeed ; and his health had become so affected, that a return to London for surgical assistance was imperative. He considered his taking this step as in some degree humiliating, and for some time he hesitated ; but the love of life at length assumed the ascendancy. Mr. Galt had for many years enjoyed the friendship and advice of Dr. Tilloch, the editor of the "Philosophical Magazine," and proprietor of the "Star" newspaper ; and, under his roof, had revised the proof-sheets of his "Voyages and Travels." Miss Tilloch now became his wife, and afterwards the mother of his three sons, John, Thomas, and Alexander.

Henceforward Galt's life is to be found chiefly in the number and variety of his literary works, with one important exception that will be noticed by us. These literary labours, however, for a time did not earn for him any very distinguished repute. They were not only too multifarious, but none of them were in a field which

he could call his own; nor does he appear to have been conscious of any peculiar cast of genius. Says Mr. Moir,—

He employed his pen in the form of dissertation and biography, of tale and critique. In these off-hand effusions, much, doubtless, is of unequal merit. In the shape of first thoughts many things were poured forth which would have been cancelled on sober review; but throughout them all are observable the traces of a searching and vigorous intellect; of a mind original in its speculations and copious in its resources, and conveying its developments to the world in modes of expression, which, whether acknowledged or not to be always graceful, are assuredly always characteristic.

This is upon the whole a fair criticism and estimate; and especially do we approve of the following observations, which come after those we have just quoted:—"His subjects might be occasionally unhappy,—sometimes they were so; but whatever they were, his mode of treating them was peculiarly his own. Imitation was a meanness to which, as an author, he could never stoop; and all his works, whatever be their comparative merits, have this in common, that they bear upon them the impress of John Galt." But it was left to others, to the public, to discover his true spirit; the conductors of "*Blackwood's Magazine*," and, we believe, Mr. Blackwood chiefly himself, very nicely perceiving and accurately gauging his genius—very luckily discerning his forte—when upon the "*Ayrshire Legatees*" the publisher was called to pronounce judgment. And yet the "*Annals of the Parish*," which appears to us to be Galt's master-piece, although given to the public after the *Legatees*, had been written long before.

It is somewhat singular (remarks Mr. Moir) that Mr. Galt should have advanced to middle life, should have written so much, and been so long absent from his native country, before he fell on that vein so peculiarly his own, and from the workings of which his posthumous fame will chiefly depend. We now know, however, that the "*Annals of the Parish*," that exquisite picture of Scottish character, manners, and feelings, was composed in the leisure of the author's supposed more momentous concerns, some ten or twelve years before the date of its publication; and consequently anterior to the appearance of "*Waverley*" and "*Guy Mannering*," to which—so much for imitation—some would fain attribute its origin. Indeed it was, at the time, offered to the publishers of these celebrated works, and was returned to Mr. Galt with the assurance that a novel, or work of fiction, entirely Scottish, would not take.

It is not necessary that we should accompany Mr. Moir further into the literary career of Galt, or note the biographer's particular comments upon any of the Scottish fictions which the lamented author threw off with almost unprecedented speed. We therefore pass on to the most important episode in his history, and which was destined to colour all that was future to him on earth; and concern-

ing which, although blame was lavishly heaped upon him, he was certainly more sinned against than sinning—more unfortunate than wicked. Of course we allude to his mission to, and his conduct in, Canada. After observing that perhaps the great drawback to Mr. Galt's prosperity and happiness was the multitude of his resources; and that, from his being equally fitted for a student and man of the world, he expended in the transition of one occupation to another those powers, which, if long concentrated on any particular object, must have produced great results, we have these particulars :—

Scarcely had Eskgrove become a literary sanctuary to him, when, from a hint from the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Robinson, now Lord Goderich, that if the province of Upper Canada would undertake to pay the half of its civil expenses, the United Kingdom would undertake to discharge the claims of its clients, Mr. Galt was induced to institute inquiries regarding these resources; and after patient investigation, the result was in the affirmative,—more especially after obtaining more valuable information from Bishop Macdonnell regarding the clergy and crown revenues. Out of these proceedings the Canada Company eventually emanated. To Mr. Galt, and to him alone, it owed its origin; and, on its formation, he was appointed secretary, with a liberal salary, and afterwards, by government, one of the commissioners for the valuation of the province.

The *litterateur* and novelist entered upon his civil functions with zeal, and discharged them with characteristic ability and sagacity. He may be regarded as the founder to a great extent of a young nation, and the legislator as well as the efficient executive organ in a new country. But, however much the province of Upper Canada may have been indebted to him, and however warmly his name may be revered in after times for the honest and wise exertions which he made in its behalf when but an infant community, the result was to him disastrous—more deeply ruinous than any of the freaks of fortune which he had encountered. It is unnecessary to go into details with regard to the entire Canadian affair. We rather cite some of Mr. Moir's observations and reflections concerning it and Galt's connexion with the same :—

Before leaving this subject, whose untoward results went so far to blast all Mr. Galt's hopes of future prosperity, we owe it to his character to prove, from ample materials which are extant, that his treatment throughout was a species of persecution. But the progressing success of the Canada Company itself is a practical demonstration of the soundness of his views, which render anything like what might be construed into special pleading for him unnecessary. It may be said, however, that the now flourishing state of the company has been owing to ulterior operations. To knock, therefore, this last landing-place for apology from under the feet of Mr. Galt's revilers, we subjoin the following extract from "Three Years in Canada," by Mr. Mactaggart, the superintendant under whom

that gigantic work the Rideau canal was formed,—premising that his volume appeared in 1829. “Mr. Galt deserves great credit,” he says, “for the invention and management of the Company. In this he has shown a genius that is rarely excelled. He organized the whole management of business, and displayed all that tact and diplomacy which his superior talents qualify him for in such an eminent degree. He appointed surveyors and other people to look after the crown reserves in the various townships, that they might be disposed of to the company’s advantage. But these reserves were not found to be of utility, as nothing like a system of settlement could be employed in relation to them, lying as they do scattered up and down the townships. However, their sale will be much in the favour of Canada, and tend much towards its improvement; for as they lay like uncleared specks amid a cleared country, they injured the progress of the settlements. On many of these reserves *squatters* had taken up their abode,—a class of poor people, who, having wandered from home without the means of becoming regular landholders, are glad to find patches anywhere in the woods whereon they may subsist. To these unfortunate human beings, and, in truth, to all, he showed much tenderness, which has assisted to raise the just popularity he at present enjoys. He did not drive the squatters off the company’s lands, as many would instantly have done; but sold them to the advantage both of the company and the squatters, considering the little *clearings* they had made as *uncleared* forest. By doing this he has established a class of people in the townships devoted to the interest of the company, who will neither despoil, nor allow to be despoiled, those valuable woods, which may yet come to good account, on the reserves. Nevertheless, there were some in Upper Canada who continued to view the exertions of the company with jealous eyes. These were they who found themselves unable to *pluck* the poor settlers before they got upon their lands, in the shape of *fees* or what not. They found the company established the settler in a twinkling, without putting him to the galling trouble and expense of hanging about office-doors, receiving rebuffs from conceited clerks, and getting their purses lightened into the bargain. Were it for nothing else but this circumstance alone, the Canada Company will be respected: when we find the distress of mankind alleviated in any degree, petty tyranny and pride laid prostrate before justice and humanity, it is enough for our affections to become attached; we want no more. In short, we see that all those competent to judge of the propriety or impropriety of Mr. Galt’s mode of management, have given it decidedly in his favour; and it is painful to think that the directors of the Canada Company should, upon grounds now known to have been incompetent, have expressed their dissatisfaction without a shadow of plea, except that he was not fast enough in wringing money from the settlement, which, in plain fact, would have been totally preventing its ever rising into prosperity. Of Mr. Galt’s general talents and habits of business, there never was a doubt expressed; and that he was most ungratefully dealt with, has long since been the almost universal impression. Would that the conviction had come in time! It is now too late!

In 1829 Galt is again in England, and literature once more his resource. His health was now precarious; his constitution exhibited tokens of breaking up. Still he laboured and published with ceaseless activity, although not without the casualties to which men of letters are remarkably subject, viz. the checks which relentless creditors interpose. At length paralysis smote him. What more of his history we have to give must be told by his biographer:—

To those who are aware of the active and enterprising tendencies of Mr. Galt's mind, nothing can be imagined more melancholy than the situation to which he found himself at this time reduced. It would have even been a consolation to think, that his corporeal infirmities had in some degree blunted the acuteness of his feelings—but this was by no means the case; and all his manifold deprivations were spread out, as on a map before him. One after another, his three sons had left him, and all were now away from their native land; his life had been one of continued labour and exertion; and, if he had accomplished much for others, little of worldly good had accrued to himself. While yet but at that age which many consider the vigour of life, he was a broken-down and nearly helpless invalid. Of the thousands who had been delighted by his works, how few spared even a thought for their author; and while spreading the seeds of wealth and happiness around a young colony, he had been unceremoniously—shall we say ungenerously—removed from the sphere of his usefulness. He had been dreaming golden dreams, and awoke to find himself in narrowed circumstances; and, as if in mockery of his forlorn estate, prospects of aggrandisement were held out to him, when natural impossibilities interposed. With all the eagerness to be useful, he was left alone in his solitary chair—whose only travel was from his bedroom to his parlour—to think of baffled hopes and abandoned projects,—and to feel that his talents, however successfully applied for the advancement of others, had produced but a harvest of chaff for himself. The day of his destiny he knew to be over; yet his sorrow arose not from mere chagrin. If he had looked forward to a more auspicious termination of his labours, he had also indulged in the fond hope of having accomplished more both in thought and action; and though darkened even to the verge of despair as were his surrounding views, his natural energy refused to give way, and every transient gleam of returning health brought along with it a renewal of mental exertion. The three volumes of *Literary Miscellanies* being now completed, Mr. Galt came down by sea to Scotland, late in the spring of 1834; and went into lodgings in Edinburgh, with a view of superintending their publication, ere proceeding to Greenock, where he meant to take up his abode. His temporary residence chanced to be in Hill Street, where he remained for two months. I frequently saw him at this time, and more than once drove out with him for a few miles to the country. He was now much thinner, and after a sleepless night his features were hollow and haggard; but when he engaged in conversation, his eye lighted up as in earlier days, and he became not only placid, but cheerful. There was still the same wakeful industry; his writing-materials were ever beside him; and around lay the half-finished tale, the outlines of the projected essay, the notes for a new

edition, or the recovered manuscript of a former year. To behold any fellow-mortal so circumstanced, could not but awaken feelings of melancholy—how much more so, when that individual was John Galt!

He removed to Greenock, where,—

At times he fell into a state of extreme languor, approaching to stupor; but as this cleared away for a space, his restless activity ever and anon returned, and at one time he would employ himself in stringing together couplets, and at another in constructing machines—which he accomplished by the aid of an expert young carpenter. But withal, the day hung heavy on his hands; for often, for weeks together, he could not move from his seat or turn in bed without assistance. What a contrast from his Canadian life;—now in contact with the newly arrived settler on the shore, and now with the aboriginal Indian in the wilderness of the primeval woods—now sailing from lake to lake—now up “the great rivers, great as any sea.” Oftentimes, as he himself confessed, his heart died within him; but when undisturbed, it re-assumed its wonted serenity and calmness. Alone and quiet, he was occasionally, to his own sensations, as well as ever; but from the shock that his nervous system had sustained, his agitation, when in the slightest degree molested, was extreme. Away from the society of the friends of sunnier years, unable to rise, unable to read, unable to write, too often might he now apply to his days the epithet of Job, and say that he “had no pleasure in them.” To add to all these distresses, the circumstances of his family were anything but flourishing—indeed, were otherwise to an extent that his friends at a distance had no conception of, as it had, the year before, been bruited abroad in the newspapers that government had settled upon him for life an annuity of 200*l*. It was only recently, however, that most of them, and myself among the rest, were able to learn that the only money, after closing accounts with his booksellers, that he ever received, was a present to that amount from King William the Fourth, on the publication of his *Miscellanies*. For this well-timed act of munificence, however, every admirer of Galt will give a blessing to the memory of that sovereign.

Passing over the last scene of all, which occurred in the spring of 1839, let us conclude the extracts from the Memoir with a summary of the character of him who wrote the “Annals of the Parish.” Of this manly and straightforward son of genius, posterity, we are persuaded, will cherish a still higher estimate than the world has yet given tokens of:—

In glancing over his checkered career, it is impossible not to be impressed with the conviction that his was a severe and melancholy fate. Endowed by nature with uncommon energy and talent, he commenced life with the fairest prospects of success; but, somehow or other, misfortunes little attributable to himself, and over which he had no control, too often blighted his schemes. His very first connexion in business landed him in difficulties, which eventually drove him from his native country; and, when these difficulties were at length overcome, the precarious state of his



health compelled him to a dreary length of inactive repose. Sanguine in all his projects, even a partial failure in any was keenly felt by him; and when he saw the mercenary and the mean marching forward in the walks of successful preferment, his heart must have often ached to acknowledge that "the race was not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Open, generous, and unsuspecting, he was not willing to believe that he could be subtly overreached; and the benevolence of his disposition often prompted him to be doing kind offices to others, even to his own personal inconvenience. No one was more unselfish in pecuniary matters; and although his income was always laboriously won, it was ever open-heartedly spent. In all with whom he became acquainted, he inspired a feeling of attachment; and even when at the height of his literary reputation and worldly success, he was as unaffected and sincere as his own Micah Balwhidder.

One word more:—

The career of Galt is now closed; and in his latter years he might well sigh over "the unwilling gratitude of base mankind." But his is among the bright names of his country, and will stand out to after-times as one of the landmarks of the age in which he lived. Then shall the wandering emigrants whom he located have become a flourishing nation, holding his memory in honour from generation to generation; and then shall it be found that his happier works are not only valuable chronicles of obsolete manners, but that they embalm the very idiom in which they are written.

Such are passages from Delta's Memoir of the author of the "Annals of the Parish," of the "Ayrshire Legatees," and of "Sir Andrew Wylie," the earlier characteristic Scottish novels which established Galt's fame, and which appropriately take the lead in Blackwood's Library of Standards.

We have already signified our preference in reference to Galt's multitudinous productions; and it may seem to be a work of supererogation now to utter a word of criticism or remark concerning a tale which the world has stamped with its lasting strong approbation. In the most important sense it is now beyond the pale of any reviewer's praise or censure. An idea or two may nevertheless be spoken in season, and especially to the younger class of our readers, even with regard to the Scottish classic in question. First of all, then, we observe that the "Annals" present to us a brevity, and yet a completeness and comprehensiveness, that contrast remarkably with the three-volumed fictions which are now, and have been in these degenerate days, the fashion. We may add, that when Galt began to give in to the practice of swelling his fictions to the booksellers' advertising views, and the circulating library's expediciencies, there came to be discernable so many inequalities and tedious episodes, or wire-drawn passages, as very materially injured the purpose of the author as at first conceived, and weakened the interest experienced by the reader.

In his "Sir Andrew Wylie," the "Entail," and others, there was much that was worthy of the Scottish sense, pathos, and humour of him who composed the chronicle of Micah Balwhidder; but still brevity was outraged, and the vulgarisms of his conceptions and style were seen to predominate, unprotected as he was by the unity of the Ayrshire minister's domestic history, and the primitive simplicity essential to the working out of his character.

We remark, secondly, that the "Annals of the Parish" furnish a striking, perhaps the most striking instance that exists—in a higher degree, at any rate, than even the "Vicar of Wakefield"—of what may be effected by a narrative or a picture of ordinary life, and without either romantic incident or strongly excited sentiment. So common-place looking, indeed, is the history of the meek minister of Dalmailing, that one can hardly believe that it is not in every particular real, actual, and true. And yet the charm from beginning to end is unbroken—it is accumulative without ever being exaggerated; because the artist, with consummate skill, has portrayed the soul and life of an excellent person, a real man—that soul beheld as vividly in what the world deems to be small things, as when it is drawn out upon grand national events. It has been said of Micah that his experience shows that he took as deep an interest in the bursting of the parish mill-dam as he did in the breaking out of the American war; or, at least, that he faithfully chronicled, side by side, what might be small and minute at home, with what was mighty and convulsive to a whole nation abroad. A great beauty in the "Annals" is this fidelity to nature; a rare excellence is the truth of the traits of character which the story discloses. And this fidelity and truth are carried into the very style of the work; that is, the homely, but better spoken Scotch of Ayrshire, with its idiomatic use of Scriptural expressions—with its unction of Calvinism. Let novelists and novel readers therefore bear in mind, that attraction does not attend upon extraordinary catastrophes, theatrical situations, high-coloured scenes; neither upon the grotesque nor the caricatured.

Lastly, we wish to call attention to the spirit, the fancy, and the taste which an early education and upbringing associations will lend to natural talent. It is of great moment that he who would effectively paint real life should have studied such phases as a healthy state of society may exhibit. And nowhere, even in Auld Scotland, are more enviable and distinctly drawn or developed features to be met with than in the strongholds of the Covenanters—than among the descendants of the sturdy religionists who flourished in Ayrshire and the adjoining counties in the latter days of the Stuarts. The blue-bonnet lairds who sprang from the Scottish worthies, even down to the present day, have much in and about them that proves that

their forefathers were the salt of the earth; nor can we but regard it as a happy circumstance when an author has had his early days imbued with such seasoning. Such was Galt; and such are the evidences which his Ayrshire works give out.

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ART. X.—*The History of the Knights Templars, the Temple Church, and the Temple.* By CH. G. ADDISON, Esq., Inner Temple. Longman.

THE Knights Templars have been the theme of endless romance and chivalric imaginings. The period in which they flourished is so ancient, and so associated with one of the most astonishing movements of Christendom, and also of triumph on the side of the Infidel, that the mind resorts laden with curiosity, full of alacrity to hear of marvels, and not much less slow to put credence in anything that is told of an age which is beheld through such a dim and therefore magnifying interval. In that remote age of chivalry and fanaticism, the Templars stand out as the most prominent community, and are altogether a distinct and peculiar order. They were monks and warriors at once—priests and soldiers. Their sudden rise into eminence was extraordinary, although at the period, perhaps, natural enough. Their no less sudden downfall was equally astonishing, and yet not very difficult to account for, upon one or two grounds. To be sure, some mystery hangs over their annihilation; just as there is difficulty in ascertaining what were their virtues or crimes when at the zenith of power and renown. Still, by stripping away much of that colouring, with which romance had decked them amid doubt, and making allowance for the darkness and the credulity of the period, one may arrive at conclusions so far satisfactory to himself, as neither to believe in the blazonry with which legendary writers have invested this religious order, nor in the terrible opinions and monstrous actions with which they have been accused.

While, however, a medium may be wisely struck with regard to the character and history of the Knights Templars, guided by the laws of human nature, and by such lights as have reached us from the twelfth century, nothing was more likely than that historians and philosophers should differ widely in their estimate of the order; one party presenting the most forbidding, the other the most winning and glorious picture. To the latter class Mr. Addison may be said to belong; although not without discrimination and some judicious admissions and allowances. And certainly it appears to us to be the safest side to lean to, seeing that several of the charges preferred against the Templars are in themselves absurd; while others are fully more characteristic of the accusers and of an ignorant age than of the accused.

The present volume contains a respectable rather than a great

work. It is agreeably and fluently written. Much industry has been used in collecting and in weighing the materials for such a history. The authorities quoted are commented upon with a becoming spirit; and the judgments formed of the Knight-Templars as an order, and also of particular individuals of them of whom notices have been handed down to us, are candid as well as generous. Indeed, so abundant, and from so many different sources, contemporary and subsequent, are the documents relative to the order, that the difficulty must be to extract from them the essential points, to arrange them according to a comprehensive philosophy, and to illustrate them with a lucid power. We do not think that Mr. Addison has accomplished these higher purposes of an historian. He is pleasing rather than convincing—anxious to do justice, rather than skilful in marshalling evidence; so that while more of an apologist than a vindicator, he fails to extract and bring into one illuminating centre the rays that flicker around him.

The rise, the institutions, the triumphs, and the destruction of the Templars, all within the course of about one century, are subjects of daily literature. They were the natural and necessary offspring of the Crusades; necessary as a valiant and devoted community for the regular protection of the sacred places and monuments in Palestine; and also to lend religious as well as military eclat to the arms of the warriors of the cross. They formed an order in harmony with the tastes and wants of the age. Nobles, princes, and nations were proud to contribute to their wealth and glory. The sons of the great hurried to enroll themselves in the military-monkish ranks. The Church threw in all its weight in behalf of a corporation that was forward to battle and to die in defence of the Holy Sepulchre; while the corporation itself was so constituted, so bound by the vow of obedience and other ties most imposing in the eyes of mankind, that nothing could be better contrived, so long as their services were required and were efficient in Palestine, to control their external actions, or to influence public opinion.

That the enormous wealth which they had at their command, the immense landed property which they possessed, and the almost limitless privileges granted to them, rendered them insolent and oppressive, are but results which were to be expected, however strict their vows of charity and of despising the things of this world might be. Were they likely to be purer or more heavenly-minded than other feudal lords and military champions? When monarchs, as in England, exempted them from taxes, imposts, and services which even the lay nobility were obliged to submit to, and when even their vassals were favoured in an exclusive degree; when they stood to a great extent independent of the common law, and were independent judges of the lives and liberties of their vassals; and when the popes strove to endow them with extraordinary spiritual privi-

leges, are we to deem it improbable that they not only forgot the religious principles to which they had sworn fidelity, but that they should live licentious and unchaste lives, vowed strictly to celibacy although they had been? They formed the flower of the Christian soldiery; they laid claim to be the especial soldiers of Christ; but the pride and glory of knighthood, we may very well believe, together with the vices and recklessness of a soldiery almost constantly in camp or field, would come to influence their feelings and behaviour fully more frequently than their monkish duties and character.

One thing, however, appears to be certain; cowardice in the day of battle never could be justly laid to their charge. At last, for example, when they were struggling, as if inch by inch, to retain possession of Palestine, and the Christian forces were driven from stronghold after stronghold, from city after city, the Templars were ever in the front of battle, ever ready to restore the action, ever last to flinch. Hear how they bore themselves and alone, when hope no longer remained, and sure destruction was before their eyes, at Acre, the last of the Christian fortresses:—

William de Beaujeu, the Grand Master of the Temple, a veteran warrior of a hundred fights, took the command of the garrison, which amounted to about twelve thousand men, exclusive of the forces of the Temple and the Hospital, and a body of five hundred foot and two hundred horse, under the command of the King of Cyprus. These forces were distributed along the walls in four divisions: the first of which was commanded by Hugh De Grandison, an English knight. The old and the feeble, women and children, were sent away by sea to the Christian island of Cyprus; and none remained in the devoted city but those who were prepared to fight in its defence or to suffer martyrdom at the hands of the Infidels. The siege lasted six weeks; during the whole of which period the sallies and the attacks were incessant. Neither by night nor by day did the shouts of the assailants and the noise of the military engines cease; the walls were battered from without, and the foundations were sapped by miners, who were incessantly labouring to advance their works. More than six hundred catapults, balistæ, and other instruments of destruction, were directed against the fortifications; and the battering-machines were of such immense size and weight, that a hundred wagons were required to transport the separate timbers of one of them. Moveable towers were erected by the Moslems, so as to overtop the walls; their workmen and advanced parties were protected by hurdles covered with raw hides; and all the military contrivances which the art and the skill of the age could produce were used to facilitate the assault. For a long time their utmost efforts were foiled by the valour of the besieged; who made constant sallies upon their works, burnt their towers and machines, and destroyed their miners. Day by day, however, the numbers of the garrison were thinned by the sword, whilst in the enemy's camp the places of the dead were constantly supplied by fresh warriors from the deserts of Arabia, animated with the same wild

fanaticism in the cause of *their* religion as that which so eminently distinguished the military monks of the Temple. On the 4th May, after thirty-three days of constant fighting the great tower, considered the key of the fortifications, and called by the Moslems *the cursed tower*, was thrown down by the military engines. To increase the terror and distraction of the besieged, Sultan Khalil mounted three hundred drummers with their drums upon as many dromedaries, and commanded them to make as much noise as possible whenever a general assault was ordered. From the 4th to the 14th May, the attacks were incessant. On the 15th, the double wall was forced; and the King of Cyprus, panic-stricken, fled in the night to his ships, and made sail for the island of Cyprus with all his followers, and with near three thousand of the best men of the garrison. On the morrow, the Saracens attacked the post he had deserted: they filled up the ditch with the bodies of dead men and horses, piles of wood, stones, and earth; and their trumpets then sounded to the assault. Ranged under the yellow banner of Mahomet, the Mamlooks forced the breach, and penetrated sword in hand to the very centre of the city: but their victorious career and insulting shouts were there stopped by the mail-clad knights of the Temple and the Hospital, who charged on horseback through the narrow streets, drove them back with immense carnage, and precipitated them headlong from the walls.

At sunrise the following morning, the air resounded with the deafening noise of drums and trumpets; and the breach was carried and recovered several times; the military friars at last closing up the passage with their bodies, and presenting a wall of steel to the advance of the enemy. Loud appeals to God and to Mahomet, to Heaven and the Saints, were to be heard on all sides; and after an obstinate engagement from sunrise to sunset, darkness put an end to the slaughter. On the third day (the 18th), the Infidels made the final assault on the side next the gate of St. Anthony. The Grand Masters of the Temple and the Hospital fought side by side at the head of their knights, and for a time successfully resisted all the efforts of the enemy. They engaged hand to hand with the Mamlooks, and pressed like the meanest of the soldiers into the thick of the battle. But as each knight fell beneath the keen scimitars of the Moslems, there were none in reserve to supply his place, whilst the vast hordes of the Infidels pressed on with untiring energy and perseverance. The Marshal of the Hospital fell, covered with wounds; and William de Beaujeu, as a last resort, requested the Grand Master of that order to sally out of an adjoining gateway, at the head of five hundred horse, and attack the enemy's rear. Immediately after the Grand Master of the Temple had given these orders, he was himself struck down by the darts and the arrows of the enemy; the panic-stricken garrison fled to the port, and the Infidels rushed on with tremendous shouts of "*Allah acbar! Allah acbar!*" (God is victorious.) Three hundred Templars, the sole survivors of their illustrious order in Acre, were now left alone to withstand the shock of the victorious Mamlooks. In a close and compact column they fought their way, accompanied by several hundred Christian fugitives, to the Temple, and shutting their gates, they again bade defiance to the advancing foe.

There were yet further displays of valour and fidelity in behalf of the Christian cause, or rather of the Crusading frenzy. The Master and a select few, after holding out for several days, made their escape to Cyprus, carrying with them the precious symbols and vessels of the Order and much treasure; but a portion of the band remained, having retired to the Master's Tower, where they defended themselves in the most resolute manner; with the stern fury indeed of fanatics, and to the destruction of many of the most gallant of their enemies. The Tower at last was undermined and tumbled to the ground, burying the handful of Templars in the ruins. Thus ended their exploits and career in Palestine.

Hardly had the Order been terribly thinned, and disastrously driven from the Holy Land, when they became the object of relentless persecution on the part of Christian powers, Philip of France being the fiercest and most wily; countenanced however by the Church, and it would appear, by the general voice of temporal barons. The possessions of the Knights were forfeited, and the direst tortures and most cruel modes of death were appointed for the members of the Order, upon charges of the deepest impiety and the most revolting crimes. They were accused of blasphemy, of heresy, of idolatry, and of sorcery. Many of them perished amid protracted tortures maintaining their innocence to the last; others confessed to whatever was asked of them, as the best of men will do when in the despair of bodily agony. The charges and the confessions reached to the seduction of females, to secret murders, and to offences which cannot be named by us; to deism, to horrid sacrificial rites, and to trampling in mockery and despite upon the cross.

Now, as has already been suggested by us, some of these allegations carry absurdity in their front, although it is not necessary to stand up for any extraordinary orthodoxy of opinion or purity of practice on the part of the soldier-monks. Laxity in both respects would naturally accrue to them, circumstanced and exalted as they were; nor can it be denied that the Order reached a state of shameful dissoluteness. But then it is to be borne in mind that after Palestine was wrested from the Christians, and the Templars were no longer in request for foreign service, their residence and power at home were looked upon with a jealous eye; nor were either Churchmen or Laymen scrupulous with respect to the means that might humble and extirpate the exorbitantly wealthy Order. The very secrecy which belonged to the ceremonies of initiation and other formularies in their institutions, opened a wide door in a superstitious age for fearful accusations; and hearsay was the sort of evidence that preceded many convictions and numerous horrid cruelties.

On the other hand, it is to be remarked, that there was an extra-

ordinary unanimity throughout Europe,—in France, England, Germany, Spain, and Portugal,—with regard to the character and practices of the Templars before their doom was sealed and their destruction completed. One is ready to feel persuaded that there must have been some grounds for this popular impression, distinct even from the avarice of princes and feudal lords, or the jealousies of the Church. But in whatever manner these views may be balanced, one thing is plain,—the Knights Templars were cruelly and treacherously extirpated.

Some very curious information will be found in Mr. Addison's elegant volume relative to the Temple Church, one of the most interesting architectural relics in London, and now undergoing extensive repairs. What we now quote will throw some light upon that unique fane, and satisfy our readers that valuable and entertaining information abounds in the History before us:—

The Knights Templars first established the chief house of their order in England, without Holborn Bars, on the south side of the street, where Southampton House formerly stood, adjoining to which Southampton Buildings were afterwards erected; and it is stated, that about a century and a half ago, part of the ancient chapel annexed to this establishment, of a circular form, and built of Caen stone, was discovered on pulling down some old houses near Southampton Buildings in Chancery Lane. This first house of the Temple, established by Hugh de Payens himself, before his departure from England, on his return to Palestine, was adapted to the wants and necessities of the order in its infant state, when the knights, instead of lingering in the preceptories of Europe, proceeded at once to Palestine; and when all the resources of the society were strictly and faithfully forwarded to Jerusalem, to be expended in defence of the faith: but when the order had greatly increased in numbers, power, and wealth, and had somewhat departed from its original purity and simplicity, we find that the superior and the knights resident in London began to look abroad for a more extensive and commodious place of habitation. They purchased a large space of ground, extending from the White Friars westward to Essex House without Temple Bar, and commenced the erection of a convent on a scale of grandeur commensurate with the dignity and importance of the chief house of the great religio-military society of the Temple in Britain. It was called the New Temple, to distinguish it from the original establishment at Holborn, which came thenceforth to be known by the name of the Old Temple. This New Temple was adapted for the residence of numerous military monks and novices, serving-brothers, retainers, and domestics. It contained the residence of the superior and of the knights, the cells and apartments of the chaplains and serving-brethren, the council-chamber where the chapters were held, and the refectory, or dining-hall, which was connected, by a range of handsome cloisters, with the magnificent church consecrated by the patriarch. Alongside the river extended a spacious pleasure-ground for the recreation of the brethren, who were not permitted to go into the town without the leave of the master. It



was used also for military exercises, and the training of the horses. The year of the consecration of the Temple Church, Geoffrey, the superior of the order in England, caused an inquisition to be made of the lands of the Templars in this country, and the names of the donors thereof; from which it appears, that the larger territorial divisions of the order were then called bailiwicks, the principal of which were London, Warwic, Couele, Meritune, Gutinge, Westune, Licolnscire, Lindeseie, Widine, and Eboracisire (Yorkshire). The number of manors, farms, churches, advowsons, demesne lands, villages, hamlets, windmills, and watermills, rents of assize, rights of common and free warren, and the amount of all kinds of property, possessed by the Templars in England at the period of the taking of this inquisition, are astonishing. Upon the great estates belonging to the order, prioral houses had been erected, wherein dwelt the procurators or stewards charged with the management of the manors and farms in their neighbourhood, and with the collection of the rents. These prioral houses became regular monastic establishments, inhabited chiefly by sick and aged Templars, who retired to them to spend the remainder of their days, after a long period of honourable service against the infidels in Palestine. They were cells to the principal house in London. There were also under them certain smaller administrations established for the management of the farms, consisting of a Knight Templar, with whom were associated some serving-brothers of the order, and a priest, who acted as almoner.

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ART. XI.—*Letters of David Hume, and Extracts from Letters referring to him.* Edited by THOMAS MURRAY, LL.D. Edinburgh: Black.

THESE letters belong to the memorable period of 1745-1746, when Hume spent something better than a twelvemonth as the companion and guardian of the Marquis of Annandale, who was under the philosopher's care, "for the state of his mind and health." The Marquis was a weak creature, or at least subject to a species of lunacy, and took a sort of sudden liking to Hume in consequence of some passage in his Essays which had been recently published; a proof of this person's capriciousness. The correspondence concerns the temporary connexion thus formed, and relates to the difficulties and annoyances which Hume experienced with his ward, especially in consequence of the interference of a Captain Vincent, a kinsman of the Dowager Marchioness of Annandale, and who had the management of many of the family affairs, but is accused of having pursued his sinister courses with consummate meanness, even so as to vex and irritate the calm and remarkably self-possessed philosopher. The letters, therefore, now for the first time published, and referring to a period to which a slight allusion is elsewhere made by Hume, appeal with very considerable force to our curiosity, on account of the matters in them which for a time closely concerned his comfort and life; and are valuable, besides, on account of the light they shed

upon his temperament and character. Introductory to our specimens such circumstances must be noticed as will help to explain the miscellaneous extracts, and the cause of the crimination and recrimination which the documents largely contain.

There was, for example, a dispute about a claim for 75*l.*—a quarter's salary—which Hume set up, Vincent on the other hand insisting that the annual payment, of 300*l.*, together with a present of 100*l.*, to clear the philosopher's expenses of travel from Edinburgh, was quite sufficient remuneration. The fifth quarter, however, had been entered on before the fickle Marquis dismissed his guardian. The following is one of the Captain's bitterest epistles:—

I had two letters from Mr. H., (writes the Captain on the Philosopher,) which I did not think necessary to answer; and should be much pleased that I had never any sort of correspondence or knowledge of him, which I reckon one of the misfortunes of my life. He has merit and useful talents; but, to weigh the thing strictly, it is not fitting that I should put myself on the footing of having a disputable reference on account of a man who makes a greedy demand after so much generosity shown him, and who gave up or lost not anything by his attendance, but greatly gained by it in many respects; both which points can be well proved. And if he, or his best friends, or any one alive, can say that in honour and conscience he is entitled to 75*l.* more than the 400*l.* he has already had, I am then more mistaken than I ever was in my whole life. I should wish for an occasion to have his behaviour examined, and see whether it is to be justified; and I say it is a strict truth, that I would be free from passion and prejudice in setting it forth. But there's enough about him, and perhaps too much.

But Hume could utter mightier sentiments of contempt, and with greater brevity, in return, as this specimen to Sir James Johnstone, the brother-in-law of the Dowager Marchioness, exemplifies:—

I shall not, however, conclude, without telling you, that when I became absolutely certain of this man's character, I was anxious to know the character he bore in the world; and for that purpose wrote to Mr. Oswald, (with whom I live in great intimacy,) to desire him to inform himself of the matter; which he was easily enabled to do by his connexions in the Navy. He answered me, that he was universally regarded as a low, dirty, despicable fellow; and particularly infamous for pimping his wife to another Peer. That is a fact, I have also some reason to know; and tallies exactly with what I told you. You may ask Oswald.

The letters sometimes distinctly unfold, or significantly point to, particular annoyances and mean doings of Vincent. For instance, he appears to have been suspected of opening and suppressing correspondence. He also seems to have employed the servants as spies. Sir James Johnstone is the person addressed in the two documents

that we now copy out, and against whom it was thought by the historian, the base sycophant was plotting, so as to usurp all the sway of the family :—

Sir,—I did write you the very first occasion after I came out thither ; but I find my letters have great difficulty to reach you : for which reason I shall put this into the post-house myself, to prevent such practices as I suspect are us'd in this family. I have some reason also to think that spies are plac'd upon my most indifferent actions. I told you that I had had more conversation with one of the servants than was natural ; and for what reason. Perhaps this fellow had the same privilege granted him as other spies, to rail against his employer, in order to draw in an unguarded man to be still more unguarded ; but such practices, if real (for I am not altogether certain), can only turn to the confusion of those who use them. Where there is no arbitrary power, innocence must be safe ; and if there be arbitrary power in this family, 'tis long since I knew I cou'd not remain in it. What a scene is this for a man nourish'd in philosophy and polite letters to enter into, all of a sudden, and unprepar'd ! But I can laugh whatever happens ; and the newness of such practices rather diverts me. At first they caus'd indignation and hatred, and even (tho' I am asham'd to confess it) melancholy and sorrow. Your friend has recover'd his colic, but is fallen into a fit of very low spirits and vapours. I wish this may not hold him long. I know not whether you wou'd choose to come out while he is in this condition. You may command the chaise and horses at any time. I am, sir, with great regard, your most obedient humble servant,

DAVID HUME.

Again,—

Sir,—You seem uneasy that all my letters have been open'd, and so am I too : but as I think I have in all of them us'd the precaution to name nobody, and to date from no place, and even not to subscribe the letters, it can be of no consequence, and can only proceed from the universal practice of opening all letters at present, though none of mine ever came to me in that manner. A clerk in the post-office opens a letter, runs it over, and, finding it concerns only private business, forwards it presently, and thinks no farther of the matter : so that what one writes of that kind seems to me as safe as what one says. However, as you appear to think otherwise, I shall be more cautious for the future. The unexpected vexations I met with (which, I hope, will now soon have an end some way or other) made me glad, on every occurrence, to open my mind to you ; and my great leisure gave me full opportunity. This is my reason, or at least my excuse, for troubling you so frequently. Your friend still keeps his health and temper to admiration. I am, sir, with great regard, your most obedient humble servant,

DA. HUME.

It is but fair to let the Captain be once more heard. He is writing to the Marchioness. The reader will judge of the writer from the manner of the letter. It wants the stamp of perfect truth

and open speaking, so as to be willing to confront the person assailed:—

Madam,—I have only to recommend the above letter to your perusal, and please to seal and forward it. I have not said, I think, near so much as I might; but pray give it some attention. I asked Hume how he could have the conscience to think of having £75 more, after my lord's generosity in giving him £100 at Edinburgh, and £300 since, which does not make those impressions of gratitude on him that it ought. If Sir James and you think he ought to have the £75, I would be glad Sir James would tell him that it must be referred to future consideration, when he comes up next winter. I am on many accounts glad he is gone. I declare I've had more trouble with his pride and avarice than in any points concerning my lord, who continues in the best disposition with regard to your ladyship. I exhort you to be of good cheer, and take care of your health, and believe all will be for the best, which, I hope, you know is ever the sincere wish of, madam, your most affectionate, humble servant,

PH. VINCENT.

But we must recur to Hume's epistles, and learn how very seriously he was incommoded, not merely as the keeper or companion of a lunatic, but by being brought within the sphere of intriguing dishonesty and a vile, mercenary, over-reaching parasite. Just thinking of Hume thus situated, and being after all vanquished. However, he must have had a scope novel to him for studying mankind and the human heart. He thus expresses himself on one occasion:—

I must begin by complaining of you for having yokt me here with a man of the Captain's character, without giving me the least hint concerning it, if it was known to you, as indeed it is no secret to the world. You seemed satisfy'd with his conduct, and even prais'd him to me; which I am fully persuaded was the effect of your caution, not your conviction. However, I, who was altogether a stranger, enter'd into the family with so gross a prepossession. I found a man, who took an infinite deal of pains for another, with the utmost professions both of disinterestedness and friendship to him and me; and I readily concluded that such a one must be either one of the best or one of the worst of men. I can easily excuse myself for having judg'd at first on the favourable side; and must confess that, when light first began to break in upon me, I resisted it as I would a temptation of the Devil. I thought it, however, proper to keep my eyes open for farther observation; till the strangest and most palpable facts, which I shall inform you of at meeting, put the matter out of all doubt to me.

There is nothing he wou'd be fonder of than to sow dissension betwixt my lady and you, whom he hates and fears. He flatters, and caresses, and praises, and hates me also; and would be glad to chase me away, as doing me the honour, and I hope the justice, of thinking me a person very unfit for his purposes. As he wants all manner of pretext from my conduct and behaviour, he has broken his word, and contriv'd a way of life

for me which it is impossible for me or any other man ever to endure. Be not surpriz'd at this, nor imagine there is any contradiction betwixt what I here say and his seeming desire of attaching me by the offer he made me last summer. I shall explain that matter on a more proper occasion. Those who work continually upon such dark intricate designs, must observe a conduct which, to persons at a distance, who have not the proper clue, must appear a continu'd scene of contradiction.

It will be seen that we are paying no regard to sequence of dates and occasions in our selections. These are not necessary to our purpose. We are looking to indexes of character and temper; and see how the following contrast:—

When I put this letter (or one to the same purpose) into Mr. Vincent's hands telling him, that though I had wrote it I did not intend to send it at present, he told me he was glad of that, because he desir'd you shou'd intermeddle as little as possible in these affairs; adding, that he intended, by keeping my Lord's person and his English affairs in his own hands, to free my Lady from all slavery to you.

Ever since, no entreaties, no threatenings have been spar'd to make me keep silence to you; to which my constant answer was, that I thought not that consistent with my duty. I told him freely, that I would lay all the foregoing reasons before you when you came to London, and hopt you wou'd prevail with him to alter his opinion. If not, we shou'd all write, if you thought proper, to my Lady Marchioness, in order to have her determination. The endeavouring, then, to make me keep silence to you, was also to keep my Lady in the dark about such material points, since I cou'd not have access to let her know the situation of our affairs by any other means.

He offered to let me leave your friend in the beginning of winter, if I pleas'd, provided I would make no opposition to his plan,—that is, wou'd not inform you: for I was not capable of making any other opposition. He added, he wou'd allow me my salary for the whole year, and that he wou'd himself supply my place, leave his house in London, and live with your friend. Can all this be taken merely for the difference betwixt one house and another?

An evening or two before his departure from Weldehall he offer'd me the continuance of the same friendship which has always subsisted betwixt us, if I wou'd promise not to open my lips to you about this matter.

The morning of his departure, he burst out all of a sudden, when the subject was not talkt of, into threatenings; and told me that, if I ever enter'd upon this subject with you, I shou'd repent it. He went out of the house presently, and these were almost his last words.

Our next specimen shows the philosopher in a more disturbed condition than would have been readily believed otherwise than on his own showing. But what particular trouble, or series of annoyances unsettled his equanimity on the occasion does not appear:—

God forgive you, dear Sir [Sir James Johnstone], God forgive you for

neither coming to us nor writing to us. The unaccountable, and, I may say, the inhuman treatment we meet with here, throws your friend into rage and fury, and me into the greatest melancholy. My only comfort is when I think of your arrival; but still I know not when I can propose to myself that satisfaction. I flatter myself you have receiv'd two short letters I wrote within this month; though the uncertainty of the post gives me apprehension. I must again entreat you to favour me with a short line to let me know the time you can propose to be with us: for, if it be near, I shall wait with patience and with pleasure; if distant, I shall write you at length, that you and my Lady Marchioness may judge of our circumstances and situation.

Among the causes of Hume's unhappiness was the dulness of the Marquis's residence, about four miles from St. Alban's; while a considerable share of Vincent's dislike and enmity arose from the philosopher's endeavour to persuade his lordship to remove to a situation more agreeable than Waldehall, which was only "fit for one who could eat or converse with the neighbouring farmers and servants." But not to dwell on the same or similar themes of discomfort any longer, we last of all quote some paragraphs which refer to the Marquis's itch for writing, and his urgency to see himself in type, upon a *fashionable* novel, it may have been, and after all his whims, perhaps, not so far amiss as the philosopher signifies. There seems also to have been a real love affair upon the boards, but which was less enduring, or more easily diverted, than the literary passion:—

"You wou'd certainly be a little surpriz'd," writes Hume to Sir James Johnstone, "and vext on receiving a printed copy of the novel, which was in hands when you left London. If I did not explain the mystery to you, I believe I told you that I hopt that affair was entirely over, by my employing Lord Marchmont and Lord Bolingbroke's authority against publishing that novel; tho' you will readily suppose that neither of these two noble lords ever perused it. This machine operated for six weeks; but the vanity of the author return'd with redoubled force, fortify'd by suspicions and encreas'd by delay. 'Pardie,' dit il, 'je crois que ces messieurs veulent être les seules Seigneurs d'Angleterre qui eussent de l'esprit. Mais je leur montrerai ce que le petit A—— peut faire aussi.' In short, we were obliged to print off thirty copies, to make him believe that we had printed a thousand, and that they were to be disperst all over the kingdom.

"My Lady Marchioness (the Dowager) will also receive a copy; and I am afraid it may give her a good deal of uneasiness, by reason of the story alluded to in the novel, and which she may imagine my Lord is resolv'd to bring to execution. Be so good, therefore, as to inform her that I hope this affair is all over. I discover'd, about a fortnight ago, that one of the papers sent to that damsel had been sent back by her under cover to his rival, Mr. M——, and that she had plainly, by that step,

sacrific'd him to her other lover. This was real matter-of-fact, and I had the good fortune to convince him of it ; so that his pride seems to have got the better of his passion, and he never talks of her at present."

Hume appears to have felt strongly with regard to the justice of his claim of £75, for he renewed it many years afterwards, and when he was in independent circumstances. It was now that the correspondence here published got into legal hands, and hence has at last fortunately been given to the world.

ART. XII.—*Visits to Remarkable Places, &c.* By W. HOWITT. Second Series. Longman.

THE "Book of the Seasons" was so remarkably successful that the author has been encouraged to cultivate the same walk of literature which that work broke into, and to continue to gather the flowers and the fruit that grow on the wayside with more diligence than any other writer. A natural consequence of this encouragement has been over-cultivation, the author either selecting too many *places*, or dwelling too long upon them, and sometimes almost spoiling them by over-labour. Nor is this all the fault we have to find with the present volume. Like the first of the series, and also like to his "Rural Life of England," he draws far too freely from other visitors, to the unnecessary swelling of the size and the price of the book. Again, while professing to give us sketches which should be vivid and fresh, as well as sentiments that are obvious and natural, he is ever too apt to run into discussion and dissertation. Nor are his sentiments always in good taste, or such as will find favour with the many. For example, he sneers feebly, as well as idly to be sure, at the relics of Catholic times, such as the title of St., and the proofs of canonization, evidences of former beliefs and past sympathies which are touching and fine in the estimation of most people. Once more, while in our querulous humour,—his style is manifestly often designedly familiar and colloquial, the effect being vulgarity instead of simplicity. There is hardly anything that is more forbidding than affected non-affectation. But now, having exhausted our spleen, we proceed to a far more agreeable task : that is, to declare and to show that the beautiful and the good greatly predominate in these pages ; and that this *Second* number of the series is one of the handsomest and most desirable gifts that has ever appeared at this season of the year. It may contain much that has before been told ; it may tarry about spots that cannot well be called "old halls, battle-fields, and scenes illustrative of striking passages in history and poetry ;" but his sympathies with the pure and the essentially good, with the homely and the natural,—in short, with the humanities, whether as felt at the

fireside by children or by parents, and in the green nooks, the shady lanes, or the expanded heaths, are rich and overflowing, healthy and elevating. It may truly be said that William Howitt's works are essentially English, for he writes upon subjects, and speaks in a manner in regard to which the people of England entertain a peculiar favour. The lovely in scenery, the antique in costume, the delightful and tender to the memory—all that is fair and bright, brave and noble—whatever is engaging, gentle, or arousing about romance, poetry, and legend he makes his own, and garnishes it with the eloquence of a venerated and accordant muse. It remains only for us to quote some examples; nor need we shun adopting some of those which we observe certain of our contemporaries have selected, and thus presented cut and dry to our hands. Take first the autobiography of old James Stuart:—

"I was an hundred and eleven last Christmas. My name is James Stuart; I was at the battle of Culloden; I saw Colonel Gardiner knocked off his horse by a ball and killed at Preston Pans; I saw Prince Charley march in triumph into Edinburgh, and take possession of Holyrood, and I was nearly related to him, too; I was at the battle of Bunker's Hill; I was at Quebec, too, with General Wolfe, when he was killed."

"Stop," said I. "That's enough, my friend. Don't pile such a load of falsehoods on your old head. You of course don't mean me to believe you, but are amusing me with a wonderful story. That will do; it's a good deal more than I can credit."

"It's all true, I assure you, sir; ask any of the gentlemen here; they all know me very well, and are very good to me."

"But if you are a Scotchman why do you wander away from Scotland? why, in your old age, not live amongst your natural friends and kindred?"

"Scotland is not my native country. It was my father's country, but I was born at Charlestown, in South Carolina. My father was General John Stuart, and I was born while he was serving in Carolina, but I was reared in Scotland with my sisters. I was reared at the house of Airlie, in Dunkeld. The lady of Airlie, who was pulled out of the house and killed by the Campbells, and the house burnt, was my grandmother."

The home of boyhood and the memory of a mother awaken all that is holy and pure in William Howitt's heart:—

And what scene, except the brightest of the eternal heaven itself, can ever cast into comparative dimness the paradise of a boyhood in the country, under the pure and angelic guardianship of a mother? In my own heart such a time shines on through all the gladness or the sorrows of life, as a holy and beautiful existence, belonging rather to a prior world than to this. God, in his goodness, has built me a house, and peopled it with hearts that make existence to me precious and beautiful, but even into the fairest hour of that domestic peace and affection which no thankfulness can repay to the Divine Giver, still gleams the serenest and most beautiful sunshine of those days, when around the native home lay green-



est fields, golden with flowers, murmuring with bees, musical with birds, and in some odorous nook of the old garden, or under some orchard tree, I sat and listened to that noise, and gazed on that beloved face which made the light and the charm of the young world to me. No; there was no winter, no sorrow, no weariness there; crime nor impurity, selfishness nor deceit, cruelty nor contempt, could ever break in there, with blackness and bitterness, from that world which we have since had to traverse and to make desolate discoveries in; or if there were such things as winter, as passions, or as heaviness, they have been so swallowed up in the memory of fairy land delight, that their existence can no more be believed. There were walls of crystalline peace, hedges of rosy and innocent joy, hemming in and guarding that true Eden of human life from all jeopardy and frostiness. Wings of angels hovered around in the sunshine and wafted airs of delicious soothing on the nightly bed. There is not a bird that sings, there is not a flower that blows in garden or in field, there is not a creature that belongs to the rural home or enlivens the country by its presence or its noise, that does not call up before me those days of paradisiacal felicity, and the one ever loving, ever gentle, ever benignant being, that made that felicity perfect. He that has been blessed with a worthy mother can never disbelieve in the being of a God or the futurity of virtue. The peace and glory of Heaven have received him into this world, the hand of angels has sown his early way with flowers of beauty, from the inner sanctuary of God, far beyond all mortal creation; the wisdom and purity of the Divine nature have been shed for him on the maternal heart in measureless affluence; the glorious hopes of immortality have been made actualities on her tongue; the triumphs and the rewards of goodness have arisen before him in the very tones of her voice, as she sung to him the songs that stirred her own soul like glowing faces and forms of seraphs, whose nature and mission he could not then comprehend, but saw and felt that they were beautiful. Yes; when a true mother walks amongst her young children, there walks as actual a spirit of divine love and loveliness as ever trod the pavement of eternity itself. She is a soul on fire, with that hallowed flame of affection, and filled with that overflowing abundance of virtue, high principle, and purity, that shall endow her children with a sufficient portion for their whole lives, and give them power, if worthily imbibed, to tread down all the serpent natures that beset the onward course of existence, and that calmly slumbers on a soft bosom, what hand,—holding along fair scenes in country and in town, while the mind sought, and the ear received in gentlest music, one long, perpetual stream of intelligence on all that surrounded us from that exhaustless fountain of our youthful knowledge, what bright hours of song, of legend, or domestic merriment, of pity, and pensive story, connect themselves with the name of a mother, and more than even these, what a sense of heroic defence against every unjust suspicion or arbitrary harshness,—such are the feelings which crowd upon the grateful heart, after years on years have gone by, and when the green maternal grave sinks into levelness with the surrounding turf, making us feel that woman in her dearest character as a wife can scarcely rival herself in her heavenly nobility as a mother.

With regard to "remarkable places," we cannot do better than begin with the opening of the volume:—

There are few cities in our noble island which are qualified to command a deeper interest in the English heart than Durham. It is at once striking to the eye and to the mind. It is boldly and beautifully situated. A cloud of historical associations hovers over it, like a perpetual canopy. Legend, ballad-song, and faithful story of mighty events surround it. A twilight of antiquity, as it were, seems to linger there. Time, indeed, has passed on with its incidents, but does not seem to have removed so far off as from most of our busy and growing towns. The taste and the fashion of the past, still lie fresh on the senses. The memory, and everything which keeps alive the memory of other times, are still there. There is this characteristic of most of our cathedral towns, that they have changed less in their outward aspect than others; and you would imagine that Durham had not changed at all. As we remarked of Winchester, it has grown, not in bulk, but in a grey and venerable dignity. The ancient cathedral, the ancient castle, the ancient houses, all are there. The narrow and winding streets, nobody has presumed to alter them; the up-hill and the down-hill, no one has presumed to level them. The very bridges, built by Flambard and Pudsey, upwards of six and seven hundred years ago, are still there. A stillness, full of the past, reigns around you; and while I write this in my inn, the solemn tones of the organ from the ancient minster-choir, on its distant hill, remind me that the daily worship of many ages is still going on there, and that the waves of stately music find in the city no bustle and thunder of a mighty multitude to obstruct them, but flow audibly, and as with a deep murmur of many long-enduring thoughts, over the whole. Whichever way you approach Durham, you are first struck with the great central tower of the cathedral peeping over the hills that envelope the city. It looks colossal, massy, and silent. Anon you lose sight of it; but again you mark it, solemnly breasting the green heights, like some Titan watcher, and it well prepares the mind for the view of the whole great pile, which presently opens upon you. Every traveller must be sensibly impressed with the bold beauty of Durham in the first view. As he emerges from some defile in those hills which, farther off, hid from him all but that one great tower, he sees before him a wide, open valley, in the centre of which a fine mount stands crowned with the ancient clustered houses of Durham; the turrets and battlements of its old and now-restored castle rising above them; and again, above all, soaring high into the air, the noble towers and pinnacles of its Norman minster. Around recede in manifold forms, the higher hills, as if intended by nature to give at once beauty and retirement to this splendid seat of ancient religion. From various points of these hills, the city looks quite magnificent. The old town, with its red roofs, runs along the ridges of the lower hills, and these higher ones are thrown into knolls and dells, with their green crofts and wooded clumps and lines of trees. The whole surrounding scenery, in fact, is beautiful. My visit there was in the middle of May. The grass had a delicious freshness to the eye; the foliage of the trees was of spring's most delicate green; and the bluebells and primroses, which the

hot weather in April had entirely, a month before, withered up in the south, were there in abundance in all their dewy and fragrant beauty. Through all the finer seasons of the year, however, the environs of Durham are delightful. I have passed through it when the haymakers were busy in those hilly crofts,—when fragrant cocks of new hay, the green turf, which became every moment visible beneath the rakes and forks of merry people, and the sun shining brightly over the old buildings of the city, and the tall trees that quivered their green leaves in many a fair slope, made me think that I had rarely witnessed a more charming scene. What adds vastly to the pleasantness of these environs is that they are so accessible. Unlike the condition of many a beautiful neighbourhood in many a part of England, where you may peep into paradise, but may not enter; here almost wherever the allurements of the scene draw you, you may follow. Footpaths in all imaginable directions strike across these lovely crofts. You may climb hills, descend into woody dells, follow the course of a little stream, as its bright waters and flowery banks attract you, and never find yourselves out of the way. In all directions, as lines radiating from a centre, deep old lanes stretch off from the city, along which you may wander, hidden from view of everything but the high bosky banks, and overhanging trees, and intervening sky. Other lanes, as deep, and as sweetly rustic and secluded, wind away right and left, leading you to some peep of antiquated cottage, or old mill, or glance over hollow glades to far-off hills, and ever and anon bringing you out on the heights to a fresh and striking view of that clustered city, its castled turrets, and majestic cathedral. It would seem as if the amenities of this sweet neighbourhood had from earliest times been fully felt, and that the jealousies and restrictions of property had here never dreamed of hedging the public out from them.

The author goes on to describe the situation of the city, pronouncing it to be “extraordinarily fine;” the inhabitants appearing quite sensible of its advantages and picturesque beauties, and also of its environs, as is proved by “their presence on summer days, and especially on Sundays.” This is quite in William Howitt’s style of sympathies with whatever is innocent, becoming, and healthy; with the natural, and with the good. And it is in those papers which carry us to similar scenes and suggest like associations that he pleases us most, that he offends us least; nor is his excursive habit found to be inappropriate in such cases; his very verbosity is agreeable and welcome, feeling, as the reader must do in a kindred manner with the describer, and also that whatever is said has welled spontaneously and gratefully from a pure and copious fountain.

With the primitive, the quaint, and the simple our author’s heart is ever in harmony: and when these qualities attach to the name of some venerable and holy man, Howitt actually luxuriates over every accessible reminiscence. Hear him with regard to Barnard Gilpin:—

He was born in Westmoreland, and educated in Catholicism. At Oxford,

at an early age, he publicly disputed against Hooper and the celebrated Peter Martyr, who were not only struck with his learning and ability, but much more with his obvious conscientious honesty; and they prayed earnestly for his conversion. This, from further inquiries, became the case. He was advised by his uncle Tunstal, bishop of Durham, to go abroad for a year or two, to converse with the most eminent professors of both faiths. But here a difficulty presented itself—the expense. The bishop told him that his living would, in part, supply that; but Gilpin's conscience could not tolerate the idea of it; his notions of the pastoral care were so strict, that he thought no excuse could justify non-residence for so considerable a time as he intended to be abroad; he therefore resigned his living to a suitable person, and set out. "*Father's soule!*" exclaimed the good bishop—"Gilpin, thou wilt die a beggar." But Gilpin respectfully persisted, and Tunstal, with his accustomed mildness, made no further opposition. He spent three years in Holland, Germany, and France; and returned during the period of the Marian persecution. His uncle presented him with the rectory of Easington, and made him archdeacon of Durham; but his conscience would not let him hold them; he resigned them, and accepted the rectory of Houghton, a pastoral charge more consonant to his notions of ministerial duty. This rectory was worth about 400*l.* per annum—a large sum for that day; but it was proportionably laborious, being so extensive as to contain no less than fourteen villages, overcast with the darkness of popish ignorance and superstition. He preached and laboured with the zeal and affection of a primitive apostle; the people flocked about him with enthusiasm; and received from him at once temporal and spiritual blessings; and his enemies were as much exasperated.

The visit to Houghton-le-Spring affords William Howitt an opportunity of recording these interesting circumstances, and many more, as our succeeding extracts will show. It was not probable that the exasperation of Gilpin's enemies, in those days of persecution, would express itself merely in frowns and denunciations. He was at length summoned to appear in London; but the Queen dying while he was on his journey, he returned in peace to his affectionate, rejoicing, and beloved flock, with whom "he continued to live and labour in all good works." The following are specimens of his deeds, his economy, and his liberality:—

He established schools, obtaining his masters from Oxford, and when he met a boy upon the road he would make a trial of his capacity by a few questions; and, if he found him to his mind, he sent him to school, and if he there kept up his first promise, afterwards to the university. Many of his scholars became ornaments to the church and nation,—amongst them Henry Ayrey, provost of Queen's College; George Carleton, bishop of Chichester; and Hugh Broughton. His hospitable manner of living was the admiration of the whole country; and strangers and travellers met with a cheerful reception. Even their beasts had so much care taken of them, that it was humorously said, if a horse was turned loose in any part of the

country, it would immediately make its way to the rectory of Houghton. Every Sunday, from Michaelmas to Easter, was a sort of public day with him; that is, through the worst part of the year, when such comforts were the most needed. During this season he expected to see parishioners and their families; whom he seated, according to their ranks, at three tables; and when absent from home, the same establishment was kept up. Lord Burleigh, when Lord Treasurer, unexpectedly visited him on his way into Scotland, but the economy of Mr. Gilpin's house was not easily disconcerted; and he entertained the statesman and his retinue in such a manner, as made him acknowledge he could hardly have expected more at Lambeth. Lord Burleigh made him great offers of advancement, which he respectfully, but firmly declined, feeling persuaded that he was in a far more useful sphere than a bishopric. On looking back from an eminence, after he left Houghton, Burleigh could not help exclaiming, "There is the enjoyment of life, indeed! Who can blame that man for not accepting a bishopric? What doth he want to make him greater, happier, or more useful to mankind?"

Our author in his rambles in search of remarkable places does not require Gothic cathedrals, moss-grown monuments, or romantic and superstitious legends to arrest him. An old hawthorn is a sufficient relic and remembrance to William Howitt. To be sure, he would have liked to have traced, as it were, the foot-prints of the apostolical Gilpin; to have stood in his old rooms, to have sitten down in his ancient chair, and to have followed him from Sunday to Saturday in his holy, beneficent, and lovely walk. But all this is done by our author in his mind's eye; and perhaps the very contrasts of the present condition of Houghton-le-Spring with that of by-gone times,—the mechanical with the natural, the real with the imagined,—have kindled ideas and poetic images which, had the locality furnished to him a scene of modern loveliness, and artificial beauties, would not have been experienced. But we quote:—

Nay, so far has the activity of modern times reached Barnard Gilpin's once retired regions, that you hear the sound of a railway train not far off, and see an omnibus bringing passengers from the station to the village. When you come to Houghton, there is little except the parsonage, the church, and school, to interest you. The village is very extensive, and is chiefly inhabited by colliers, limeburners, and such like. The parsonage is, as I have said, a good parsonage, with ample and pleasant grounds. It is occupied by the present rector, a nephew of old Chancellor Thurlow, but has no single monument of Gilpin left about it. Some splendid old hawthorns on the lawn may, perhaps, be considered as the most legitimate relics of his time. But one would fain enter those old and twilight rooms where he lived and studied; where he renewed his knowledge of the classical labours of his youth, and indulged in "music and poetry, in which he excelled:"—where he prepared his heart-warm addresses to his people; where he prayed for them, as he rose up and lay down, who in their own humble habitations, far and wide, on many a wild mountain, and in many

a hidden dale, blessed him daily in their hearts before God. We would fain see that ample, if rude, hall, in which from Michaelmas to Easter, every Sunday, the tables were spread for all his flock : and where, no doubt, as they sate together at meat, many a discourse passed—many a question was asked of the doings and sufferings of simple life, and many a quaint relation was made, that it would do one's heart good to hear now. One would like to see, in one's mind's eye, those "four and twenty scollers," sitting at their place at table by him, "whom in his own house he boarded and kept, sometimes fewer, but seldom ; the greater part poor men's sonnes, upon whom he bestowed meat, drink, and cloth, and education." One would like to see where that great pot hung, "which he took order should, every Thursday, throughout the yeare, be provided full of boyled meat, for the poor of Houghton." One would like to image where and how sate and looked the great statesman Burleigh, and his train, with that venerable Apostle at the head of the table, which astonished Burleigh, "who took of such diligence and abundance of all things, and so compleat service in the entertainment of so great a stranger, and so unlooked-for a guest." "His parsonage," says his protegee and biographer, George Carleton, bishop of Chichester, from whom we quote, "seemed like a bishop's palace ; nor shall a man lightly find one bishop's house among many, worthy to be compared to this house of his, if he consider the variety of buildings, and neatness of the situation. Within, his house was like a monasterie, if a man consider a monasterie such as were in the time of St. Augustine, where hospitality and economy went hand in hand, and the doors were always open to the poor and the stranger."

But there are at Houghton relics and remembrancers which cannot soon be obliterated. The churchyard, for instance, is there, and other tokens and instructive as well as touching records of Barnard Gilpin. We must let our Visitor tell of them ; for what we now cite is far better and more enduring than the antique in art, or the picturesque in scenery :—

The church of Houghton, where Gilpin so long preached, and where he lies, is a large and handsome old church, with a low tower and spire. The churchyard is large, and finely shaded with avenues of lime-trees, under which you approach the church. At the top of the churchyard stands the Kepyner School, founded by Gilpin, and named after his true friend, John Heath, Esq., of Kepyner, and the almshouses begun by him, and extended and completed by his successor the Rev. George Davenport, and George Lilburne, the cousin of the celebrated Colonel John Lilburne. The sight of Gilpin's school calls to mind some of the noblest of his deeds, and the bitterest scenes of his life. In this school he assembled the children of both rich and poor, so that sound knowledge might be diffused through the district, and able men be raised for the service of their country and their kind. Like most such institutions, it has long ceased to be a school for the poor, but few such schools in such places have suffered so much. It has always been supplied with first-rate scholars from Oxford, as masters, and has sent out a great number of soundly-educated men. In

Gilpin's own time it produced a plentiful harvest, some of whose names we have already mentioned. We have also alluded to Gilpin's custom of taking into it poor boys that he encountered in his travels, and whom he imagined capable of being raised into instruments of national usefulness. Some of these grew into a full realization of his hopes, and amply repaid him by their virtues and prosperity, for his care of them. Such a one was George Carleton, who became bishop of Chichester, and who wrote his life with the glow of a most grateful and honourable mind. But Gilpin was not exempt from the chances of such a lottery as this world is, and others of his scholars grieved him most deeply by their base ingratitude. The journeyings of Barnard Gilpin, and the strange incidents which befell him on the Borders, we shall refer to when we reach those regions in *our* wanderings; but, before we visit his tomb, we must notice the most eminent instance of ingratitude towards him from his pupils, and its consequences. In one of his journeys near the borders of Wales a ragged lad running by his horse's side and begging, Gilpin, who was struck with the lad's intelligent look, fell into conversation with him, and being as much pleased with his clear, sharp answers, sought out his parents, and with their consent took him home with him, educated him in his school, and afterwards sent him to Queen's College, Oxford. In time, this Hugh Broughton became a very learned man, maintained a theological controversy with the celebrated Beza, and was acknowledged to be the best Hebrew scholar of his time, and skilled in all the learning and traditions of the Rabbins. Great, however, as was his erudition, his heart was base and ungrateful. He joined himself to the enemies and enviers of the good man who had raised him from rags to honour and comfort. The worthy uncle of Barnard Gilpin, Tunstal, had now long been banished by the Reformation, from the see of Durham; James Pilkington, a Protestant bishop, had succeeded him, and had been a kind and steady friend of Gilpin; but now came Richard Barnes, the companion of Broughton, and chancellor of Durham, whose mind was speedily poisoned against him by his relative and the ungrateful Broughton. Barnes suspended him from all his ecclesiastical offices, and summoned him to meet him and the rest of the clergy in the church at Chester-le-Street. This is the relation of what followed by George Carleton. "Master Gilpin," saith Bishop Barnes, "I must have you preach to-day!" Gilpin pleaded that he was not provided with a sermon,—and his suspension. "But I can free you," saith the bishop, "from that suspension, and now do free you; and well know that you are never unprovided, for you have now gotten such a habite of preaching that you are able to performe it even upon the soudaine." Master Gilpin remained immoveable, answering, "that God was not so to be tempted; and that it was well with him if he were able to performe anything in this kinde upon mature deliberation." "Well then," replied the bishop, "I commande you, upon your canonically obedience, to goe up into the pulpit." Master Gilpin, delaying the time yet a little while, answered—"Well, sir, seeing it can be no otherwise, your lordshipe's will be done;" and, after a little pause, began his sermon. He observed his enemies taking notes of all he spoke; yet he proceeded without fear or hesitation; and when his discourse gradually led him to the reprehension of vice, he boldly

and openly reprov'd the enormities which the bishop permitted in the diocese. "To you, Reverend Father, my speech must be directed. God hath exalted you to be bishop of this diocese, and God requireth an account of your government thereof. Beholde, I bring these things to your knowledge this day. Say not these crimes have been committed without your knowledge; for, whatever, either yourself shall doe in person, or suffer to be done by others, is wholly your own. Therefore, in the presence of God, of angels, and of men, I pronounce you to be the author of all these evils; yea, and in that strict day of general account, I shall be a witness against you, that all these things have come to your knowledge by my meanes; and all these men shall bear witness thereof, who have heard mee speaking unto you this day." A murmur ran through the assembly. Gilpin's enemies trusted that his ruin was sealed; his friends trembled; and when he descended from the pulpit, crowded about him in tears; "You have put a sword into your enemies' hands to slay you with! If the bishop were offended without a cause, what may you expect now?" "God," answered Gilpin, "overruleth all. So that the truth may be propagated, and God glorified, God's will be done regarding me." The clergy dined with the bishop, and Gilpin's friends and enemies silently waited the event. Gilpin came to take his leave of the bishop, and to return homewards. "It shall not be so," answered the bishop, "for I will bring you to your house." And when they were now come to Master Gilpin's parsonage, and walked within into the parlour, the bishop, on a sudden caught Mr. Gilpin by the hand. "Father Gilpin," said he, "I do acknowledge you are fitter to be Bishop of Durham than myself to be parson of this church of yours. I ask forgiveness for errors past; forgive me, father. I knowe you have hatched some chickens that now seeke to pecke out your eyes, but so long as I shall live Bishop of Durham, be secure—no one shall hurt you."

Gilpin "fell asleep in great peace in the 68th year of this age, in the year of our Lord 1583."

Our readers see that our author reaps sterling as well as delicious fruit, albeit there may be found a multitude of leaves, some of them gratuitously and inopportunely affixed. The foliage, however, is generally green, unwrinkled, and unwithered.

ART. XIII.—*Frederick the Great and his Times.* Edited, with an Introduction, by TH. CAMPBELL, Esq. 2 vols. Colburn.

THE life of Frederick the Great should be as familiar to every person as any portion or era of modern history; and yet industry and minute research may bring to light important particulars belonging to any period, although it may have been often and long the subject of discussion and illustration. Such industry and research has, for example, been employed by the author of the present volumes, as to have accomplished what we have stated may be generally done.



The work indeed cannot be called a compilation, a mere scissors and paste performance, from ordinary and easily accessible sources. The range of Mr. Campbell's reading is here proved not only to be extensive and his studies patient and profound, but he has had the perseverance to ransack many French and German documents and authorities which are unknown to mere English readers ; and demonstrates that his acquaintance with foreign languages is particular and accurate, while no one will require to be told that the whole—both that which is familiar to us and that which is new—is so put together as literary skill and a chastened eloquence alone can accomplish. It is indeed remarkable that the author of the “Pleasures of Hope,” that a person who while a youth took his stand in the front rank of our bards, and in an age of great poets should have the taste and the diligence for such a work as the one before us ; that he should be at the pains to collect facts like any dry chronicler, to ferret out *minutiae* like any book-worm. But the feature of the performance that is most deserving of notice, is the sobriety with which he expresses himself, the utter repudiating of such enthusiasm and colouring as one would presume must characterize the pages of a poetic genius, detracting from the sterling worth of history, however much the ornaments might affect the imagination and gratify the ear. But our author's life of Petrarch, recently published, and noticed by us, must have prepared the reader for the qualities to which we gladly call attention ; and when the period and the characters principally concerned in these volumes are taken into consideration, it may confidently be expected that a more agreeable work is rarely to be met with.

The “Times of Frederick the Great” constitute a grand era ; for the history of the world presents so many and such distinct compartments as will enable any philosophic and observing mind to divide the whole into epochs. To the English reader, again, these “Times” furnish important and peculiar claims for regard, seeing that the country and people treated of by the author are related to us by very close ties of kinship and also of religion. Still, how different was that country and those times compared with what are to be witnessed in our day ! The periods are removed from each other by little more than an hundred years ; and yet how dissimilar the manners, how great the contrast, how wonderful the changes ! Why, some of the incontestible facts which we are about to notice would seem to belong to savage nations and to an age of monsters. Yet it cannot be said that Europe was at that era in an uncivilized condition ; that learning and refinement had not reached a lofty height ; or that useful as well as profound knowledge was a rarity. Still, there was on the part of the rulers of states and of the great in rank a gross disregard of public opinion, often to the violation of every decency, every country presenting its own peculiar aspects

in this way. In our day, however, thanks to the power of the press, and to the rapidity and wonderful ramifications of the means of intercourse, there is not only a general uniformity over all the free states of Europe, but an obedience to public opinion and becoming forms. A monarch now dare not openly act the buffoon, or set at defiance all the moralities; he cannot, safely for his own person, indulge in wanton cruelties, or violate established and sound principles of policy without endangering his throne. But how different was the period which Mr. Campbell's volumes comprise! How striking its characteristics! "It was an epoch of transition," he observes, "from the barbarism and brutality of the middle ages to a refinement of manners, if not of sentiments, which radiating from France as its centre, began to penetrate to the remotest parts of Europe. This refinement, too often coupled, it is true, with gross sensuality and contemptible effeminacy, had scarcely yet spread to all the states composing the Germanic empire, including the dominion of the house of Brandenburg, to which these volumes specifically relate. There was still to be found more or less of that coarseness, selfishness, and bigotry which so eminently characterize the boasted ages of chivalry; there still reigned 'the right divine to govern wrong;' there still prevailed such disdain for that knowledge which not only is power, but which softens the minds and tames down the savage passions, that we shall find, even in the middle of the last century, field-marsals, princes of the empire, who could not read a letter or write their own names."

If we direct attention to particular rulers and to particular countries, we shall meet with such instances of brutality and disgusting indulgence of base passions as were never heard of among the Red Indians or the Negro race. Go north to Peter the *Great*, of whom we are told, not a day passed in which he was not intoxicated. His cruelty to his attendants, and especially to his confessor, knew no bounds. The Czar would kiss his hands on going away from mass, and "the next moment give him fillips on the nose, beat him, and use him like the meanest slave." The same functionary was also made the emperor's *fool*. But as to cruelty and despotic acts, the following are illustrations, which in *little* contain volumes. "The unfortunate Princess Galitzin, who on account of her participation in a conspiracy had been subjected to the knout, so that she had lost her reason, was in this state obliged to contribute to his amusement at table. Whatever he left upon his plate he was accustomed to fling at her head, and she was obliged to rise and come to him to receive fillips on the nose. Riding with the King (Frederick William of Prussia) through Berlin, he saw the gallows in the new market-place, and inquired what sort of machine that was. When the King had explained its use to him, he was so curious to see an execution, that he earnestly begged to be gratified with the *amuse-*

ment immediately. The King assured him there was at that moment no candidate for the gallows. 'What need to be particular,' replied the Czar; 'here are people enough,—take the first that comes.' The King replied that none but criminals could be hanged; on which the Czar insisted that the experiment should be made on one of his own retinue, and the King had the greatest difficulty to dissuade him from the design." Then, with regard to morals, he was so loathsome, that in his retinue of about four hundred *ladies*, who were mostly German wenches, and who performed the duties of ladies in waiting, bedchamber women, cooks, and washerwomen, there was scarcely one of them who had not an infant richly dressed in her arms; and when asked if the creature was her own, each one replied, "The Czar did me the honour to help me to this child."

Next go to Poland and mark that bad monarch Augustus the Eleventh, who also paid a visit to Prussia, and who, it was calculated at his death, had had three hundred and fifty-four children by his different mistresses; his court having formed a regular seraglio. On the visit in question he had with him the Countess Orzelska, his natural daughter, and also one of his mistresses. "She cared little for her superannuated lover, but was very fond of her brother, Count Rutowski, the son of a Turkish woman."

But what shall we hear of the Protestant court of Prussia during the reign of Frederick William? Certainly he was not such a gross and filthy brute as any of the two sovereigns we have been noticing. And yet he was given not only to low vices, such as inordinate drinking and smoking, but was a senseless tyrant, an indecent despot, even in his own domestic circle, and towards his own children. His daughter says that the pains of purgatory could not equal what she and her brother endured. "We were obliged to be in his room by nine in the morning; we dined in it and durst not leave it on any account whatever. Nothing was to be heard the whole day but invectives against my brother and me. The king never called me anything but *la Canaille Anglaise* (the English blackguard), and my brother *le coquin de Fritz* (that scoundrel Fritz). He forced us to eat and drink things we disliked, or which disagreed with us; so that sometimes we could not help bringing up again in his presence all that we had in our stomachs." Again, "All day there was nothing but quarrels and dissensions. The king almost starved my brother and me. He performed the office of carver, and helped every body excepting us two; and when there happened to be something left in a dish, he would spit upon it to prevent us from eating it." When his passion became furious, upon any occasion, and this very frequently, he wreaked it upon this brother and daughter, and would aim deadly blows at them with his crutch, ordering his attendants to draw his chair after the fugitives in order that he might reach them. The Prince Royal at length made an attempt

to leave the kingdom, but was detected by spies; and as soon as the King got hold of him, he tore up his hair by the roots, and struck him in the face with the knob of his stick till the blood streamed from his nose." The tyrant afterwards made an attempt to run his son through the body.

And who was this son? He was Frederick, rightfully called the Great, and who was insulted and abused in the manner 'described mainly because he preferred literature, science, and the arts, to the worse than bestial indulgences of his father and his father's smoking-club. To this accomplished and brave prince Europe indeed has been deeply indebted for the progress which it made from the barbarism and brutality of the middle ages to the refinement that pervades the whole continent as well as Prussia,—the appreciation of letters, and the respect for learning that now distinguishes that kingdom. How much is by that nation due for its rise in political power, and for its superior internal government, to the monarch of whom we now speak! Those who wish to perceive and estimate this rise and progress should peruse the graphic and animated pictures in the present volumes; although Frederick was not spotless, and stands chargeable with ambition, the vice no doubt often of great and generous spirits. His share in the partition of Poland is a deep stain upon his fame.

Mr. Campbell is at great pains not only to give a faithful and full-length picture of Frederick the Great, but to portray by happily selected instances and facts that monarch's influence upon all around him, extending, indeed, far beyond the sphere of his actual government. His occupations were noble even in regard to amusements; yea, he directed his physical powers in a way that was manly. What then were his mental acquirements and tastes? But we need not attempt any curt answer to such a question, nor tell how his court was a sanctuary for philosophers—whereas his father made men of talent his buffoons, exhausting his invention to ridicule and abuse them. Let us quote one practical illustration of Frederick's early promise and humane government. The example at all times merits remark, but never more suitably than on the part of our own rulers at the present moment. "An extraordinary dearth prevailed throughout the kingdom, for the long and intensely severe winter had caused apprehensions of the failure of the growing crops. The cries of the famishing poor soon reached the ears of the young monarch. On the second day of his reign he ordered the granaries to be opened, and the corn to be sold at low prices. Where the stock was not sufficient, considerable sums were sent abroad to purchase grain for the like purpose. The game killed in the royal forests was also ordered to be disposed of at a low rate. Several taxes that bore hard on the productions of the necessities of life were for a time abolished. Lastly, various sums saved by

economy in the different departments of administration, were distributed in specie among the necessitous."

Mr. Campbell's view of the earlier part of Frederick's reign, in every department of government, is comprehensive, explicit, and very skilfully illustrated. His system and acts with regard to the administration of justice, his encouragement of agriculture and commerce, his methods of developing every branch of national industry, and his patronage of literature, are each distinctly brought out. When the two remaining volumes appear we shall have an opportunity of inviting attention to our author's history of the *Seven Years' War*, and to passages in the latter portion of one of the most glorious reigns. In the meanwhile we must retrace our steps in order to present two or three extracts that may elucidate character and the state of society, at particular periods comprehended by our author. At the commencement of the eighteenth century the lives and the conduct of the first and second Prussian monarchs of the blood of Hohenzollern offer themselves, and afford Mr. Campbell occasion for portrait-painting and introducing many entertaining and characteristic anecdotes. The First Frederick was ostentatious and fond of magnificent displays, particularly of a festive nature. When his only daughter, by his first wife, was married to the hereditary prince of Hesse Cassel in 1709, the court exhibited such pomp as had never before been witnessed. She wore jewels that were valued at four millions of dollars. Those on her coronet alone were estimated at one million. The maids that bore her train required pages to assist them, it was so heavy with precious stones. Her bridal attire is said to have weighed nearly a hundred pounds. At one of the wedding feasts there were besides the table of the sovereign, eighty-six others for the entertainment of guests. There were grand hunts, after which, one day the elector invited the whole company to supper, in what was called the Kitchen-room. "The fare here was known to be particularly sumptuous, the table being supplied by twelve master cooks, who vied with each other in the display of their skill. But this time, when the guests entered the apartment, no table whatever was to be seen. Many began to surmise that the elector had played them a trick, when all at once the ceiling opened, and, to the astonishment of all present, a profusely covered table descended, as if by enchantment. Still greater was their surprise, when, after some time, this table sank of itself through the floor, and a third and a fourth descended from the ceiling like the former."

These and similar capricious effeminacies appear to have been imported from France, the Germans not only aping every silly and absurd fashion which the gay Parisians invented, but outstripping them in absurdity. However, the taste of the luxurious Prince of whom we have just been hearing did not affect his son otherwise, it

would seem, than to produce contrarieties; just as that son's senseless and gross eccentricities must have disgusted the great subject of these volumes, and issued in a totally opposite character.

And yet Frederick William, who succeeded his father in 1713, although a despot, a bigot, and inhuman, was a strange compound of these forbidding qualities together with some good points as well as laughable tastes. The following particulars are told of him:—

The dress of the king was simple, like all his domestic arrangements. He appeared, for the last time, in a large flowing wig, at the funeral of his father. The king, we are told by Pöllnitz, had the finest hair in the world, of a light brown; but he had it cut off, and for a long time wore a wig with a tail; but in the latter years of his life he had close and almost white wigs, in which, though they were ill made, he looked extremely well. Till 1719, he dressed sometimes in plain clothes, at others in uniform; in the following years he was scarcely ever seen but in the uniform of colonel of the regiment of Potsdam grenadiers—blue turned up with red, yellow waistcoat and breeches, white linen gaiters with brass buttons, and square-toed shoes. Everything was made to fit very tight. In bad weather, and for hunting, he put on boots. His hat was three-cornered, with a narrow gold lace, gilt button without loop, and a band of gold thread with two small gold tassels. When not in uniform, the king wore a brown coat and red waistcoat, with a narrow gold border. He was so saving of a good coat, that, when engaged in his cabinet, he would put on linen sleeves and an apron. He was a decided enemy to gaudy dresses and new fashions; and as, while yet a boy, he had vowed vengeance against French wigs and gold brocade dresses, so they still continued to be objects of his displeasure. He observed with indignation that the large laced hats and bags in which Count Rothenburg and his retinue appeared in public found admirers at court. To prevent imitation, he ordered, at the grand review held at Tempelhoff, near Berlin, in 1719, that the regimental provosts, who, like the executioners and skinners, were reputed infamous, should appear in the new French costume, only with the brims of the hats and the bags enlarged to an extravagant size. In order to throw ridicule upon the embroidered clothes and huge wigs of the privy-councillors and chamberlains, he directed that the court-fools should appear in that kind of attire on gala-days. Thus, too, the queen and the princesses were required to dress very simply. The latter, while young, were not allowed either silk or cotton dresses, but commonly wore serge of home manufacture. Paint was prohibited. For extraordinary occasions, however, the king had a particular dress, consisting of a uniform of blue velvet, lined with red; as for diamond-buttons, no such thing was ever seen. In regard to personal cleanliness, he was most scrupulously exact; and, to avoid dust in his apartments, he removed the silk tapestries, the cushioned chairs, and the carpets; and nothing but deal-tables and benches were to be seen there. The queen, on her part, appeared beside her royal consort healthy and hearty, the blooming mother of a blooming progeny. At a time when French licentiousness had infected like a pestilence almost every court of the Continent, Frederick William preserved his conjugal fidelity inviolate. During the journey which he

took in 1732, to meet the emperor, he indulged in some jokes with a smart, lively pleasant-girl, whom he met with in a village in Silesia. Grumbkow (the prime minister), thinking to gratify his master, offered to make proposals to her; but the king severely reproved him, declaring that he would never be unfaithful to his "Fieckchen," as he was accustomed to call the queen. \* \* \* In Frederick William's excursions, the meanest of his subjects was allowed access to his majesty. One day, a peasant ran along by his carriage, holding up a paper. The king ordered the driver to stop, took the paper, and was surprised to find upon it no writing, but merely a square, containing nothing but scrawls and blots of ink. He inquired what it meant. The peasant said that, being unable to write, he could not describe his case in any other way than by this drawing. "Well," said the king, "just explain it to me." The peasant, mounting upon the step of the carriage, began thus in his low German dialect: "This here, look you, is my turnip-field, and those are my turnips: ah! such turnips, Mr. King, you ought to taste them—they are nice indeed." "Go on," said the king. "Well, these here, look you," continued the peasant, pointing to the blots, "are the amtmann's pigs: they have got in, and ate up my nice turnips, so I am now a ruined man. Dear Mr. King, the amtmann will not pay me for the damage, and that's very wrong; and so I want just to beg you to be so kind as to send word to the amtmann to pay me for my turnips. I shan't begrudge a dish of turnips; and I'll be sure to bring you some, if you'll see me righted." The king ordered the name of the village, of the amtmann, and of the peasant, to be taken down, and promised to help him. The village was not far from Berlin, and he sent the same day a jäger to the amtmann, with a very serious admonition to make the peasant immediate compensation. This had the desired effect; the amtmann not only satisfied the demands of the complainant, but gave him more than he had asked. A day or two afterwards, the peasant, laden with a bag full of turnips, entered the king's antechamber. His majesty ordered him to be admitted. The peasant, by way of expressing his acknowledgment, emptied his bag of turnips on a table; then, picking out a few small ones, he handed them to the queen, telling her that, if she would keep one of them in her mouth when she was spinning, it would help her to wet the thread properly. The queen was pleased with the good-natured familiarity of the man, and he was dismissed with a present.

There was a good deal of funniness about Frederick William's smoking scenes, and not the least curious points are those where his absolutism displayed its freaks. For instance, the pipes were of Dutch manufacture, short and common. The King's were in a slight degree distinguished from the others; but, as their appearance still testifies, in the Museum of Berlin, they must have been a long time in use; they are so brown with smoking. Some of the court did not smoke; the old Prince of Anhalt, for example. But then he was obliged to keep a pipe in his mouth. Another, the imperial ambassador, had learned to puff so exactly with his lips as to have the appearance of a regular smoker. Besides tobacco and pipes,

beer, bread, butter, and cheese were supplied, and sometimes ham and veal-cutlets; each person helping himself to these dainties, as all servants were excluded. On occasions the King would treat his guests to a dish of fish and a salad dressed with his own hands.

The next character that we allow Mr. Campbell to illustrate in in our pages, is that of the Margrave of Brandenburg-Schwedt:—

Frederick's second sister, Sophie, had been married by her father against her will to the brutal Margrave Frederick William of Brandenburg-Schwedt; he had been brought up by her father, who communicated to him his own harshness of manner and disposition, but could not excite in him a fondness for the military profession. Their union was most unhappy. Whenever the margrave complained of being a soldier and of having to build the great riding-house at Schwedt, he was accustomed to add how much more he was vexed to have Frederick's sister for his wife. During her father's life-time he somewhat restrained his brutality, but gave free scope to it afterwards. The princess frequently fled to Monplaisir or Berlin, but would more frequently claim protection of Frederick himself. The latter did not stop at friendly admonitions, but sent General Meier to Schwedt with unlimited authority to protect the margravine from insult. Meier, who resided for years together at Schwedt, possessed the requisite firmness for fulfilling this commission. One day, when the margravine wished to take a ride, her husband swore that if the coachman attempted to put the horses to the carriage he should have fifty lashes. The princess complained to Meier, who went immediately to the stables; and protested that he would order a hundred to be given to all the coachmen unless they immediately obeyed the directions of their mistress. The carriage came, and the margrave laughed immoderately when he heard the whining excuses of his coachmen. A few days afterwards eight fine coach-horses arrived from Berlin. The margrave was highly delighted with the handsome present, till a cabinet letter undeceived him. The horses were destined for the separate use of the margravine; and he was required to pay two thousand dollars for them, and the expense of their keep. In 1764 Sophie was residing at Monplaisir, when she was seized with an illness which left no hope of recovery. Her husband wished to see her once more; but he had made a vow that he would never see or set foot again in the forest of Heinersdorf, in which that palace was situated, because he had lost an expensive suit relative to it. In this dilemma he placed himself back foremost in the carriage, and on arriving at Monplaisir, got in at the window. His interview with the dying princess is described as most affecting: he had her removed in a sedan-chair, and carried to Schwedt, where she expired in his arms. In many points of his character the margrave closely resembled the royal guardian under whom he had been educated. Like him he hated idleness, and was a terror to all loungers. One day he watched a lady sitting listlessly at her window. "Wait a moment," cried he: "if you don't know what to do with yourself, I'll find you employment." He immediately sent her two large parcels of linen cloth, which she was obliged to make up into shirts for the cuirassiers. The clergy were especial objects of his ridicule and persecution. His cane was as



much feared as that of his royal namesake. His justice was cruel; so that the king at length found himself under the necessity of interfering and taking the jurisdiction entirely out of his hand.

Frederick the Great was a patron of the publishers and booksellers. We are told that he purchased five copies of every work he wished to read, having one at each of his residences. He was always very partial to dogs, his attachments in this way continuing till his death. Some one of the canine family obtained the utmost expression of his favour, being provided with a chair beside its master, and even partaking of the royal bed. He had leathern balls in his rooms for the amusement of the dogs; nor were they forbidden the use of the most costly sofas. They gnawed the furniture at their pleasure, his Majesty only saying, "My dogs destroy my chairs, but how can I help it? If I were to have them mended to-day, they would be as bad again to-morrow; so I suppose I must even put up with the inconvenience. After all, a Marquise de Pompadour would cost me a great deal more, and would not be either so fond or so faithful." We further read thus:—

We have seen that, during the second Silesian war, Frederick was accompanied by one of his dogs, named Biche, who was a particular favourite for her attachment and sagacity; and that at the battle of Sorr she fell into the hands of the Austrians, together with the whole of the king's baggage. On another occasion during that war, the king had advanced unattended, except by Biche, to reconnoitre the position of the enemy, when he perceived a party of Austrian Pandours approaching. He had but just time to hide himself beneath a bridge over which they would have to pass. He was afraid lest Biche might bark at the tramp of the horses' feet over head, and thus betray him; but the dog, though generally noisy, continued perfectly quiet in the arms of the king, till the Pandours had past and were at a distance. Frederick quitted his hiding-place, and presently met General Rothenburg. Calling Biche, who came capering and leaping up at him, he said to the general, "I must present to you one of the most faithful of my friends, I mean Biche." Alcmena, another especial favourite, died at Sans-Souci, while he was in Silesia. When the tidings reached him, he ordered her body to be put into a coffin, and placed in his library. On his return, he gazed long in silent sorrow upon the almost putrid remains of his favourite, and then ordered her to be buried. It was respecting these two dogs that the king once wrote to Fredersdorf as follows: "Poor Biche could not possibly recover, because she had ten doctors about her; Mene shall not take anything but skimmed milk, and not a doctor of them all shall touch her." One day, when he had ordered a dish of roasted partridges to be given to his dogs, Diane, a young favourite, seized one of them, leaped upon the king's writing-table, and laid the bird down while she ate it upon a letter, couched in very gracious terms, which the king had just written to provincial councillor Hübner, at Stettin. Frederick laughed on seeing the greasy letter. "Thou remindest me," said he to Diane, "that I must add a slice of fat to my lean words."

Accordingly, he enclosed with it one hundred Frederics-d'or, and added a postscript, accounting for the state or the letter and the motive of the present. Great was the grief of the king at the loss of these faithful creatures, to whom he allotted a burial-place near the spot which he selected for his own, on the uppermost terrace of Sans-Souci. There the traveller may still see the flat stones with the names of the dogs interred beneath engraved upon them:—Alcmene (1), Thisbe (1), Diane (1), Phillis, Thisbe (2), Alcmene (2), Biche, Diane (2), Pax, Superbe, and Amourette. It is well known that the late Duchess of York, Frederick's great-niece, during her residence at Oatlands, showed the like fondness for dogs, and buried her favourites in the same manner. It is not unlikely that the example of her illustrious relative may have influenced this predilection of that princess.

There is much that is indicative of a winning character in these traits; and as in early life his excellent qualities shone forth, his future subjects must have looked forward with confidence and delight to his sovereign rule. We quote, and throw into our larger type, more proof and illustration of the nobility and humanity of his nature. It regards the treatment of his mother, who had been far from a kind parent to him. "The Queen-mother on becoming a widow, retired to Mon-Bijou, a small building, situated in the midst of a moderate garden, in the city of Berlin, on the banks of the Spree, opposite to a dyke planted with willows, and a meadow almost always overflowed. This court at Mon-Bijou was remarkable on various accounts. Frederick came thither on every Wednesday to pay his duty to his mother, unless when he was holding reviews, or in the field with his army. Never did any sovereign pay greater attention and respect. His hat was always in his hand before he entered the Queen Dowager's apartments. If he went in while she was at play he would stand behind her chair, and not sit down then or at other times till she desired him. One day he entered when least expected: the gentlemen were in the first room playing at faro; and in their first surprize strove to hide their cards. Frederick perceiving their embarrassment, told them they ought to know that, at her Majesty the Queen mother's, there never was a king, and whatever she thought proper to permit was beyond censure."

The reader of the present volumes will peruse with great interest, and recur with pleasure to the chapters which relate to Frederick's literary tastes, and his patronage of philosophers. Voltaire's intimacy and quarrels will engage special attention. But we cannot enter into more particulars, and only further observe that every chapter of the work treats of some one important and engaging theme; that the variety is rich; and that a highly accomplished hand has arranged and adorned the whole.

- ART. XIV.—1. *Rambles in Ceylon*. By Lieut. DE BUTTS. Allen.  
 2. *Notes of a Half-Pay in Search of Health ; or, Russia, Circassia, and the Crimea in 1839-40*. 2 vols. By Captain JESSE, Unattached. Madden.

WE may club together these *Rambles* and *Notes*, on account of some slight coincidences, not to urge at length the fact of our being pressed at the end of the year and the close of our number for such space as might be expected in behalf of each writer. For instance, the authors have something in common between them, not only in respect of profession, but of purpose in writing. They both also direct our eyes towards the Orient; and, again, the gentlemen who publish the books are next door neighbours, and away in the East besides. These circumstances may warrant our present mode of procedure. But we must take the works in their order in the notices which we have to offer.

The title of *Rambles* does not promise great research or elaborate description. Indeed, if Lieut. De Butts had laid claim to greater merit than the term used by him indicates, the volume would have soon convinced any reader of the inconsistency and of the preposterous idea. The work is slight; it views chiefly the outside of the things which he speaks of; and little of that which he tells us is novel, although not much is known familiarly of Ceylon in this country, while the colony is acquiring great importance not merely in itself, but in its enlarging relations with the continent of India. Whatever, therefore, illustrates the character and condition of the natives, the system of government which is pursued by England and her local representatives, or tends to disclose the capabilities of the soil, and the nature of its products, must be welcome, and therefore the Lieutenant's contribution is not destitute of value and interest, even when he may nearly repeat what one or two recent authors have told.

We may begin with stating that to sportsmen large tracts of Ceylon offer great temptations. Shooting and hunting may be pursued to the heart's content of any man. The wild elephants alone afford almost an exhaustless and daily occupation to Europeans who reside at Trincomalee. Nor is hunting of this huge animal so dangerous an affair, according to the testimony before us, as has sometimes been represented, and as one would naturally imagine. Our author says that, in the course of ten years, only two Europeans had fallen victims, although others very narrowly escaped in an endeavour to avenge the death of one of their friends. On the approach of his new enemies, the elephant regarded them with the utmost *sang froid*, and quietly advanced towards them; for the hunters can calculate with considerable certainty, it seems, where to find a particular animal, the elephants, if undisturbed, frequently

remaining for weeks in the vicinity of some favourite spot, which unites the two principal objects with them,—good forage and abundance of water. Our author goes on to describe the particular scene and encounter in the following rather ambitious style:—"The tusker had doubtless reconnoitred the ground with a military eye, or perhaps, not pretending to greater intelligence than the human race, imagined that the site of his conquest was, somehow or other, connected with his good star, for he made no attempt to decamp from the place during the time that intervened between Mr. Walllett's death and the appearance of his avengers." Would it not have been as well, and more effective, had the facts been at once given? We speak thus, even when the Lieutenant does not lay himself seriously open to criticism, taking advantage of the opportunity, however, to state that he appears generally to have been thinking more of how he might best clothe his ideas, and how dress his facts, than of the precise nature of the ideas and facts themselves. Well, but the fact:—"Having arrived within a few paces of their object, the sportsmen fired, but without any considerable effect. One of the bullets, however, struck the right eye of the tusker, and by this fortuitous circumstance the life of one of the officers was saved. Weakened by loss of blood, the elephant fell just as he had overtaken this gentleman, and in the act of falling broke down some bamboo trees, which, striking his intended victim, effectually prevented him from making his escape. Fortunately, he was on the right or blind side of the monster who did not immediately discover the near vicinity of his assailant. At length he got his solitary optic to bear upon him, and was about to give him the *coup-de-grace* without further loss of time, when Lieut. S., having reloaded, again approached, and by a well-directed fatal shot rescued his friend from his perilous position." It strikes us that although the size of the animals, the tales about them, their tusks and so forth, must lend a peculiar interest to the hunting of elephants, yet that the sport is inferior to several kinds described by Captain Campbell as pursued by him in India, and noticed in another part of our present number.

Ceylon must be a grand magazine to the antiquary; long enduring ruin, however, and rank vegetation covering ancient cities and monuments from the general gaze. The temples belonging to remote ages, must have been numerous and upon a magnificent scale, with appropriate accessories. Their era is not known, but they must have been reared and patronized by a people who were in a very different state of civilization from that of the Cingalese at the present day. For instance, the ancient capital of Ceylon, the site of which is now desolate, offers to the eye of the antiquary evidences of stupendous fabrics. One of these, according to ancient documents, was nine stories in height, although none are now in

existence! Sixteen hundred stone pillars, however, upon which the building was erected, we are told by the Lieutenant, are still in tolerable preservation. They form a perfect square, the side of which is about two hundred feet in length. "Along each side, at nearly equal distances, forty pillars are ranged. The interval between the rows varies from two to three feet, and the square of the pillars, which, with few exceptions, are uniform in size and height, is two feet." It is supposed that this structure was dedicated to the worship of Boodhoo, as our author spells the word, there being a most perplexing difference with regard to the orthography of eastern terms, even among English travellers. Around the structure are six "immense solid domes, the altitude of which is equal to their greatest diameter. They are for the most part surrounded by spiral cones, that in some measure relieve the vastness and massiveness of their gigantic proportions." It is conjectured that these domes, like the pyramids of Egypt, were designed to commemorate the reigns of particular monarchs. "In either case, the simplicity and solidity of the construction have defied the ravages of time, and insured its permanence." The Lieutenant remarks, however, that although the monuments in Ceylon may surpass in respect of massiveness those of Egypt, yet that there is a want of elegance and grandeur. The solid contents of the largest of the domes are stated to have been estimated at more than four hundred and fifty thousand cubic yards; its greatest diameter and altitude, which are equal, measure two hundred and seventy feet.

The Candelay Lake, which is within thirty miles of Trincomalee, presents peculiar proofs of gigantic artificial works belonging to a former epoch. The lake occupies an extensive valley, around which the ground gradually ascends to distant hills. In the centre of the valley, there is a long causeway, principally of masses of hewn rock, to move which, "by sheer physical force, must have required the united labour of thousands," has been constructed to retain the water that pours from the circumjacent hills, during the rainy season. And "such is the capacious nature of the mountain streams in the tropical island, where heavy rain frequently falls, without intermission, for many successive days, that no common barrier would suffice to resist the great and sudden pressure that must be sustained on such occasions. Aware of this peculiarity in the character of their rivers, the Cingalese built the retaining wall that supports the waters of the lake of Candelay with such solidity and massiveness as to defy the utmost fury of the mountain-torrents."

There are many other traces of works of art in the island which indicate that at some remote period Ceylon was a densely populated country, and under a government sufficiently enlightened to appreciate, and firm to enforce, the execution of undertakings on a

gigantic scale; especially when, as our author takes it for granted, ignorant of mechanical powers. Some of these works are also connected with extraordinary natural changes, as may be confidently conjectured. For example, the natives have a tradition, and appearances strengthen it, that the sacred isle of Ramiseram, situated in the strait which now divides Ceylon from Hindostan, was connected with both, and that therefore the ocean rolls where once stretched an isthmus. "At immediately opposite points, roads paved with large flat stones approach the edge of the water, and seem to indicate that the space now covered by the sea was formerly traversed by this artificial work, which must have required considerable labour and time in its construction. Such, at least, is the belief of the natives, who further assert that the object of this ground communication was to facilitate the annual transit of the car of Juggernaut from the temples of Ramiseram to those of Madura, a place in southern India."

Leaving the traces of what must have been ancient, let us for a moment direct our attention to certain circumstances that guide our hopes with regard to the future. One of these is the natural harbour of Trincomalee, which is almost unrivalled in respect of capaciousness, good anchorage, safety at all seasons, even during the monsoons, and easy defence. Its circumference is about nine or ten miles; and when viewed from an elevated position, "the large and placid sheet of water, with its numerous indents—the wooded isles that seem to float on its surface—the men-of-war lying motionless at their anchorage—and the rich and tropical aspect of the forests that cover the whole of the inland country—form a landscape, in surveying which the eye never tires, and which must be seen to be appreciated." How valuable to the colony may this harbour become!

In the government of Ceylon the Crown and its servants have for years pursued a wise practical policy, which has already had excellent results, and which promises great future prosperity. Free principles of commerce have been introduced triumphantly, Sir Robert Horton having substituted for the prohibitory duties laid upon almost every article of produce, tariff duties founded upon the enlarged views which now are appreciated by many statesmen and financiers. The result has even surpassed the anticipations of the most sanguine, says our author; for "from the day on which the principles of free trade were applied to the colony, the prosperity of Ceylon may henceforward be dated." One exception, however, to this enlightened policy is named, that in the case of cinnamon, formerly the staple product of the island; but which "is now lying under the incubus of the enormous export duty of one hundred per cent." Coffee, sugar, and cocoa-nut oil have been relieved, and the export of them is rapidly increasing; while that of cinnamon is "rather diminished than increased." Can this long continue?

Among the practical improvements introduced, one is the laying out, the making, and the mending of roads; an indispensable forerunner to internal and general prosperity. Consequent upon the formation of these opportunities for conveyance and communication, has been the establishment of coaches which regularly ply between certain points.

Coming now to the "Notes of a Half-Pay," we find that Captain Jesse made his appearance in India at the early age of sixteen; that after about six years of Anglo-Indian life, during which his health was greatly impaired, fevers and cholera having successively smitten him, he came home, where for several years more he appeared to be a confirmed invalid. Having been advised, however, to travel, he started with his lady for the Continent, visiting Switzerland and traversing Italy to the great benefit of his bodily frame. He next bent his course towards the Crimea. He passed a winter at Odessa, and thence travelled across the Steppes to St. Petersburg *via* Moscow. He sojourned for a considerable period in the capital of Russia, and returned home by Sweden and Hamburg.

With regard to Circassia, there was no need for mentioning the country at all, seeing that the Captain had no opportunity of noting its condition and peculiarities; nor need we alight with him on account of any particular novelty of information or of view before reaching Russia. At Odessa, however, and wherever he tarried in the empire, he appears to have been placed in circumstances favourable for observation, and to have made good use of his quick eyes and of a mind of an inquiring character, being accustomed also to judge independently. He may not have gone to the dominions of the Autocrat with any partiality towards his character or policy. But then he gives reasons for his conclusions, and appears to have guarded himself against seeking merely for that which he desired to find; being often, besides, so situated, that he witnessed matters in their ordinary way and working, and when no show or passing parade was assumed.

It is indeed impossible for any observant and sensible person to reside or travel within the Russian dominions and not to perceive its anomalies, its forbidding and hollow artificialities on the side of the great and privileged; and on the other, the ignorance and debasement of the enslaved millions. It may be gathered from the books of numerous travellers that there is little which is healthy, pure, promising, or dignified, either in the government or throughout society. The domestic life itself of the Russians is offensive to moral feeling; the social relations are built upon false foundations; no man's tongue dares to vindicate the rights of his nature; and from the emperor to the meanest serf the whole fabric is unstable because the minds of all are corrupted and oppressed. The very

appearance of the cities proclaims a vitiation of taste and a combination of heterogenous elements, forced together, and suggesting grave lectures. Palaces and hovels compose the picture. These general facts are strongly and clearly brought out by the Captain, and what is more, his book will forcibly impress the idea upon the reader's mind, that the entire fabric of which we have been speaking, is in a tottering state and ready to tumble to ruin and direful confusion.

Those things which have appeared imposing, mighty, powerful, and magnificent to many strangers who have visited and viewed the great objects of the emperor's ambition, did not generally astound or captivate Captain Jesse. The apparatus of war; the arsenals, the ships, and the soldiery, are, in his judgment, seriously defective. He did not even discover anything very noble about the person or the fancies of Nicholas, upon whom everything civil and military depends and hinges. The following affords a disagreeable picture of the system that regulates the army, and of the discipline that is practised and tolerated:—

The corps of guards and grenadiers go under canvass every summer. When at St. Petersburg, I went over to the camp at Sarsko Selo to see them; and as rain had fallen for several days consecutively, the troops appeared to be in a most forlorn state. The interior of their tents was full of mud mixed up with straw; upon this the men were lying, in dirty cotton drawers and shirts, without either coats, trousers, or shoes. I was not a little surprised, however, to find that many of the officers, though apparently living in tents, were inhabiting small wooden houses under them; they were about six feet square, and as easily packed up and reërected as the tents: the floor was boarded, and we dined four in one of them very comfortably. The Emperor when in camp lives under canvass.

I saw a picked man from each company of a battalion of the Preobrajensky regiment. They were remarkably tall; but being very much padded out at the breast, and drawn in very tight at the waist, they had, in their greatcoats, a very lanky appearance: many of the regiments of the line that I saw at Moscow and in the South would have worked them off their legs in a campaign of any duration. The hospitals were filling fast; and I was told that a great many casualties take place on their return to their splendid quarters at St. Petersburg, after the summer manœuvres. Here they are so worried by the numerous tracasseries connected with their dress and appointments, that they avoid leaving their barracks as much as possible. The Emperor not long ago, observing that but few soldiers were to be seen in the streets, asked the military governor the reason. He was either afraid, or too good a courtier to give the right one; but to prevent a recurrence of the remark, issued an order that some of the men of each company should be told off every day as the "walking section," to ornament the most public parts of the capital.

Discipline is kept up by extreme measures, and the cane is used at pleasure; but a man who has received the ribbon of St. George is, by the



regulations of the service, exempt from this species of punishment. The officers not unfrequently give way to violence of temper. I once saw a captain inspecting his guard near the quarantine at Odessa, strike one of his men a blow on the face with his fist, and, seizing him by both his ears, shake him until he pulled him out of the ranks : the man's cap then fell off, and the officer, ordering a corporal to pick it up, jammed it down on his head with another blow. The whole system is carried on in the same tyrannical and overbearing manner. The Russian soldier meets with very little kindness or consideration to soften the misery of being imperatively driven into the service.

What can a poor soldier in the ranks expect from his Captain, when the emperor in his fury treats his best General officers in the way described in our next extract ? But despotism and rage may so far overstep bounds as to become the objects of disdain.—

Lieutenant-General Mouravieff commenced his career as a lieutenant in a regiment quartered in Georgia, of which country he was afterwards many years Governor-General. It is acknowledged that there is no officer in the Russian army of the same talents and acquirements : he has great capabilities as a linguist, and is said to speak thirteen languages, many of them Eastern. Though more than acquainted with the duties of his profession, he never, like the martinet of Warsaw, examined whether the men's gloves were sewn on the inside or out ; nor did he care whether their caps were put on at the precise angle prescribed by the Imperial orderly-book at St. Petersburg ; moreover, he had opinions of his own, not exactly in accordance with those of his master. A few years ago, his division was ordered to one of the great reviews : but, though in a good and effective state, its appearance did not meet with the approbation of the Emperor ; who had scarcely glanced his eye along the line, when he ordered Mouravieff to the rear, exclaiming aloud, "Bad, bad ! what troops ! National Guards !" The manoeuvres over, the disgraced General was ordered into his presence. "What means this, Sir ?" demanded the Emperor. No answer. "What troops do you call these, Sir ?" Still no answer. "Do you know who is speaking to you, Sir ?" The General raised his hand slowly to his cap, but remained silent. Dismissed with indignation, he retired to his tent : the policy, however, of Nicholas gained the ascendant over his ungovernable temper, and the next day Mouravieff received an invitation to dinner. But the insult had been too public : he declined the honour ; and now resides at his estate near Tver, refusing either reconciliation or employment.

There is so much dishonesty as well as mismanagement in regard to the military system that the very medicine-chests which the colonels should furnish for their regiments, and for which purpose they draw an allowance, are during severe campaigns left next to empty, and even when the men are dying of disease that decimates the army. The commissariat department is generally as badly conducted and provided, driving the soldiers to pillage, and ex-

citing the detestation of the inhabitants wherever thus robbed and abused.

The internal defects of Russia, the absolute state of nature and of undeveloped resources of many of its vast provinces, may be illustrated by the fact, that there are no such things as we understand in this country by the term *roads*; the tracks being marked merely by verst-posts, without fencing, draining, or a single shovelfull of material laid down. "When the Emperor is going to travel, instructions are sent to the governors of the different provinces through which he intends to pass to put the track in some sort of repair: should this circumstance chance to occur in the middle of harvest, the peasants are obliged to leave the crops and set to work."

How striking are the indications which we are noticing of the weakness, the backward condition, and the tyranny which characterize the empire! Even the workmen employed at the instance of government, and for public purposes, are comparatively profitless and inefficient. The difficulties attending such undertakings in Russia, says the Captain, are increased by the scanty number of good artificers; the greater part of those employed being soldiers, who, originally serfs, and not brought up to any trade, make but poor workmen. He says,—

This I saw strongly illustrated in the removal of the hill on the site of which the Admiralty is to be erected. Upwards of 4,000 men, taken from the garrison, were at work to effect this. Very few had even hand-barrows; the majority were carrying away the earth in their coat-tails, and in bags about as large as those used by hackney-coachmen in feeding their horses. Their movements were slow and spiritless, and they seemed to be almost incapable of great exertion. Those who are entirely under Colonel U.'s control, and obliged to use the wheel-barrows he has made, could with difficulty be brought to see the benefit of them; but once satisfied on the subject, these articles were regularly fought for, as they work by task. The want of common energy exhibited by these men is easily understood. The Government allowance of fourpence a day, which they are supposed to receive, is put into the "*caisse d'épargnes*," (stock-purse,) from which few of them ever reap any benefit; at any rate, the prospect of doing so on discharge is too remote to be a stimulus to their exertions; whereas if the money was paid into their hands at the time, it would be an incentive to their industry.

The pumps which clear the cofferdams at the Admiralty quay were worked by deserters. All persons travelling in this country without passports are considered vagabonds, and are also liable to be so employed.

We must now dismiss Captain Jesse's well-written and informing volumes. Our extracts have carried us very widely away from the scenes and the subjects of Lieutenant De Butts's "*Rambles*," although we were pleased to join the two works together for certain

slight reasons. But not more different is the nature of the passages quoted, than is the policy observed towards the people of Russia, as compared with that which distinguishes the government of the crown colony of Ceylon. Even the Rhodians, whom the Cingalese used as badly and abhorred as deeply as ever the Pariahs were in India, have become attached to the British rule by the kindness shown to them; and being protected, encouraged, and made the objects of humane treatment, their civilization will no doubt follow; and therefore Queen Victoria has more cause to be proud of her subjects, and her throne is far more secure than that of the Emperor Nicholas, with his millions of serfs, and the splendours of a corrupt court.

ART. XV.—*Charles Swain's Poetical Works; including "The Mind," and other Poems.* Tilt.

A LARGE volume, "with numerous Illustrations in the style of Rogers' Italy," &c.: in other words, a publisher, that is to say, the public—when genuine poetry in the estimation of the many is a drug, and, what is worse, when everybody that writes essays to compose verses to the disgust of the tasteful and discerning—has been ready to receive and to appreciate a large, an ornate, and an expensive volume, filled with poetic pieces, just as that same public has welcomed and stamped with its approbation the works of other living men of genius. What need for more evidence of the quality of the present effusions than the facts at which we have glanced? Certainly Swain's poetry must be "made of the right materials;" otherwise how could these things be?

A collection of poems, many of which have passed through several editions, may be regarded as beyond the pale of any critical remarks, however brief these remarks may be. Still, an author who is assuredly destined not only to maintain an honourable rank among the acknowledged bards of the age, but to be quoted with gratefulness by posterity, is deserving of special notice when he appears in an attractive dress, and claims so much attention as the volume before us rightfully does. Well then, Charles Swain, who, Southey says, "was born to be a poet," proves the character of his vocation by the following evidences:—he is in earnest and he is sincere; he is tender and he is impassioned as the occasion may require; his taste is highly refined, and his mind is well cultured, but the poetic temperament sways his acquirements,—it is not made artificial by them. Sense—that which addresses itself directly to the heart and to the imagination—is of far more avail in his estimation than sound, albeit his sounds are melodious and singularly elegant—often rich like his fancies—always in harmony with his

theme. Take, for example, his poem "The Mind," which is composed in the cumbrous, yet stately and beautiful measure of Spenser; a poem, too, of that reflective cast which it is difficult to enliven by means of narrative or illustration, and you will find a powerful and an attractive production; while you are made to feel how strong and direct is the dominion of mind, in every, even the loftiest regions, be these of science or art, morals or religion, or in whatever sphere most fondly and mightily it expatiates and demonstrates man's immortal nature.

We cannot do better than to introduce a few specimens, although these must be familiar to many of the lovers of genuine poetry, by quoting from Wheeler's *History of Manchester* the following biographical particulars. "Charles Swain is, by birth, education, association, and feeling, 'a Manchester Man.' He was born in October, 1803, his father being a native of Knutsford, or its neighbourhood, and his mother of Amsterdam. He was sent in due time a pupil to the Rev. W. Jones, who conducted a well-supported school in George-street: under that gentleman his scholastic education begun and ended. At the early age of fourteen, his father having been dead eight years, Swain was put into the dye-works of his uncle, Mr. Tavaré, under whom, with what philosophy he might, the aspiring young man pursued the unpoetical avocation of a dyer for fourteen years. But, not to say it jestingly, dyeing was, and ever had been, uncongenial to the tastes of Charles Swain: he had caught a glimpse of Parnassus, and he longed to climb its dizzy height. While yet so young, he may be said to have been an imitator of the swan; for as that fair bird sings itself to death, so Swain whilst *dyeing* was ever tuning his harp in praise of the muses. He first appeared in print in the pages of the *Manchester Iris*, in some verses dedicated to Thalia. Three years subsequently, namely in March, 1825, a poem bearing his initials, and entitled 'The Escaped Convict,' graced the pages of the *Literary Gazette*; and from that time he contributed liberally to several of the magazines and other periodicals of the day. In 1827 he brought together these fugitive performances in a volume, 'Metrical Essays on Subjects of History and Imagination.' About the year 1830 he published his 'Beauties of the Mind,' which in 1832 he republished in a revised and expanded form under the title of 'The Mind, and other Poems.' In the same year he also sent forth a little Poem of great merit on the death of Sir Walter Scott, entitled 'Dryburgh Abbey.' This production may be safely said to have travelled over the world, the booksellers of the Continent and America having eagerly laid hold of and republished it. The 'Metrical Essays' elicited a warm and general eulogium from the metropolitan and provincial press; but 'The Mind' stamped Charles Swain's reputation in the literary world. Southey has said of it and of its author, 'Swain's poetry is

made of the right materials. If ever man were born to be a poet he was; and if Manchester is not proud of him *yet*, the time will certainly come when it will be so.' Charles Swain, it has already been remarked, was averse to dyeing. He hated logwood and turkey-red preparations; and it would seem the atmosphere of a dye-house (to him verily a 'lazar-house of many woes'), with its pestilent air inhaled during the day in conjunction with the oil of a midnight to closely adhered to, so shattered his health, that he was necessitated to change his pursuits. His constitution was, in fact, seriously deranged and as a lighter and more genial occupation, he located himself in a bookseller's shop, in partnership with Mr. Dewhurst. After a two years' trial, however, this undertaking was abandoned, and Mr. Swain has latterly entered the world as an engraver and lithographer."

These biographical notices and the samples of Mr. Swain's effusions which we are now to quote, must be interesting to candidates for poetic fame. The pieces should also show to the young, that mere fluency, and melodious versification have not been the Manchester man's chief merits; and that without more sterling and rare qualities no one need flatter himself with the hope of being read in second and third editions.

Our first specimen is called the "Village Queen," and has for its motto two lines from Mrs. Hemans. But its tenderness is truer and less sickly than most of the touching verses even of that lady.—

The nuts hang ripe upon the chesnut boughs;  
 And the rich stars send forth their clear blue light,  
 O'er glistening leaves, and flowers that, fond as love,  
 Perfume the very dew that bows their heads,  
 And lays their sweet and quiet beauty low!  
 And dream-like voices float upon the ear,  
 With mingling harmony of birds and trees,  
 And gushing waters! Beautiful is night—  
 And beautiful the *thoughts* she calls to birth!—  
 The *hopes* which make themselves immortal wings;  
 The *memories* that slow and sadly steal,  
 Like moonlight music, o'er the watching heart;  
 Yet, with a tone thus light, stirring the mind  
 To themes beyond a trumpet's breath to rouse!  
 My spirit wakes 'mid sad remembrances  
 Of one who shone the beauty of our vale,  
 The idol of our homes—our Village Queen,  
 Methinks I see her now!—the graceful girl!

Her home was small, but very beautiful:  
 A pastoral cot—midst mountain, rock, and vale.

An orphan youth,  
 The offspring of a distant relative,  
 Dwelt with the aged matron and her child,  
 And rose to manhood 'neath their generous roof:  
 Alas, for the return!—"Tis strange that one  
 So mild and gentle in her loveliness,  
 Whose life was simple as the wilding broom,  
 And happiest in the shade, should nurse so fond,  
 So deep a passion for a youth whose moods  
 Were ever wayward, gloomy, wild, and bold,  
 Jealous and proud—the passionate reverse  
 Of her sweet guileless self! And *yet* she loved,  
 With that intense affection, that deep faith,  
 Which knows no change, and sets but o'er the tomb;  
 'Twere vain to trace how step by step he fell—  
 How deed by deed he darkened into *guilt*,  
 And perished in his crimes!

Sweet Eleanor!—  
 Pale, blighted girl! she wither'd fast, like those  
 Who have no *earthly* hope; yet still she smiled,  
 And said she should be happy soon—and breathed  
 Like a young dying swan, her music tones  
 Of parting tenderness into that fount  
 Which might not hold them long—a mother's heart!

Oh! youth is like the *emerald* which throws  
 Its own *green* light o'er all!—even to the last,  
 She spoke of brighter hours, of happier days,  
 Of nights that bring no sorrow—no regret;  
 That she would love *none* but her mother now,  
 And *she* henceforth should be the world to her.

Do you behold where the lone rising moon  
 Tinges with holy light the village spire,  
 And brands with silver the far cypress boughs,  
 Bending, like Mercy, o'er the sorrowing brow,  
 And lonely heart, the weary and the worn?—  
 There, in her early tomb, reclines the pride  
 And beauty of our vale—The Village Queen.

The "Village of Scheveningen" is in a different and more powerful style. It is dashed off with a force analogous to the scene described:—

A startling sound by night was heard  
 From the Scheveningen coast;  
 Like vultures in their clamorous flight,  
 Or the trampling of a host.

It broke the sleepers' heavy rest,  
With harsh and threat'ning cry ;  
Storm was upon the lonely sea !  
Storm on the midnight sky !

The slumberers started up from sleep,  
Like spectres from their graves ;  
Then burst a hundred voices forth—  
The waves !—the waves !—the waves !

The strong-built dykes lay overthrown :  
And on their deadly way,  
Like lions, came the mighty seas,  
Impatient for their prey !

Like lions, came the mighty seas—  
Oh, vision of despair !—  
'Mid ruins of their falling homes,  
The blackness of the air.

\* \* \* \*

No mercy—no relapse—no hope—  
That night the tempest-tost  
Saw their paternal homes engulfed—  
Lost !—oh, for ever lost !

Again the blessed morning light,  
In the far heavens shone :  
But where the pleasant village stood  
Swept the dark floods alone !

There is great spirit also in the "Chamois Hunters :"—

I.

Away to the Alps !  
For the hunters are there,  
To rouse the chamois,  
In his rock-vaulted lair :  
From valley to mountain,  
See !—swiftly they go—  
As the ball from the rifle—  
The shaft from the bow,  
Nor chasms, nor glaciers,  
Their firmness dismay ;  
Undaunted, they leap  
Like young leopards at play ;  
And the dash of the torrent  
Sounds welcome and dear,  
As the voice of the friend  
To the wanderer's ear.

## II.

They reckon not the music  
 Of hound or of horn—  
 The neigh of the courser—  
 The gladness of morn.  
 The blasts of the tempest  
 Their dark sinews brace ;  
 And the wilder the danger,  
 The sweeter the chase.  
 With spirits as strong  
 As their footsteps are light,  
 On—onward they speed,  
 In the joy of their might :  
 Till eve gathers round them,  
 And silent and deep—  
 The white snow their pillow—  
 The wild hunters sleep.

There is a poem on Martin's "Nineveh," the rapidity of which is startling. Our selections also show the felicity with which Mr. Swain accommodates the measure of his verses to the thoughts and the purpose of the particular subjects. We quote the three first stanzas of the piece last mentioned :—

A deep and wild lament,  
 As of a nation's woes ;  
 With the fearful clash of battle blent,  
 And the shout of midnight foes :  
 The burning flash of a mournful sky—  
 And the startling thunder rolling by !

The city walls are red  
 With the life-blood of the brave ;  
 Mothers behold the forms fall dead—  
 They strive, in vain, to save !  
 Some rush amidst the ghastly strife,  
 And die—to shield a parent's life !

Mourn, Nineveh—thy halls,  
 Thy palaces o'erthrown,—  
 Thy gorgeous temples,—sculptured walls,—  
 Thy towers of brass and stone !  
 Mourn for thy power and glory fled !  
 Weep—'midst the ashes of thy dead !

One specimen more of the shorter and miscellaneous pieces.  
 Mrs. Hemans could hardly have matched "The Lyre:"—



A sound came floating by  
O'er the still beauty of the moonlight air ;  
Soft as a spirit's sigh,  
Soothing the death-couch of the young and fair.

A sound came floating free,  
A wild, and low, and melancholy sound,—  
A wandering harmony,  
Haunting the slumber of the woods around.

" Whence art thou ?"—murmured I—  
" Lone visitant of this deserted shrine,—  
Whence art thou ?—speak, reply—  
Answer, thou voice, this troubled heart of mine !"

" Ere yet the shadowy woods  
Waved their green honours to the breath of morn ;  
Ere yet the solitudes  
Echoed the song of thunders—I was born !

My voice was known and heard  
When Paradise grew glorious with the light  
Of angels ! and the Word  
Spake 'mid the stars of first created night !

My voice was *felt*, when first  
The gathering murmur of the deluge woke !—  
When, like creation's burst,  
Proud forests fell—and giant mountains broke !

Mine was the charm that thrilled  
Fair woman's breast with joys but found above ;  
And, like a fountain, filled  
Her heart's pure shrine with softness, grace, and love !

Mine was the breath that drew  
The patriot forth to guard his native shore ;  
When lances wildly flew—  
And cities trembled to the cannon's roar !

Upon my wings the prayer  
Of countless millions sought the Saviour's throne :  
My power is everywhere—  
In every heart—in every language known !

*Still* ask'st thou *what* am I ?—  
Go, ask the Bard whose visions I inspire ;  
And, oh !—*he* will reply,  
I am the Lyre !—the soul-exalting Lyre !"

## NOTICES.

ART. XVI.—*The Old Forest Ranger ; or, Wild Sports of India.* By Captain W. CAMPBELL, of Skipness.

A VERY handsome volume, full of spirit-stirring adventures and attractive descriptions. The Captain must have been a mighty hunter ; but although his hand appears to have been against every wild member of the feline tribes, found in forest jungle, nullah, or mountain chain, yet a more humane gentleman, we dare to say, does not breathe, or one who would speed further and faster to succour his fellow-creature. Indeed his sentiments and sympathies are frequently too tender, at least in the mode of expression for a Nimrod or a patron and practitioner of the deadly tube. But still he has a genius for magnificent and perilous sports ; and appears to be as cool as he is intrepid in the extremest moments. His brother is also an Indian sportsman of kindred tastes and skill, whose notes of experience have been laid under contribution in the concocting of this very elegant and well illustrated book.

The major portion of the volume was first published in the *New Monthly Magazine* ; we therefore shall merely cite one or two specimens of the entire work, going to what is new, or now for the first time given to the world.

Captain Campbell prefers hog-hunting to every other wild sport, if excitement is to be taken for the test. The chase in this sport is one of desperation, in respect of speed and generally of break-neck ground. The animal is almost as fleet as an Arab steed ; he clears ravines much more quickly ; “and his bottom is so great that unless you can press him hard enough to blow him, he will run for ever.” He invariably selects a line abounding in obstructions. But even should you come up with him the exploit of the hunter has not been achieved, the peril is not over :—

“If a boar is reached before he gets blown, he turns with great rapidity as soon as the leading horse is within a few paces of him, throwing him out, and making him lose much ground, even when well in hand, and turning readily. The second man then prepared to make his rush frequently takes the spear ; but it sometimes happens that half a dozen riders are thus baulked, in succession, by a speedy hog, before the contest ends. By this time being usually too much blown to run farther, the boar stands at bay, and charges every one who approaches. It is at this period of the chase that horses are apt to get ripped, without good management. Going slowly at the boar is very dangerous, for not only may a miss occasion an accident, but even if you spear him through the body, he can run up the shaft, and tear the horse's entrails out. But with a steady, bold horse, you have no right to expose him to any great danger. Go at the boar, at a smart gallop, and, as he meets you, strike straight down, while he is under your right stirrup, and whether you kill him dead or not, your speed will generally save you by wheeling off at the moment of delivering the spear. Fox-hunting and hog-hunting have often been compared. I never could trace

the resemblance. Can you compare a sport where you hunt and kill your game without the assistance of dogs, to one in which they do both? Can you compare the wild mad struggle for a mile or two, at the utmost pace of a fiery Arab, to the steady gallop of an hour or more, with fox-hounds?—Can you compare the chase of a boar, an animal that has frequently been known to kill a tiger, that stands at bay as soon as he gets blown, that fights to the last gasp, and displays more ferocity in his charge, and more determined courage in his last moments, than any other animal I have ever encountered, with that of the fox, which runs perhaps for twenty miles, and then dies a poor broken-hearted devil, torn to pieces by a hundred jaws?"

The Captain was stationed for several years, in a remote part of our Indian possessions, adjoining the Mysore frontier, and in the immediate vicinity of the great chain of Western Ghauts. Here,—

"In the pathless thickets of their eternal forests, untrodden by the foot of man, the tigress reared her young, and wandered, with her savage partner, into the smaller jungles of the plain, proving a scourge that drove every feeling of security from the humble dwellings of the wretched inhabitants. In such a country, inhabited by the poorest classes, living in small villages surrounded by jungle, and forced to seek their subsistence amongst the tiger's haunts, numerous casualties, of course, occurred, and I had frequent opportunities of studying the habits, and witnessing the ravages of this formidable animal. Some idea may be formed of the havoc committed by tigers, when I mention, from returns made to government, that, *in one district, three hundred men, and five thousand head of cattle, were destroyed during three years.* Whilst confined to the forest, the tiger is comparatively harmless. There, feeding principally on deer, he rarely encounters man, and when the solitary hunter does meet the grim tyrant of the woods, instinctive fear of the human race makes the striped monster avoid him. But in the open country he becomes dangerous. Pressed by hunger, he seeks his prey in the neighbourhood of villages, and carries off cattle before the herdsman's eyes. Still he rarely ventures to attack man, unless provoked, or urged to desperation. But under whatever circumstances human blood is once tasted, the spell of fear is for ever broken; the tiger's nature is changed; he deserts the jungle, and haunts the very doors of his victims. Cattle pass unheeded, but their driver is carried off; and from that time the tiger becomes a *Man-eater.*"

That which ministers to the amusement and luxury of the rich and the privileged, often proves destructive and ruinous to the poor and the unprotected. And yet the man-eater is no respecter of persons.

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ART. XVII.—*The Adventures of a Soldier; or, Memoirs of Ed. Costello, K.S.F.*

THERE has been a surfeit of military memoirs arising out of the Buonapartean war. In many of them there has been a vast quantity of egotism and no small share of gasconade. Some of the writers knew how to handle the pen much better than the sword. Others saw very little of war.

Officers, who generally speaking only become familiar with a section of military life, and feather-bed men have, of course, been the principal contributors; and endless have been the repetitions about the Duke in the Peninsula, and so forth; until this class of modern books is quite overgrown, continuing also to be still further swollen beyond all tolerable dimensions; so that it is with a shrug that we receive any new volunteer of the order.

If, however, there be some curiosity and welcome expressed, on hearing that the already huge library of military reminiscences is to be enlarged, it is when the announcement is coupled with a person who has done duty in the ranks, of a veteran soldier who has long known, witnessed, and felt the *actual* of the service, and all sorts of its vicissitudes in barrack, in camp, and in battle-field. Narratives of reality in all these spheres and respects have been written by privates, by non-commissioned officers, and also by some of the few who have been promoted from the ranks, through every gradation, to the eminence of field-officers; and generally we have found the narratives by such practical men to be informing, entertaining, and soldier-like. The present adventures are in all these respect about the best that we have met with, unfolding the *entire*, it may be said, of military experience, and every variety of condition, every sort of position in a Red-coat's career; with much less of the literal, and much more of the animated in manner than generally characterize the narratives of practical men. A rapid notice of our soldier's services and progress will indicate the variety and the interest that belong to his memoirs, which bear the stamp of genuineness and authenticity throughout.

First of all, he enlisted into the Dublin militia in 1806, afterwards volunteering into the Rifles, and serving throughout the Peninsular war, and at almost every one of the great scenes of the Duke's campaigns in that quarter; participating too, nay, distinguishing himself, in skirmish, and in siege, in battle, and forlorn-hope. One obtains from his spirited, graphic, and humorous pages, not merely a very complete idea of the progress and exploits of the British army through Portugal and Spain into France, but of the soldier's reckless and variegated existence; pillage and punishment, courting, drinking, bivouacking, and dying, all receiving their due and appropriate record. Nor do the people and the countries which the soldier had an opportunity of observing escape his lively descriptive powers. After the battle of Waterloo, where he was wounded, he had a pension of sixpence per day. It was not strange therefore that he should join the British Legion; and General Evans, having knowledge of his bravery and experience, appointed him lieutenant of a rifle regiment. Accordingly once more he buckled on the sword, reaping honour and renown on the sanguinary fields of Spain, where he was promoted to the rank of captain, receiving also, as a token of his brilliant services, the Order of St. Ferdinand from the government of that country. Now that he is again in England, we trust the veteran's pen, while like a shouldered crutch, will not unprofitably for him fight his battle o'er again.

ART. XVIII.—*Merrie England in the Olden Time.* By GEORGE DANIEL.  
2 vols.

WE write on the Eve of Christmas: but no, it won't do. We have not even time to read, much less to catechize George Daniel. Here, however, is a dip or two into his book. First, let us have a lyric chanting the by-gone romance of Bartlemy; for romance, and to overflowing, there is in London, as Mackay and Daniel know more genuinely than Ainsworth:—

“Don't you remember the third of September?

Fun's Saturnalia, Bartlemy Fair!

Punch's holiday, O what a jolly day!

When we fiddled and danced at the Bear.

Romping, reeling it, toe and heeling it,

Ham and vealing it, toddy and purl—

Have you forgot that *I* paid the shot?

*I* have not! my adorable girl!

With ranters and roysters we push'd thro' the cloisters,

Had plenty of oysters, of porter a pot;

*I* treated my Hebe with brandy, not (B. B!)

And sausages smoking, and gingerbread hot.

She whisper'd “How nice is fried bacon in slices,

And eggs”—What a crisis!—Love egg'd me on—

“My dearest,” said *I*, “*I* wish *I* may die

If we don't have a fry to-night at the Swan.”

How we giggled when Pantaloon wriggled,

And led a jig with Columbine down;

How we roar'd when Harlequin's sword

Conjur'd Mother Goose into the Clown!

To Saunders's booth *I* toddled my Ruth,

Saw *Master* and *Miss* romp and reel on the rope—

And it was our faults if we didn't both waltz,

My eye! with old Guy, Old Nick and the Pope.

Rigging's rife again, fun's come to life again,

Punch and his wife again, frolicsome pair,

Footing it, crikey! like Cupid and Psyche,

Summon each rum 'un to Bartlemy Fair.

Trumpets blowing, roundabouts going,

Toby the Theban, intelligent Pig!

His compliments sends, inviting his friends

To meet the Bonassus to-night at a jig.”

Now for a Bacchanalian:—

“A bumper at parting! a bumper so bright,

Though the clock points to morning, by way of good night!

Time, scandal, and cards, are for tea-drinking souls!

Let them play their rubbers, while we ply the bowls!

Oh who are so jocund, so happy as we?  
Our skins full of wine, and our hearts full of glee!

Not buxom Dame Nature, a provident lass!  
Abhors more a vacuum, than Bacchus's glass,  
Where blue-devils drown, and where merry thoughts swim—  
As deep as a Quaker, as broad as his brim!  
Like rosy fat friars, again and again  
Our beads we have told, boys!—in sparkling champagne!

Our gravity's centre is good vindigraive,  
Pour'd out to replenish the goblet concave;  
And tell me what rubies so glisten and shine,  
Like the deep blushing ruby of Burgundy wine?  
His face in the glass Bibo smiles when he sees;  
For Fancy takes flight on no wing like the bee's!  
If truth in a well lie,—ah! truth, well-a-day!—  
I'll seek it in '*Vino*,'—the pleasantest way!  
Let temperature, twankay, teetotallers trump;  
Your sad, sober swiggers at '*Veritas*' pump!  
If water flow hither, so crystal and clear,  
To mix with our wine—'tis humanity's tear.

When Venus is crusty, and Mars in a miff,  
Their tippie is prime nectar-toddy and stiff,—  
And shall we not toast, like their godships above,  
The lad we esteem, and the lady we love?  
Be goblets as sparkling, and spirits as light,  
Our next merry meeting! A bumper—good night!"

What say you to a lyric that should be sung by a Highland smuggler?

"Come merrily push round the toddy,  
The cold winter nights are set in;  
To a roquelaur wrapp'd round the body  
Add a lining of lamb's wool within!

This liquor was brewed by my grandam,  
In a snug quiet still of her own;  
'Tis fit for my Lord in his tandem,  
And royal King Will on his throne.

In the glass, see it sparkles and ripples,  
And how it runs merrily down!  
The absolute monarch of tipples,  
And richly deserving a crown!

Of mirth 'tis the spring and the fountain,  
And Helicon's stream to the Muse;  
The pleasantest dew of the mountain—  
So give it, good fellows, its dues.

It opens the heart of the miser,  
 And conjures up truth from the knave;  
 It makes my Lord Bishop look wiser,—  
 More frisky the curate, his slave.  
 It makes the glad spirit still gladder,  
 And moistens the splenetic vein;  
 When I can't see a hole through a ladder,  
 It mounts on the sly to my brain.  
 Then push round the glasses, be cosey,  
 Fill bumpers to whiskey and whin;  
 Good luck to each man, while his nose he  
 Hangs pleasantly over the brim!  
 There's nothing remarkably odd in  
 A gent who to nap is inclined:  
 He can't want a blanket while noddin',  
 When he's two or three sheets in the wind."

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ART. XIX.—*D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation in the 16th Century.*  
 Translated by W. K. KELLY, Esq.

THE *third* part of this translation, containing the *third* volume of the original, has been sent to us. We shall only at present notice the work in order to have an opportunity of stating that among the many fierce religious and ecclesiastical contests which are at this moment distracting kingdoms and nations, D'Aubigné's History has been the occasion of not a few printed disputations. Nor is the controversy confined to Catholics and Protestants, each in perfect unanimity as an antagonist to the other body. No: numbers who object strongly and conscientiously to the Romish creed and establishment have raised their voices to protest against the nature of D'Aubigné's representations,—to deny that he has truly stated facts, or fairly commented upon them. Of course some repudiate more, and others less of his views of the Reformation. But we understand that there are even Calvinists, as well as Lutherans, who question his authorities, and who do not go along with him uniformly in his attacks, defence, and vindications.

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ART. XX.—*Arago's Lectures on Astronomy.*

THIS is a member of the "Popular Library of Modern Authors." Arago's name is a sufficient recommendation of it. But when we add that cheapness is a principal feature in this series of publications, and that the notes by W. K. Kelly are pertinent, while they direct attention to the most recent and striking views of the subject, those who put any faith in our judgment may be induced to lay out a few pence for a pamphlet that will communicate far more of information and sublime delight than many a thick volume which has been written on the wonderful science of astronomy.

ART. XXI.—*A Manual of Electricity, Magnetism, and Meteorology.* By  
DIONYSIUS LARDNER, D.C.L.

THE present volume forms the Hundred and Thirtieth of the "Cabinet Cyclopædia," and the First on the subjects named in the title, one half of which is devoted to introductory matter, containing a comprehensive historical view. To what number of volumes the "Manual" is to extend we do not know; but judging from the importance of the sciences embraced, their connexion, and the very many recent discoveries which have been made in them—while numerous and deeply interesting, even in a practical sense, and as regards the hoped for application to mechanical purposes, are the researches that continue to be pursued in relation to each of the subjects of the "Manual"—we should say that this branch of the Cyclopædia must be voluminous.

ART. XXII.—*The Blue Bells of England.* By FRANCES TROLLOPE.  
3 vols.

WE have never been hearty admirers of Mrs. Trollope's novels, although, we trust, there has been no purblindness to her causticity, her graphic power, or her moral teachings, which are acute and real. Somehow or another, she appears to us to be everlastingly running her head against a post,—to be erratically determined. But these are symptoms of independency, if not of adventurous and uncontrollable genius. It cannot be denied that out of Miss Constance Ridley's visit and lionizing in the "Great Metropolis," she has worked a powerful and stinging novel. But then, she appears to us to have introduced names, characters, and scenes that belong not to the domain of fiction, and that ought not to be mentioned at all with approval or disapproval, under any term too significant to be misunderstood, without a moment's reflection,—and yet not boldly confronted. After all, the "Blue Bells" is a work which no other living author could have devised and produced. It cuts right and left, and will appear in more editions than one.

ART. XXIII.—*The Natural History of Exotic Moths.* By JAMES DUNCAN,  
M.W.S. (The Naturalist's Library.)

THIS volume of the least obtrusive Library that is published, not one division or volume of which has been slovenly written, or undertaken by an incompetent hand, contains a portrait and a short memoir of the eminent entomologist Latreille; an introduction and classification with descriptions in the usual manner of the work; and thirty-four beautifully, and, we doubt not, accurately-coloured plates. Some of the Moths are as glittering and golden as the eye can love to look upon, while the whole afford subjects of much deeper interest than will be readily imagined by persons who have never studied the natural history of insects, the transformations of the tiniest creatures that flutter in the sunbeams, or creep almost unseen.



ART. XXIV.—*The Local Historian's Table-Book.* By M. A. RICHARDSON.

THE "Table-Book of Remarkable Occurrences, Historical Facts, Traditions, Legendary and Descriptive Ballads, &c., connected with the Counties of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, and Durham," is published in Monthly Parts, of which a considerable number has appeared. A work of this kind, of course, will particularly interest the natives and inhabitants of the districts which it embraces. But these localities are wonderfully abundant of chronological, antiquarian, and biographical facts; while the traditions, the legends, and the ballads belonging to the Border counties, are not less curious and characteristic than they are manifold. To the general reader, therefore, the publication must be very acceptable. It is written and conducted by one who is manifestly minutely informed with regard to the Northern parts of England, and also an enthusiast in the work he has here undertaken. This Table-Book must be an excellent guide to strangers and summer tourists. It contains many pictorial illustrations.

ART. XXV.—*Brande's Dictionary of General Knowledge*, Part VIII.

THERE are inequalities in this Dictionary, as must ever be expected in a work where it is undertaken to treat of a vast variety of subjects. The compiler and condenser will have his pet themes; nor will he be on all occasions sufficiently well informed to confer character and infuse original knowledge. But we must say that, in so far as we have gone into any of the articles before us, this dictionary is one of the most satisfactory and generally useful books of the kind that have come under our observation. An immense quantity of matter is crowded into a small space; but certainly the result is objectionable, in so far as people whose sight has become dimmed are concerned.

ART. XXVI.—*The Chain Rule.* By C. L. SCHONBERG.

A VERY simple and useful manual of brief Commercial Arithmetic. It is not known but by few how easy it is to obtain a correct solution of the most complicated questions which arithmetic and the practical affairs of life offer for adjustment. There are problems belonging to proportion and involution that seem to defy any short, clear, and precise method of calculation. But examine the Chain Rule, and adopt its system, and any one will accomplish with perfect exactness what he before perhaps deemed impossible but by an expert Accountant.

ART. XXVII.—*History of Poland and Russia.* By Miss CORNER.

ONE of a series of works compiled for schools, and done with much more care in regard to amount of events and pertinency of observation than we find in the majority of abridgments for the young. The style of the book, however, is not always so correct and neat as we could have wished. The manner is inferior to the matter.

ART. XVIII.—*Poems.* By THOMAS MILLER.

THE Basket-maker seems to forget us, but we do not forget him. The proofs are at hand ; for we shall quote from his "Summer Morning," and it will tell its own tale. Nerve, sweetness, and what is fully as essential, truth, natural and commanding, belong to this and many of his other writings. Yea, it is good and pleasant to travel with the author of "A Day in the Woods," "Rural Sketches," and many other genial works. Says Thomas Miller,—

"Morning again breaks through the mines of heaven,  
And shakes her jewell'd kirtle on the sky,  
Heavy with rosy gold. Aside are driven  
The vassal-clouds, which bow as she draws nigh,  
And catch her scatter'd gems of orient dye,  
The pearl'd ruby which her pathway strews—  
Argent and amber now thrown useless by :  
The uncolour'd clouds wear what she doth refuse,  
But only once does Morn her sun-dy'd garments use.

No print of sheep-track yet hath crush'd a flower ;  
The spider's woof with silver dew is hung,  
And it was beaded ere the daylight hour ;  
The hooked bramble just as it was strung,  
When on each leaf the Night her crystals flung,  
Then hurried off, the dawning to elude ;  
Before the golden-beaked blackbird sung ;  
Or ere the yellow brooms, or gorses rude,  
Had bared their armed heads in lowly gratitude."

Charles Swain is peculiarly sweet and elegant ; but certainly no man ever went beyond Thomas Miller in real Claude-like painting of English scenery and home-felt sympathies. He is the Burns of England in this respect. He is rural without rusticity ; natural without roughness. Hear him :—

"The leaves 'drop, drop,' and dot the crisped stream  
So quick, each circle wears the first away ;  
Far out the tufted bulrush seems to dream,  
And to the ripple nods its head away ;  
The water-flags with one another play,  
Bowing to every breeze that blows between,  
While purple dragon-flies their wings display ;  
The restless swallow's arrowy flight is seen,  
Dimpling the sunny wave, the lost amid the green."

The "water-flags," &c. Thomas, you have been taught by nature, that is, truth ; you have angled, no doubt. You are a child of fresh nature.

# THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1842.

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ART. I.—1. *Interesting Facts connected with the Animal Kingdom; with some Remarks on the Unity of our Species.* By J. CH. HALL, M.D. Whittaker.

2. *Crania Americana.* By S. G. MORTON, M.D. Philadelphia.

DR. HALL's volume contains "the substance of a course of lectures on the animal kingdom, delivered at many of the scientific institutions of the metropolis." Following the classification of Cuvier, he gives a brief view of the chain of animated nature, from plant-animals to man; the greater part of the work being devoted to the consideration of the varieties of the *human race*, and the arguments as well as the conclusions being all strenuously in favour of the unity of our species, in opposition to sceptics and visionaries when they maintain that a plurality exist,—that both the *red* and the *black* man, are specifically divided not only from the *white*, but from each other. The manner of treatment and the nature of the facts adduced are such as are best suited to popular audiences, the author having studiously sought out whatever suggestions and illustrations he deemed would not only be most interesting, but most indicative of the breadth, the variety, the richness, and the importance of the domain designated Natural History. Comparative anatomy is an instructive and also an engaging study, the elements of which may be taught divested of all such technicalities as throw difficulties or dryness in the path of the general reader, as is demonstrated by Dr. Hall. Still, in preparing his Lectures for the press, we think he might have avoided some repetitions, and so combined or dovetailed certain facts and doctrines as would have told still more forcibly in the course of private perusal. As it is, his book is attractive, often impressive, and, upon the whole, valuable. His tone is earnest, serious, zealous, and religious; while his style is not more flowery, nor his sentiments more fervid than the object which he had in view by his teachings required, viz. to unfold, as well as to direct the student how to unfold for himself, many of the wonders and of the sublime truths contained in the book of nature.

"*Crania Americana*," by the Professor of Anatomy in the medical department of Pennsylvania College at Philadelphia, is a work of extraordinary value and interest, the result of great learning and ability, as well as of elaborate research. As its title in full announces, it contains "A Comparative View of the Skulls of various Aboriginal Nations of North and South America; to which is prefixed An Essay on the Varieties of the Human Species, illustrated by seventy-eight plates and a coloured map." The work was published a considerable time ago, and forms one of the great authorities to which Dr. Hall has recourse, the Transatlantic Professor's Comparative View, as well as the prefixed Essay,—the whole conducted with philosophic calmness and candour, with the most manifest desire to arrive at the truth, unswayed by theory or prepossession,—being calculated to convince every inquirer, even upon scientific ground, and by the evidences drawn from nature, that whatever may be the varieties of the great human family, nevertheless that they all constitute but one genus and one species. Both of our doctors are very open to phrenological arguments; and certainly, whatever may be said of the metaphysical reasonings of the school, or whatever may be the incredulity of many regarding the promised social and moral benefits of the science, yet in the walks of physiology its disciples and supporters have unquestionably distinguished themselves. We therefore hold that they are worthy of a patient and a confiding hearing when they muster facts and arguments concerning the unity of our species, drawn in the course of examinations of skulls, brains, nerves, &c.

Following the example of Dr. Hall, who has with due acknowledgments freely availed himself of whatever suggestions and illustrations suited his purpose in the writings of preceding naturalists, we now look into his pages for samples of interesting facts connected with the animal kingdom. Take first the development of insects as exemplified in the history of moths and butterflies:—

The butterfly deposits a small egg not larger than a grain of mustard-seed. This gives birth to a caterpillar, having the external appearance and mechanical structure of a worm (moved by no less than four hundred muscles), with this difference, viz. containing in its interior the rudiments of the future insect, concealed however from view by a great number of membranous coverings which are one after the other thrown off. While wearing this disguise the insect is termed larva, a name derived from the Latin; larva signifying a mask. Another change now takes place; the whole of the coverings of the body being cast off, the insect next assumes the form of a pupa, or chrysalis, being covered by a shroud, presenting no appearance of external members, and retaining but feeble indications of life. In this condition it remains some time longer, perfecting in secret the development of its organs; until the period arrives, when, emerging from its prison, bursting the fetters with which it was bound, the worm

has become furnished with wings, which enable it to rank among the gay inhabitants of the air, and with rapidity to soar onward from flower to flower, to waft itself from place to place, to visit new scenes of pleasure and delight.

Illustrative of the uniformity of the operations of nature, Dr. Hall aptly quotes a beautiful paragraph from a modern writer. We give fragments of it: "The lark now carols the same song, and in the same key, as when Adam first turned his enraptured ear to catch the moral. The owl first hooted in B flat, and it still loves the key, and it screams through no other octaves. In the same key has ever ticked the death-watch; while all the three noted chirps of the cricket have ever been in B since Tubal Cain first heard them in his smithy, or the Israelites in their ash ovens." "The tulip in its first bloom in Noah's garden, emitted heat, four and a half degrees above the atmosphere, as it does at the present day." "Corals have ever grown edgeways in the ocean stream. Eight millions two hundred and eighty thousand animalculæ could as well live in a drop of water in the days of Seth as now. Flying insects had on their coats of mail in the days of Japhet, over which they have ever waved plumes of more gaudy feathers than the peacock ever dropped." "There was iron enough in the blood of the first forty-two men to make a ploughshare, as there is to-day, from whatever country you collect them. The lungs of Abel contained a coil of vital matter one hundred and fifty-nine feet square, as mine; and the first inspiration of Adam consumed seventeen cubic inches of air, as do those of every adult reader."

Although illustrations clothed in language of the kind now quoted, which is also intended to be instructive in regard to particular subjects in natural history and physics, do in some of the cases proceed upon assumptions as to climate and as to creatures, that may hardly be consistent with the sobriety and strictness of science, yet unquestionably it is proper and necessary to investigate physiologically the minutest principles and parts of living and organized bodies. As Dr. Hall eloquently observes, the examination of things of the most trifling import apparently, often leads to the most important results." "They are like the marks in the forests by which an Indian detects the presence of friends or foes. A broken stick, a torn leaf, a flattened blade of grass, are signs many would pass over unnoticed; but to the practised eye of a denizen of the woods they are alike certain and expressive,—the key to the alphabet, by which he reads the book of nature. And so in ascending each succeeding step of the ladder of existence new relations are comprehended between facts, which before appeared confused and isolated; new objects for things that at one time appeared destitute of utility; new reasons for appreciating the wisdom of a Creator whose goodness is best discovered in studying his works, and whose

works an eternity would be insufficient to explore; new reasons for believing that Nature is but a name for an effect, whose cause is God."

The opening chapters of Dr. Hall's volume concern the different races of animals. He next proceeds to consider the manner of their original dispersion over the globe. Some naturalists, among whom Linnæus figures, suppose that one region at first formed the only part of the earth that was inhabited by the originals of all plants and animals, as well as of mankind,—a lofty range of mountains, from the base to the summit of which could be found all the climates of the Torrid, Temperate, and Frigid Zones. Others contend, and to this class our author belongs, certainly against the literal meaning of the Mosaic account, that living creatures originated in many different *foci*, that is, with the exception of the parents of the whole human race; which the most eminent naturalists and physiologists argue must have sprung from one pair, although "Virey has divided mankind into two species; Dumolins into eleven; and Borey St. Vincent into no less than fifteen; whilst the French Professor Broc adds to these numerous sub-genera."

The illustrations and the arguments which Dr. Hall brings forward to support the doctrine of the unity of our species, and the mode in which he accounts for the varieties of the human race, are gathered from accessible authors. He adopts, for instance, Dr. Pritchard's criteria. The general laws of the animal economy of all tribes and races are the same, such as the duration of life if placed in similar circumstances, and their susceptibility of the same contagions. Again, the diversities in mankind are strictly analogous to the varieties in form and colour which occur in the lower departments of the animal kingdom. How different are the colours of rabbits, cats, horses, &c. Local circumstances seem frequently to regulate colour. The swine of Piedmont are black, those of Norway, white, and those found in Bavaria, of a reddish brown. Such at least is the account given by Blumenbach, one of the very highest authorities. And he makes this remark,—“No naturalist has carried his scepticism so far as to doubt the descent of the domestic swine from the wild boar. I have no hesitation in saying that the difference between the cranium of the Negro and of the European, is not greater than that between the cranium of the wild boar and of the domestic swine.”

Some of our readers may not be aware that white Negroes are to be met with among the black races of Africa: and in a note we find Dr. Hall giving the following testimony: “My attention was drawn, a few days ago, by Mr. Charles Guthrie to a patient at the Ophthalmic Hospital. He was very tall, the features those of a Negro, the head long and narrow, and covered with crisp woolly hair. The skin was white, the hair yellow, and other characteristics

which were present convinced us that he was a true Albino. We were also made acquainted with the curious fact, that there is at present residing not far from London a child, the face, hands, arms, and neck of which are white, the legs and a portion of the abdomen being black. Some years ago a patient was brought to one of the London Hospitals partly black and partly white."

If it be said that these rare instances may arise from disease, or some unknown cause, so that they are to be dismissed as *lusus nature*, it may be answered that there are many instances "recorded wherein surprising peculiarities have made their appearance in a race or family, and some few in which these have been transmitted to their descendants. For example, a singular change has taken place in the physical characters of the Funge, the conquerors of Sennaar, who, though descended from the Shilickh Negroes, have no longer the genuine characters of the Negro race." Still, it must be admitted, and is so by Dr. Hall, that the striking peculiarities which have arisen in the human race at a remote and unknown period, and which have become the characteristic marks of large nations, such as the black skin of the African, present difficult and even mysterious subjects which will perhaps ever baffle human and scientific investigation; and after all Dr. Morton's view may be the safest and soundest, viz. "that the same Omnipotence that created man, would adapt him at once to the physical as well as to the moral circumstances in which he was to dwell upon the earth." He also says in the remarkable work to which we are about to direct attention, that "it is indeed difficult to imagine that an all-wise Providence, after having by the deluge destroyed all mankind except the family of Noah, should have there to combat, and with seemingly uncertain and inadequate means, the great object of their dispersion; and we are left to the reasonable conclusion, that each race was adapted from the beginning to its peculiar local destination. In other words, it is assumed, *that the physical characteristics which distinguish the different races are independent of external causes.*"

But while there are acknowledged difficulties and darkness belonging to these physical diversities, there are a far greater number, a much greater weight of corroboratives and proofs of unity and identity. Consider, for example, language, the power of speech, of reasoning, of imagining, of looking to a futurity, of worshipping and adoring, common to the Black, the Red, and the White! If you only examine skulls, the brain, the nervous functions of the most distant varieties, there will occur ample proofs of the unity. It is pertinently put by Dr. Hall, Is there any difference of an essential nature between the brain of a Negro and that of an European? In answer, he insists fairly that it is necessary to take the formation of the crania of the proper representatives of each race, and not such alone, say those of the despised and abused Africans, preserved in

Museums, and taken from unfortunate creatures kidnapped from the degraded class on the coast, or the offspring of slaves. According to this method of proceeding, any village in England might furnish to a collector, skulls that would impugn in a distant country our claims for intelligence and superior development. Nay, "the testimony of many writers may be added to prove that the black and woolly-haired inhabitants of Africa have frequently beautiful features, and scarcely differ in form from the European nations. Again, on the other hand, it may be remarked, that individuals are frequently seen among other nations who strongly resemble the more characteristic form of the African, and that examples might easily be found in which all the peculiarities of the Negro countenances are present. The fact is mentioned by Dr. Pritchard, and Soemmerring has cited Loder, who describes the skull of a Thuringian as affording the characteristics of the African race in a nation of Europe, and sprung from European parents."

But when the researches of Dr. Morton are examined and his facts and reasonings weighed thoroughly, the candid student will be convinced that there is no need for quoting exceptions in behalf of the doctrine of the unity of the human species, and that he may throw himself confidently upon general grounds and the unquestioned types of entire nations, be they Red, Black, or White.

The principal design of Dr. Morton's work has been "to give accurate delineations of the crania of more than forty Indian nations, Peruvian, Brazilian and Mexican, together with a particularly extended series from North America, from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic, and from Florida to the region of the Polar tribes. Especial attention has also been given to the singular distortions of the skull caused by mechanical contrivances in use among various nations, Peruvians, Charibs, Natches, and the tribes inhabiting the Oregon territory." He has also directed his particular attention to the crania met with in American mounds, which have been compared with relics found in similar conditions, and both of ancient and modern races, with the view of examining, by the evidence of osteological facts, whether the American aborigines of all epochs, have belonged to one race, or to a plurality of races.

We proceed to give an abstract of this very valuable and curious contribution to the natural history of man, part of which travels over old ground, and coincides with the views of former writers, a still greater portion of the volume however being striking illustrations in a new path, lucidly and learnedly arranged, developed, and urged to important conclusions.

The varieties of the human species have been the subject of great difference of opinions among naturalists, owing in a great measure to the imperfect knowledge possessed in this department of inquiry. Linnæus referred all the human family to five races. Buffon at one



time stood up for six, but afterwards came down to five; while Blumenbach, adopting Buffon's arrangement, changed the names of some of the divisions and designated with greater accuracy, their geographical distribution. Cuvier admitted three only, the Caucasian, the Mongolian, and the Ethiopian; Malté Brun proposes sixteen. Dr. Morton adheres to Blumenbach's arrangement in respect of divisions, but substitutes the term *race* for *variety*, and changing the order in which the German author considers some of them. He regards the human race as consisting of twenty-two families, which he places under the heads of the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Malay, the American, and the Ethiopian races.

The principal characteristics of each of these families are succinctly and clearly announced, although there can only be an approximation to truth in such general distinctions. Even the anatomical features of the races are still confined to a few particulars, while many of these have been drawn from the inspection of a very limited number of specimens. How imperfect then must be the knowledge of the mental qualities and faculties of the different families. Indeed this branch of science is only in its infancy; the specification of what is present and of what is wanting, bears, in respect of this department, no parallel with what botanical travellers, for example, have accomplished in the way of definition and classification.

The following, however, are the characteristics of the great divisions, according to Dr. Morton, together with the names of the subdivisions. The Caucasian Race,—containing the Caucasian, the Germanic, the Celtic, the Arabian, the Lybian, the Nilotic, and the Indostanic families,—“is characterized by a naturally fair skin, susceptible of every tint; hair fine, long and curling, and of various colours. The skull is large and oval, and its anterior portion full and elevated. The face is small in proportion to the head, of an oval form, with well-proportioned features. The nasal bones are arched, the chin full, and the teeth vertical. The race is distinguished for the facility with which it attains the highest intellectual endowments.”

The Mongolian Race, containing the Mongol-Tartar, the Turkish, the Chinese, the Indo-Chinese, and the Polar families, “is characterized by a sallow or olive-coloured skin, which appears to be drawn tight over the bones of the face; long, black, straight hair, and thin beard. The nose is broad and short; the eyes are small, black, and obliquely placed, and the eye-brows arched and linear; the lips are turned, the cheek bones broad and flat, and the zygomatic arches salient. The skull is oblong-oval, somewhat flattened at the sides, with a low forehead. In their intellectual character the Mongolians are ingenious, imitative, and highly susceptible of cultivation.”

The Malay Race, containing the Malay, and the Polynesian fami-

lies, "is characterized by a dark complexion, varying from a tawny hue to a very dark brown. Their hair is black, coarse, and lank, and their eye-lids are drawn obliquely upwards at the outer angles. The mouths and lips are large, and the nose is short and broad, and apparently broken at its root. The face is flat and expanded, the upper jaw projecting, and the teeth salient. The skull is high and squared or rounded, and the forehead low and broad. This race is active and ingenious, and possesses all the habits of a migratory, predacious and maritime people."

The American Race, containing the American, and the Toltec families, "is marked by a brown complexion, long, black, lank hair, and deficient beard. The eyes are black and deep set, the brow low, the cheek bones high, the nose large and aquiline, the mouth large, and the lips tumid and compressed. The skull is small, wide between the parietal protuberances, prominent at the vertex, and flat on the occiput. In their mental character the Americans are averse to cultivation, and slow in acquiring knowledge; restless, revengeful, and fond of war, and wholly destitute of maritime adventure."

The Ethiopian Race is divided into the Negro, the Caffrarian, the Hottentot, the Oceanic Negro, the Australian and the Alforian families, and "is characterized by a black complexion, and black, woolly hair; the eyes are large and prominent, the nose broad and flat, lips thick, and the mouth wide; the head long and narrow, the forehead low, the cheek bones prominent, the jaws projecting, and the chin small. In disposition, the negro is joyous, flexible, and indolent; while the many nations which compose this race present a singular diversity of intellectual character, of which the far extreme is the lowest grade of humanity."

Dr. Morton assumes the unity of the human species, contending that each race was adapted from the beginning, by an all-wise Providence, to its particular local disposition. In other words, that the physical characteristics which distinguish the different races, are independent of external causes. With regard to the American Race, whose colour he considers to be correctly designated, collectively speaking, by the phrase *brown race*,—although he remarks that while possessing this pervading and characteristic complexion, "there are occasional deviations, including all the tints from a decided white to an unequivocally black skin,"—we have a number of minute descriptions, especially of the *crania* of more than seventy nations or tribes, illustrated by admirable plates, drawn from skulls mostly in his own possession. He is strongly of opinion that this race is distinguished by certain physical traits that serve to identify its members in localities the most remote from each other. He also discovers in them numerous traces of a common origin, whether these specimens be of the barbarous nations of the new world, or of the

Toltecan family, which bears evidence of centuries of demi-civilization, now, however, lost. But the Polar tribes, or the Mongol Americans, he considers to be mixed families. He also names several subordinate distinguishable groups in the great American family.

When coming to the novel and more proper field occupied and elucidated by Dr. Morton, it will be seen that many of his details and inquiries bear upon the vexed question of phrenology. He thus speaks in his dedication to J. S. Phillips, Esq. of Philadelphia: "It may, perhaps, be thought by some readers, that these details (referring to his many measurements of crania and of regions of brain) are unnecessarily minute, especially in the phrenological tables; and again, others would have preferred a work conducted throughout on phrenological principles. In this study I am yet a learner, and it appeared to me the wiser plan to present the facts unbiassed by theory, and let the reader draw his own conclusions. You and I have long admitted the fundamental principles of phrenology, viz. that the brain is the organ of the mind, and that its different parts perform different functions; but we have been slow to acknowledge the details of cranioscopy as taught by Dr. Gall, and supported and extended by subsequent observers. We have not, however, neglected this branch of inquiry, but have endeavoured to examine it in connexion with numerous facts, which can only be fully appreciated when they come to be compared with similar measurements derived from the other races of men." His many minute details therefore are intended to elucidate the connexion, if there be any between particular regions, sizes, and forms of the skull and brain with particular mental qualities as discovered among the American tribes.

Taking it for granted that the brain is the organ of the mind, these questions next arise: First, has the size of the brain,—health, age, and constitution being equal,—any, and if so, what influence, on the mental powers and displays? Secondly, are particular mental powers indicated by particular portions of the brain? The Doctor's facts pursued and stated, without his being deterred by any prejudice which many entertain towards phrenology, and recognizing only the business of a philosophical inquirer, may be understood, together with the conclusions at which he has arrived, from the brief view now to be given.

We have seen that he divides the American nations into two great families, the *Toltecan* and *American*; and he thus speaks: "It is in the intellectual faculties that we discover the greatest difference between them. In the arts and sciences of the former we see the evidences of an advanced civilization. From the Rio Gila in California, to the southern extremity of Peru, their architectural remains are everywhere encountered to surprise the traveller

and confound the antiquary ; among these are pyramids, temples, grottos, bas-reliefs, and arabesques ; while their roads, aqueducts, and fortifications, and the sites of their mining operations, sufficiently attest their attainments in the practical arts of life." Dr. Morton has examined nearly one hundred Peruvian crania, and concludes that that country has been, at different times, peopled by two nations of differently formed crania, one of which is perhaps extinct, or at least exists only as blended by adventitious circumstances, in very remote and scattered tribes of the present Indian race. "Of these two families," he says, "that which was antecedent to the appearance of the Incas is designated as the *Ancient Peruvians*, of which the remains have been found only in Peru, and especially in that division of it now called Bolivia. Their tombs, according to Mr. Pentland, abound on the shores and islands of the great lake Ziticaca, in the inter-alpine valley of the Desaguadera, and in the elevated valleys of the Peruvian Andes." It is only from their tombs that any knowledge of their physical conformation has been obtained, the only difference from cognate nations being discovered from the head, "which is small, greatly elongated, narrow in its whole length, with a very retreating forehead, and possessing more symmetry than is usual in the skulls of the American race. The face projects, the upper jaw is thrust forward, and the teeth are inclined outward. The orbits of the eyes are large and rounded, the nasal bones salient, the zygomatic arches expanded ; and there is a remarkable simplicity in the sutures that connect the bones of the cranium." A drawing is presented as an illustrative type of the cranial peculiarities of this people, and is very remarkable, especially when compared with the modern Peruvian skull, afterwards to be noticed. The following is the description of the ancient specimen : "Though the forehead retreats rapidly, there is but little expansion at the sides, and from the face to the occiput, inclusive, there is a narrowness that seems characteristic of the race. The posterior view represents the skull elevated in that region, without any unnatural width at the sides, and the vertical view sufficiently confirms the latter fact." We pass over the Doctor's methods of measurement, but quote the results in the case of the ancient Peruvian :—

Longitudinal diameter . . . . .	7·3 inches
Parietal do. . . . .	5·3 do.
Frontal do. . . . .	4·3 do.
Vertical do. . . . .	5·3 do.
Inter-mastoid arch . . . . .	14 do.
Inter-mastoid line . . . . .	4·3 do.
Occipito-frontal arch . . . . .	15 do.
Horizontal periphery . . . . .	19·8 do.
Extreme length of head and face . . . . .	8·2 do.

Internal capacity . . . . .	81·5 cubic inches.
Capacity of the anterior chamber. . . . .	31·5 do.
Capacity of the posterior chamber . . . . .	50 do.
Capacity of the coronal region . . . . .	16·25 do.
Facial angle . . . . .	75 degrees.

This skull was found about a mile from the town of Arica, on the south side of a cemetery of ancient Peruvians. "The surface is covered with sand an inch or two deep, which being removed discovers a stratum of salt, three or four inches in thickness, that spreads all over the hill. The body (to which this had belonged) was placed in a squatting posture, with the knees drawn up, and the hands applied to the sides. The whole was enveloped in a coarse, but close fabric, with stripes of red, which has withstood wonderfully the destroying effects of ages, for these interments were made before the conquest, although at what period is unknown."

The average internal capacity of the Caucasian or European head, we are told by Dr. Morton, is at least 90 cubic inches. In three of the ancient adult Peruvians, he found it to be only 73. The mean capacity of the anterior chamber is about one half of that of the posterior, while the mean facial is but 67 degrees. It would, he says, be natural to suppose that a people with heads so small and badly formed would occupy the lowest place in the scale of human intelligence; whereas he considers it ascertained that civilization existed in Peru anterior to the advent of the Incas, and that those anciently civilized people constituted the identical nations whose extraordinary skulls are the subjects of his present inquiry. This discrepancy, if it should be afterwards proved by a larger induction of facts, will furnish, we should think, some important difficulties to phrenologists, who, although they may not insist that the absolute quantity of the brain gives the key to the ascertainment of the largeness of the mind, or the power of its manifestation, yet maintain that certain relative proportions of the different parts of the brain inform the inquirer with regard to the characters of nations and individuals.

A strenuous partizan phrenologist would be ready to argue that the ancient Peruvian skulls were compressed by art, and that consequently certain portions of the brain may thus have been displaced without being destroyed; just as the spine is treated, yet afterwards performs its proper functions, in the hump-back. But Dr. Morton, while discovering nothing remarkable about the conformation of the ancient Peruvians, as compared with the cognate nations, except in that of the head, is also satisfied "that it appears to be of the natural form, unaltered by art." He however finds

that mechanical pressure has been practised by certain Indian tribes ; those with the flat-heads, for example.

Dr. Morton has exhibited uncommon diligence and antiquarian skill in disinterring, as it were, the characteristics, physical, intellectual, social, and moral, of the ancient Peruvians ; so that his work, independently of the arguments which it furnishes in support of a doctrine regarding the unity of the human race, so accordant with that taught in Scripture, and by philanthropy and brotherhood, presents a rich treasury for the historian and the general inquirer into remote ages.

Before leaving the ancient part of his subject, we may state, according to certain of his descriptive remarks, that Atacama, the chosen sepulchre of the Peruvian tribes for many ages, possesses a climate which tends rather to the desiccation than to the decay of the dead, the sand and salt of the desert having contributed to the same end. In consequence of these circumstances, "the lifeless bodies of whole generations of the former inhabitants of Peru may now be examined, like those of the Theban catacombs, after the lapse of centuries, perhaps of thousands of years. The great number of desiccated bodies remaining in these regions, serve to convey an idea of the vast population that has, at different periods, derived its subsistence from that country."

Having noticed the barbarous custom of mechanically compressing the skull to a particular shape, practised by certain nations, we may add that Dr. Morton gives an interesting description of the instrument and process by means of which the flat-headed tribes of Columbia River accomplish their purpose ; and he remarks that, "besides the depression of the head, the face is widened and projected forwards by the process, so as materially to diminish the facial angle ; the breadth between the parietal bones is greatly augmented, and a striking irregularity of the two sides of the cranium almost invariably follows ; yet the absolute internal capacity of the skull is not diminished, and, strange as it may seem, the intellectual faculties suffer nothing. The latter fact is proved by the concurrent testimony of all travellers who have written on the subject." In 1839 the Doctor himself had an interview with a full blood Chenouk, in Philadelphia, who was twenty years old, and who had been three years in charge of missionaries. He had acquired great proficiency in the English language, and appeared "to possess more mental acuteness than any Indian I had seen, was communicative, cheerful, and well-mannered." Yet his skull was as much distorted by mechanical compression as any skull of his tribe, in Dr. Morton's possession. The measurements were these,—longitudinal diameter, 7·5 inches ; parietal diameter, 6·9 inches ; frontal diameter, 6·1 inches ; breadth between the cheek

bones, 6·1 inches; facial angle, about 73 degrees. According to our author, the forms of the skull produced by compression, never become congenital, even in successive generations, but the characteristic form is always preserved, unless when art has actually distorted it.

Returning to Peru and the modern race, viz., the Incas, who took possession of that region about the eleventh century of the Christian era—a period corresponding with that of the migration of the Toltecs from Mexico, the most civilized nation of that country, the modern Peruvians being therefore held to have had a common origin with the ancient Mexicans—we find Dr. Morton speaking in the following terms: “The modern Peruvians differ little in person from the Indians around them, being of the middling stature, well limbed, and with small feet and hands. Their faces are round; their eyes small, black, and rather distant from each other; their noses are small, the mouth somewhat large, and the teeth remarkably fine. Their complexion is a dark brown, and their hair long, black, and rather coarse.” Along with very considerable refinement and proofs of mental advancement, some of the observances of the Incas were those of gross and cruel savages. They paid little regard to matrimonial engagements. Polygamy was lawful, but not prevalent. Sensuality and filth were characteristic of them. The hair of their mummies abounds with desiccated vermin. Child-murder was common. Simplicity distinguished their religious system, and was divested of those bloody rites which were common with the Aztecs of Mexico. They believed in one God, in the immortality of the soul, and in future rewards and punishments. The sun and moon were the objects of worship, to which they erected temples and formed idols. They consecrated virgins, in the same manner as practised in modern convents. But while their religious system was simple and unstained with the bloody rites of neighbouring tribes, their funeral ceremonies were shocking and ferocious. On the death of a chief, a number of human victims—women, boys, and servants—were buried, to attend on the departed in the next world.

How different is the shape and the dimensions of a modern Peruvian head, compared with that of the ancient type already described! The skull of the *modern* is striking on account of its small size, and of its quadrangular form. “The occiput is greatly compressed, sometimes absolutely vertical; the sides are swelled out, and the forehead is somewhat elevated, but very retreating. The skulls are remarkable for their irregularity. The result of the measurement of twenty-three of the pure Inca skulls gives the mean of the internal capacity to be 73 cubic inches, “which is probably lower than that of any other people

now existing, not excepting the Hindoos." The mean of the anterior chamber is 32, of the posterior, 42, of the coronal region, 12 cubic inches. The highest measure of the coronal region is 20.5, and the smallest, 9.25 cubic inches. The mean facial angle is 75 degrees. The heads of nine Peruvian children appear to be nearly, if not quite as large, as those of children of other nations at the same age.

The modern Peruvians were conquered by Pizarro with an insignificant force. This fact, together with several other remarkable agreements with phrenological nomenclature and asserted functions, has been heartily welcomed by members of that school.

We next notice a skull which differs very widely, as represented in a drawing, from each of the two of which we have already given a brief account. It is of a Huron, one of the five nations composing the Iroquois confederacy. These tribes "were proud, audacious, and vindictive, untiring in the pursuit of an enemy, and remorseless in the gratification of their revenge. Their religious ideas were vague, and their cautiousness and cunning proverbial. They were finally subdued and nearly exterminated by the Anglo-Americans in 1779. Some miserable remnants of them, ruined by intoxicating liquors, still exist in the state of New York." The following are the average measurements of the skulls of these nations: internal capacity, 88; coronal region, 15; anterior chamber, 31.5; posterior chamber, 50 cubic inches.

We shall not go further into any of the more minute descriptions and measurements of tribes and nations, such as of the skulls of Chilians, and so on. Indeed, without a patient perusal of Dr. Morton's work, to which other hands have contributed, it is impossible fully to understand his principles and details of measurement, or to be able to compare them with phrenological rules. Enough has been said and quoted by us, however, to direct persons curious in such investigations to the great and novel work before us, from which we shall now extract some of the general results arrived at by the Professor.

He tells us that the intellectual faculties of the Great American family appear to be of a decidedly inferior cast, when compared with those of the Caucasian and Mongolian races. "They are not only averse to the restraints of education, but for the most part incapable of a continued process of reasoning on abstract subjects. Their minds seize with avidity on simple truths, while they at once reject whatever requires investigation and analysis. Their proximity, for more than two centuries, to European institutions, has made scarcely any appreciable change in their mode of thinking or their manner of life; and as to their own social condition, they are probably in most respects what they were at the primitive epoch of their existence. They have made few or no improvements in building their



houses or their boats." Dr. Morton goes on to say, that their inventive and imitative faculties are of a low order. They have no taste for the arts or sciences. Even when they have been educated well, in regard to language, and have tasted for years the blessings of civilized life, they never lose an innate love of their own national usages, and generally resume them as soon as an opportunity offers. "However much the benevolent mind may regret the inaptitude of the Indian for civilization, the affirmative of the question seems to be established beyond a doubt. His moral and physical nature are alike adapted to his position among the races of men, and it is as reasonable to expect the one to be changed as the other. The structure of his mind appears to be different from that of the white man, nor can the two harmonize in their social relations except on the most limited scale." Every one knows, however, that the mind expands by culture; nor can we yet undertake to tell how nearly the Indian would approach to the Caucasian after education had been bestowed on a single family through several successive generations.

We subjoin one of the Professor's tables, with certain explanations not only as giving a striking diversity of *internal capacity of the cranium in the different races of men*, but as a proof of his excessive pains-taking and perseverance; a perseverance not yet exhausted. At least, when the present work was sent to the press, he said that his task was not yet completed, and that he hoped to publish a "supplementary volume, in which it will be my aim to extend and revise both the anatomical and phrenological tables, and to give basal views of at least a part of the crania delineated." Now for the table:—

Races.	No. of Skulls.	Mean internal capacity in cubic inches.	Largest in the series.	Smallest in the series.
1. Caucasian .	52	87	109	75
2. Mongolian .	10	83	93	69
3. Malay . .	18	81	89	64
4. American .	147	80	100	60
5. Ethiopian .	20	78	94	65

The Caucasians were, with a single exception, derived from the lowest and least educated class of society; the number of individuals in each nation being as follows:—

Anglo-American . . . . .	6
German, Swiss and Dutch . . . . .	7
Celtic, Irish and Scots . . . . .	7
English . . . . .	4
Guanché (Lybian) . . . . .	1
Spanish . . . . .	1
Hindoo . . . . .	3
Europeans not ascertained . . . . .	23
Total . . . . .	52

The Mongolians that were measured, consisted of Chinese and Esquimaux, and what appeared remarkable to Dr. Morton was that three of the latter gave a mean of 86 cubic inches, while seven Chinese gave but 82.

The Malays embraced Malays Proper, and Polynesians, thirteen of the former and five of the latter; the mean of each presenting but a fractional difference from the mean of all.

The Ethiopians were all unmixed negroes, and nine of them native Africans. Respecting the American Race, this is given as an appendix to what has been detailed in the work, and is a very striking fact,—that of the American nations the Peruvians had the smallest heads, while those of the Mexicans were something larger, and those of the barbarous tribes the largest of all; viz.—

Toltecan nations	{ Peruvians . . . . .	76 cubic inches.
	{ Mexicans . . . . .	79 do.
	{ Barbarous tribes . . . . .	80 do.

We conclude with two passages from Dr. Hall's volume:—

Such are the races of men. How different their complexions—how peculiar their formation! and yet Dr. Morton, after years of laborious research, comes to the same conclusion as the most distinguished writers on the varieties of the human species,—viz. that the different races of men constitute but one genus and one species. The geographical distribution of the human race is doubtless one of the most interesting problems in history; the oldest records seldom allude to an uninhabited country; and we have already seen that seas and mountains have presented but trifling barriers to the peopling of the earth. The condition of our species under these infinitely varied circumstances is less the effect of coercion than of choice. Thus the Esquimaux, surrounded by an atmosphere that freezes mercury, rejoices in his snowy desert, and languishes in misery when removed to what we consider a more genial climate. On the other hand, the inhabitant of the burning plains of the torrid regions of Africa, oppressed by a vertical sun and often delirious with thirst, fancies no other part of the world so delightful a paradise as his own. The arid province of Chaco in Paraguay, which the Spaniards describe “as a desert,” is the abode of forty Indian tribes, who think no part of the world so desirable or delightful.

Another singular circumstance may be mentioned illustrative of this subject, viz. that the most extensive migrations have been for the most part confined to the Temperate Zones. It is rare, for example, to discover the Polar tribe wandering to the south, or the people of the Torrid Zones attempting to establish themselves in a colder climate. It is in the civilized nations of modern times, in which the spirit of migratory enterprise knows no limit, that exceptions to this rule are to be discovered.

The fact that Europeans, those nations who are said to stand at the top of the intellectual scale—to have the finest brains, can live in the Torrid as well as in the Frigid Zone, ought to go far to prove their identity in regard to origin, with the natives of those extreme regions. The passage we have last of all to copy out from Dr. Hall's work harmonizes well with our own sentiments, and forms a good close to our paper:—

The result of this investigation enables us to conclude that the three sons of Noah overspread and repopled the earth. This is so expressly stated in Scripture, that had I not to reason against those who unhappily disbelieve such evidence, we might here stop. Let us, however, once more consider how far the truth of this declaration is substantiated by other evidence. Enough has been written to prove that there is a curious, if not a remarkable analogy between the predictions of Noah on the future descendants of his three sons and the actual state of those races generally supposed to have arisen from them. Cuvier and other learned physiologists are of opinion that the primary varieties of the human form are but three, the Caucasian, Mongolian, and Ethiopian. This number corresponds with that of Noah's sons: assigning, therefore, the Mongolian race to Japheth, and the Ethiopian to Ham, the Caucasian—the noblest race—will belong to Shem, the third son of Noah, himself descended from Seth, the third son of Adam. That the primary distinctions of the human varieties are but three, has been further maintained by the erudite Dr. Pritchard, who, while he discards the nomenclature both of Blumenbach and Cuvier, as implying absolute divisions, arranges the leading varieties of the human skull under three sections, differing from those of Cuvier only in name. That the three sons of Noah, who were “to replenish the earth,” and on whose progeny very important destinies were pronounced, should give birth to different races, is what might reasonably be conjectured. Still, that the observations of those who do, and of those that do not believe the Mosaic history, should tend to confirm its truth, by pointing out in what these three races do actually differ, both physically and morally, is, to say the least, a singular coincidence. In short, it amounts to presumptive evidence that a mysterious and very beautiful analogy pervades throughout, and teaches us to look beyond natural causes, in attempting to account for effects apparently interwoven in the plans of the Omnipotent.

ART. II.—*The History of Texas.* By N. D. MAILLARD, Esq. Smith, Elder, and Co.

MAILLARD'S *History of Texas*, from the Discovery of the Country to the present Time; and the Cause of her Separation from the Republic of Mexico, is as wholly anti-Texan as it is possible for any man, even for Mr. Kennedy, to be thoroughly on the opposite side. But the one-sidedness of the author before us may be more easily accounted for, according to his own showing, than the partiality evinced by the other writer; for we learn that, having arrived in Texas at the beginning of 1840, in search of better health, remaining only till the following July, but having in the meanwhile been called to the Texan bar, he returned with a more decided hatred of the land of promise than can easily be explained as the result of such short experience. Perhaps, in the very circumstance of having chosen Texas for a "barrister-at-law's" sphere of ambition may be discovered that over-sanguine temperament which naturally rushes to extremes, and displays revulsions as violent as they are sudden. Be this as it may, we have as indignant and as disparaging a history as ever we perused of any new country; so indignant and bitter indeed towards Texas itself and its Yankee colonists on the one hand, and so favourable towards Mexico and all that is Mexican on the other, that such a picture could only be produced by the darkest colours when opposed to the brightest. It requires these brilliant and winning features to be studied as well as the composition of what on the other side is gloomy and revolting, before any satisfactory mode of accounting for the present phenomenon can be reached; whereas, he who is extremely anxious to arrive at the intermediate truth, perhaps will do well to blend the component parts of the two pictures into a new and a single work of his own.

Mr. Maillard's production is not so elaborate nor so workman-like as that by Mr. Stephens, although he appears to have as freely adopted the compiler's scissors and paste. He first gives us a rapid sketch of the history of Texas. The geography, the topography, and the statistics of the country follow; the use of transatlantic documents, not a few of them requiring confirmation by impartial testimony, being unreasonably liberal. His suggestions and warnings to emigrants are more worthy of attention; although he cannot be supposed to have actual experience to any very wide and minute extent for his corroborations. He does not deny that there is fertile land in the country; that is, on the levels towards the sea. But then, according to him, this belt is much flooded in the rainy season, at the same time that it is unsusceptible of draining. The insects that by other writers are stated to be very troublesome, are represented by Mr. M. as terrible pests, rivalling Egypt in these

respects even as depicted in the days of Pharaoh's plagues. This is not all ; the climate he pictures, contrary to former describers, as on a par with the animated enemies. We quote part of his account relative to this evil :—

The territory of Texas, extending from 27 deg. 30 min. to the 42nd parallel of North latitude on the West, and from about the 29th to the 34th of North latitude on the East, and from about 94 deg. 30 min. of West longitude, is exposed on the Southern and Eastern extremities, and for two or three degrees from the coast towards the interior, to all the varieties and inconveniences of a Tropical climate ; and on the Northern and Western, from about the 35th of North latitude, to the perpetual snow and frost of the Frigid Zone. This region, however, is visited during the summer months by an ardent sun ; while the atmosphere throughout the former of the last-named limits is either very wet, cold, or sultry. At the beginning of spring (March) it is generally very wet and cold, the thermometer seldom rising above 45 deg. ; but towards the close of the spring (May) it suddenly becomes sultry, the thermometer reaching as high as 95 deg. This sudden transition produces among the inhabitants fever and ague, congestive and jungle fever, while vegetation makes but little progress.

In summer, the ordinary range of the thermometer is from 95 to 105 deg. ; but it frequently touches 125 deg., when the rapid progress that vegetation makes appears almost supernatural ; and the sun, by imparting vitality to every species of filth on the surface of the earth, fills the air with innumerable tribes of insects, whose existence renders life an intolerable burden. This season also brings its epidemics, yellow and bilious fevers.

In autumn, the thermometer falls gradually until it reaches 60 deg., and the weather becomes more congenial for a short time ; when the autumnal rains or rainy season sets in, and continues all through the winter and greater part of the spring, accompanied by awful thunder, lightning, and northerly winds, which search the frame with an indescribable acuteness.

The baneful influence of these sudden transitions of the atmosphere on the animal is only equalled by their destructive influence on the vegetable family that covers the face of the earth, which is as rich as any in the world ; but everything it produces, whether planted by nature or the hand of man, is no sooner above ground than it is matured, and vanishes as if by some convulsive effort of nature. The flowers on the prairies are of a single day's creation, showing themselves in all their primitive and exquisite beauty in the evening ; but the next day's sun reduces them to a cinder or inundates them with water, which varies in depth (during the rainy season) from eighteen inches to four, and in some places eight feet. At the close of this season these waters do not disappear.

True, the higher regions are not so polluted and pestiferous ; but then these, according to our author, are the habitations of savage and warlike Indians, who, besides, are hostile to the sympathizers ; and therefore settlers ought to shun them. Even the White col-

nists are composed of desperate characters ; and such is the condition of the finances of the republic that loans on its credit are in the worst odour. As respects labourers, the country is represented as unpromising ; seeing, that, independent of the various drawbacks already mentioned, the existence of slavery renders the employment of free persons disreputable.

The history of Texas for the last fifty years has been chiefly that of revolution and bloodshed, and on the part of speculators and adventurers, as well as of the Mexican strugglers to maintain an uncertain authority. The present possessors and rulers of the country are the vilest rebels and invaders, in the view of Mr. Maillard ; whilst those who have abetted them stand chargeable with the grossest inconsistency and error. He says,—

Those who believe what Mr. Kennedy and others of his category have written of Taxes and the Texans, Mexico and the Mexicans, will of course doubt the impartiality to which I lay claim. But let them for one moment reflect upon the identity of causes, principles, and men who robbed Mexico of Texas, and of those who wanted, and still want, to rob this country of the Canadas. There is not a public writer in England who does not fully understand and detest the character and designs of the sympathizers of the north ; and yet (if we are to attribute reviews to the editors of the papers, where they have appeared, and not to other influences) there is scarcely one who does not profess to believe Mr. Kennedy's description of the modern Texan, who is neither more nor less than a sympathizer of the south, who has succeeded in his object. Why should the same man be an execrable villain on the frontier of Canada, and a worthy Texan on the borders of Mexico ? And why should the same deeds which are decried and punished in the north, not be equally so in the south ? Crimes do not change their nature, nor the rights of nations vary, with a mere difference of latitude : the Mexicans, exposed to similar outrages with ourselves, have had and have the same right to resist them ; and while we reject the doctrines and sympathies of Mr. W. Lyon Mackenzie as treasonable and destructive to ourselves, in common justice we must equally repudiate the doctrines and sympathies of Mr. William Kennedy, as promoting treason and sedition against the Mexicans.

Again,—

The invasion of the United States by Mexico, by every law of nations, would have been fully justified by the example of General Jackson in Florida, the then recent invasion of Mexican territory by the United States' army under General Gaines, and the open recruiting in New Orleans and the southern states of soldiers to fight in Texas, and to be paid by large slices of that Mexican territory. It is a feature distinctive of the diplomacy of the United States to understand the laws of nations in one sense as they affect themselves, and in quite a different as they affect their neighbours. Hence arose the loud outcry respecting the outrage to their territory in the affair of the *Caroline*, though nothing compared to that committed by

themselves upon the sovereignty of Spain in Florida, and of Mexico in Texas; and hence will arise the necessity of the nations of the world putting down the North-American republic entirely, unless they consent to be guided by the same rules which they apply to others, and to exercise that repressive authority over their frontier population that will permit their neighbours to live in peace and safety. I would recommend my Lord Palmerston to read an exceedingly well-written and able pamphlet by the Mexican general, Don Jose Maria Tornel, formerly secretary-of-war, entitled *Texas, and the United States of America in their Relations with the Mexican Republic*, as showing the perfidious policy, and worse than Punic faith, of the United States to Mexico, and the true origin of the base and ungrateful rebellion of the Texans. No one who will read that pamphlet, and carefully consider its contents with relation to the facts stated, will fail to deplore the recognition of Texas as a great calamity,—to consider the conduct of General Jackson, and his administration in that affair, as a blot in the history of the United States,—and to concur with Senor Tornel, who condenses his opinion of the political creed of the North-American republic in these emphatic words: “their desire is their right, and their own convenience is their justice.” If this hold true of the North-Americans, which I believe it does, it holds doubly true of those citizens of the United States who have usurped Texas, and there assumed to themselves a local habitation and a name, at the expense of the owners of the soil, and of the British creditors of Mexico, and to the scandal of all the good and just amongst mankind.

But it is not necessary that we dwell upon the political. The following statement of events, however, has an historical importance, enabling the reader also to perceive what are our author's views of the share which the Anglo-Americans had in the present occupation of Texas, a country which, to take a moderate and unempassioned method of expression, seems, if not destined to reach the loftiest eminence in the rank of nations, may yet figure conspicuously in a mercantile and productive capacity.

In accounting for the change of relations that has arisen with respect to Mexico, and its independence as formally recognized by a treaty of amity and commerce with England in 1825, we are told:—

The Mexicans, having obtained the recognition of their independence by England, soon found the means of effacing the last remains of Spanish power in Mexico; and energetic measures were taken by the illustrious Victoria (president of the Mexican republic, and champion of abolition) to improve the condition of the internal provinces of the republic; and with this view a national colonization-law was passed by the Mexican congress, March 24, 1825. Many Americans from the United States availed themselves of this law to settle in Texas. Bred in a country which is the hot-bed of slavery, and where they were taught to live by the sweat from the brow of their fellow-creatures, rather than apply themselves to any industrious pursuit to get their daily bread, they (the Anglo-Americans) were

not above recourse to base stratagem to perpetuate the horrors of slavery, and so pollute the institutions of a free people by their presence. During the period that elapsed between the passing of the act by congress, and the promulgation of the decree by the president for the abolition of slavery, the Anglo-Americans previously settled in Texas had time to get their slaves bound to them as apprentices for the term of ninety-nine years, which they did, and thus the law was evaded by all new-comers. The news of the abolition of slavery by Mexico soon spread far and wide over the United States of America. By the northern states of the union it was well received, while the slave-holding states of the south viewed it with serious apprehension; and agents were immediately sent from New Orleans to Mexico to revolutionize the country, and thus produce bloodshed and fresh scenes of horror, which were to be attributed to the emancipation of the slaves. These agents, amounting to three or four hundred, with Mr. Poinsett (himself a Virginian slave-holder), the representative of the United States, at their head, formed themselves into a society of a masonic order; and as such they commenced their work by attacking in a violent manner, through the press, the Escoceres, or Scotch lodge of masons, in which, however, be it known, there never was any British subject. The Escoceres were opposed to slavery, and unremitting in their exertions to get the decree for its abolition promulgated, in which they no sooner succeeded than they abandoned the field to their opponents of the New-York lodges, of which several North-Americans, and some French and Italian adventurers, were very active members. From the fall of San Antonio in 1813, Texas remained but little disturbed until the spring of 1827, when an attempt was made by a handful of desperate characters from the United States to establish Texas as an independent republic, under the name of Fredonia. But the Anglo-American colonists who entered Texas with Austin, and who were at this period most busily employed in cultivating their newly acquired domains, refused to engage in this rebellious scheme; and, failing to gain the co-operation of the native Indians, the Fredonian government was soon dissolved, and the rebels killed or dispersed by the Mexicans. The principal objection of the Fredonians to the Mexican government, says Mrs. Holley, was, that it "prohibited slavery within its territory." And indeed she might have added, that it was the only real objection the Texans could by any possibility bring at any subsequent period against the government of Mexico to justify their conduct towards the Mexicans, who were, in truth, their generous benefactors. Although the Fredonian scheme failed, yet it suggested to others the idea of attempting similar undertakings; and from this period Anglo-American colonists, who amounted to about 8000 souls, seized every opportunity of opposing the federal government of Mexico, by whom they were at all times treated with the most profound consideration, and to whom, as I have before stated, the Texans owed an indubitable debt of gratitude. However, their opposition to the federal government at last became so intolerable, that the Mexican authorities sent a large body of troops into Texas; and thus order would in all probability have been maintained, but for the revolution which was then raging in Mexico.



During the conflicts that occurred with uncertain results, there were the atrocities and massacres of frequent occurrence, and on each side, that have disgraced Spanish and also American wars. The attack of Alamo, for instance, in the progress of which David Crockett met his death, exhibits Santa Anna in his blood-stained career, and when the Texans were obliged to cry for quarter, but which was refused. A retreat being attempted, those who crossed the walls were cut down. Another person of considerable notoriety was slain,—the man who invented the "Bowie-knife," which, we are told by Mr. M., is the tenant of every Texan's bosom. This person was Razin Bowie, who receives this obituary:—

Bowie was a reckless drunkard, who had squandered his property, and was subsequently obliged to fly from his country (the United States), for slaying a man in a duel. This fact is well known in Texas, and was thus told me by a friend of Bowie's, who was present when Razin Bowie fought a duel with knives across a table at the Alamo, a few days before Santa Anna took it. His first duel was fought at Natchez, on the Mississippi, in the fall of 1834. A dispute arose at a card-table, in the middle of the day, between Bowie and a man named Black. The lie was given by Bowie to his opponent, and at the same moment drawing his knife, (which was a case one, with a blade about four inches long, such as the Americans always carry in their pockets), he challenged the man to fight, which was accepted; and Black having taken his seat opposite Bowie, at a small square table, the conflict began. It had lasted about twenty minutes, during which time both parties were severely cut, when Bowie rose from the table, and with a desperate oath rushed upon his antagonist, who immediately fell dead at his feet. The inconvenience felt by Bowie on this occasion from the smallness of the knife, having called forth the exercise of his debauched and sanguinary mind, he invented a weapon which would enable him, to use his own words, "to rip a man up right away." This task he accomplished during his exile in Texas, and which was the only legacy he could leave his young and adopted republic; indeed, it is all she can show of her citizen, his body having been burnt by the Mexicans, and his ashes swept from the face of the earth by the passing winds. The real Bowie-knife has a two-edged blade, about nine inches long, slightly curved towards the point, and sufficiently thick in the back to serve as a chopper, in which way it is very formidable, but not so much so as in thrusting; the blade is covered with a sheath, and, when neatly got up, as some of them are, it forms a pretty ornament enough when peeping from under the corner of the waistcoat, or over the waistband of a pair of Texan trowsers. I need scarcely apologise to the reader for this digression, as the record of the fate of all such monsters is due to the lovers of humanity.

Santa Anna's reverses soon followed, and Texas became to all political and territorial results independent, that independence having at length been recognized, not merely by several of the continental powers of Europe, but by Lord Palmerston in the name of

England. If, however, we are to take the present author's account as correct, the governors of Texas are at this moment in a bad plight, not only because their credit as borrowers is gone, and because the affairs of the Republic are in an embarrassed condition, but because a war with Mexico appears inevitable, and the savage hostile Indians threaten the new state, and terribly alarm the settlers. And of what or of whom are these settlers composed?

This is Mr. Maillard's statement in answer to such a question:—

The present inhabitants of Texas consist of three distinct classes—Anglo-American, or whites, about 54,088; Indians, 80,000; and Negroes, 10,000 to 12,000: in all, 156,088. The first profess civilization; the second wander over the face of the country, and contend for their primitive rights, lands, and freedom; the third are exposed to the degradation and horrors of slavery in its worst forms. There is not a subject connected with the history of Texas that has been so grossly misrepresented, as that of the character and numbers of the white population; and this has obviously been done for several reasons. The exaggerated accounts commenced with the scheme for the separation of Texas from Coahuila, which could only be mooted, as it was in 1834, on the ground that Texas possessed "the necessary elements to form a separate state," viz. "a population of 80,000 souls." To reach this standard, it was necessary to multiply hundreds by thousands; and since the Texans have established their independence, they have been impelled to continue the estimate-system on which they started first, to make it appear to the people of the United States that the white population is sufficiently numerous to afford peaceably disposed emigrants every protection against the Indians and the millions of Mexicans; and lastly, the greatest object of all is to deter the Mexicans, by swelling the Texan might, from attempting to reconquer the country.

Again,—

The white population of Texas are called "Texans,"—a new-born race, hatched in the United States, and recently enrolled in the list of civilized nations. Having thus far merely described their political history, I shall proceed to bring forward their manners, habits, and customs, which have been industriously misrepresented to the English people. The Texans are generally styled the first offspring of America, and the grandchildren of England. As such they become interesting objects of inquiry, in which it is painful to note the singular deformities of their rapid degeneration, whether measured by the modern standard of civilization or morality. To bring a people just merging from a miserable oblivion, the life of the western wilderness, at once up to this standard, may be deemed unfair by an impartial reader; yet when a nation professed to be civilized, and when English writers of great literary pretensions proclaim them to be so, we are naturally led, in a moral point of view, to suppose that the great mass of the people of which she is composed have abandoned or subdued the natural vices of the human heart, and that the first object of their life is the suppression of vice, and the promotion of virtue: the first by encou-

raging industry, particularly in the domestic arts, as the first step towards social refinement; and the latter by promoting moral education, backed by moral precept; and in a political point of view, we at least look for civil and religious toleration—nay, liberty, as the substratum of their present and future political existence as an independent nation. But it is almost impossible to believe that these—and they are but the first elements of civilization—will ever find their way to, and be cherished in, Texas—a country filled with habitual liars, drunkards, blasphemers, and slanderers; sanguinary gamblers and cold-blooded assassins; with idleness and sluggish indolence (two vices for which the Texans are already proverbial); with pride, engendered by ignorance and supported by fraud, the art of which, though of modern construction, is so well defined, and generally practised, that it retards even the development of the spontaneous resources of the country. That all the elements of an intolerable and despotic aristocracy are rife in the United States at this moment, no one can deny; and that these elements are for the most part confined to the southern states (whence the Texans principally come from), is equally indisputable; and we need no further proof of their existence in Texas, than the simple fact that every revolutionary movement that has occurred in Mexico since the establishment of an Anglo-American colony on the Mexican frontier, has been stigmatised and complained of by the democratic republican Texans, as “the acts of the populace,” or “mob.” Here we may ask, What has the Mexican army been since the establishment of republican institutions in Mexico but a citizen soldiery, or, in other words, the republican constituency of the country in arms? The inconsistency of these complaints from a republican people is only equalled by the warm sympathy which they drew forth from the people of the southern states: a fact that should not be overlooked by the well-wishers of democratic movements in the north. But if we need any further proof of the aristocratic disposition of the Texans, it will be found in the impenetrable lines of demarcation already established in society in Texas, which is divided into the four following and distinct classes:—despotic aristocratical landowners and speculators, usefals, contemptibles, and loafers.

We need not greatly multiply the proofs of Mr. Maillard's *animus* towards the Texans; nor go much further into his volume with the view of plucking samples of information for intending emigrants. But in concluding we quote a passage bearing upon social and domestic manners. Our readers, of course, will make allowance for the overcharging of a disappointed “barrister-at-law.”—

The Texan ladies seldom show themselves to strangers; and, like those of the United States, they use either the pipe or the swab. They have little neatness or cleanliness of person to attract the eye. Their figures are scarcely to be described; coarse from neglect, or emaciated by self-indulgence, their skins have borrowed from the sun the exact hue of the lemon: and if the countenance be a true index of the mind, I doubt not that their dispositions have somewhat of the peculiar flavour of that sour bullet of the tropics; but yet, to those who admire silence above every thing else in woman, permit me to introduce the ladies of Texas *par excel-*

lence as mutes. The reader must here be left to form his own ideas of the rising generation, from the stock above described, while I merely venture to add, that their "constant friction" with the negroes in early life will impart a striking "tincture" of the sambo character to the rising race, that will not be less amusing to their transatlantic brethren than is Mr. Rice in his favourite character of "Jim Crow." The usual salutation of the Texan gentlemen is, "How does your copperosity sagaciate this morning?"—"How are you now?" (this is all after an absence of some years.) "A pretty considerable of a jug full of sun this morning,"—"A tarnation up-street sort of a day this, I calculate." On entering into conversation, they take out their knives and commence "whittling;" first taking special care to eject from the innermost recesses of their "pants" those small detachments of fleas who are (backed by an auxiliary force of some twenty mosquitoes) instinctively prone to locate themselves in those regions. So great is their propensity for "whittling," that they frequently, if sitting on a chair, put down their hand and bring it up again with a long slice off one of the legs, which they begin to "whittle," and "calculate" the exact value per thousand of the wood of which the chairs are made. When speaking of those men who have been fortunate enough to gain their esteem, they say, "He's an up-street man that,"—"A right smart man,"—"A pretty considerable of a man,"—"A tarnation tall man:" this last expression when applied to some of their eminent men who happen to be considerably under the middle standard, is far more amusing than all the rest of their peculiarities, and cannot fail to probe the gravity of a stranger. In no country in the world do men shave more clean than in Texas; and a barber is deemed as great an acquisition in a new settlement, as Sir Isaac Newton's studies have proved him to be in the advancement of science; indeed, the calculations of the latter have not done more, in their way, than those of the former, who, while clinging to the nose, will tell one the exact length of beard a man shaves off in the course of a life of seventy years.

ART. III.—1. *Description of the Canals and Railroads of the United States.* By H. S. TANNER. New York.

2. *The Mechanics of Engineering, intended for use in Universities, &c.* By the Rev. W. WHEWELL. Cambridge.

THEY do these things very differently in different countries. The manner of, and the attention paid to, the course of Civil Engineering vary considerably. So also does the share which governments take in the direction and the control of such great works as canals and railroads. France, for example, although its enterprises in regard to these facilities for commerce and transport were for many years few and feeble as compared with what was to be witnessed in England and the United States, yet has at length exhibited signs and proofs of an awakened sense of their mighty importance, and promises to pursue a combined and a complete system in respect

of railways. The subject itself, as well as any plan differing from that which has obtained amongst us, are things that claim the gravest consideration at this moment in England, seeing that accounts of the most frightful accidents, and of extensive slaughter of human beings, are almost every week harrowing the public ear, and not without blame being due to parties and proprietors; sometimes because of the carelessness of management, sometimes from the insufficient or bad construction of the lines of intercourse originally.

These direful accidents and this blame may be frequently traced to the independent character of our railway companies, and the uncertainty with which many of them have been projected. British capitalists are extremely jealous of legislative interference with mercantile or mechanical speculations of any kind. Such interference is ready to be put down to an encroachment on the liberty of the subject; and it seems that this sort of encroachment is far more dreaded and felt than the narratives of limbs being torn and broken, and of families bereaved of their natural support, in consequence of the most appalling destruction of men's lives.

The speculations of private individuals, as well as of companies in the way of experiment, have not seldom been the cause of the calamities to which we refer; and when such take place it is in the nature of man, when acting in concert with a number of men, to shift the responsibility from his own shoulders, or to acknowledge but a slight portion of blame. New lines competing with rivals, and multitudes of rash adventures, have taken place in the way mentioned, and excused in the manner indicated. There is besides a shameless practice of jobbing in railroads; which system is rendered still more disgraceful and disastrous because of the purchased ground often either belonging to members of Parliament, or the line being in some way interesting to particular legislators, who have a vote not only in the House but in the bargain for the ground. But in France the principle of centralization, so much dreaded in this country, and often made the engine of oppression or unjust and unequal distribution, promises to accomplish for the nation grand and well-devised means of internal communication. If the French have been slow in their past progress, and timid in respect of beginning with isolated and independent railroads, a comprehensive and systematically-ramified scheme is to be conducted throughout the kingdom; to be established, and, to a certain extent, superintended in their working by the government. The details of the scheme have not fully come to our knowledge; but we understand that the following outline of principles and supervision has been proposed,—the lines having been fixed, government is to construct the great works, such as tunnels, bridges, and viaducts, thus taking upon itself the responsibility of furnishing sufficient structures, which

goes to the elementary character of the system. There can therefore be no shifting of blame, when terrible injuries are sustained, owing to the bad foundation and original mal-formation of elementary structures, or the neglect of them in the way of soundness. Each locality through which a line is to cut is to furnish the ground upon certain conditions, thus avoiding secret speculation and private advantage. But individual capitalists may exercise their judgment; for it is by their adventures that the apparatus of the system is to be furnished; the supervision of the whole, its projection, its construction, and its management, to centre in the national government. What may be all the precise practical advantages or disadvantages that attach to the English random and comparatively independent method of establishing railways, and what those of the French controlled scheme, we do not undertake to describe; but this we think may be confidently anticipated with regard to the latter—the catastrophes of the kind already alluded to will be much fewer. For example, there will be no such thing allowed as that of one train running at such a superior speed as to overtake another on the same rail, to the crushing of some half-dozen of the jammed passengers every now and then.

In America there are various differences to be marked in regard to the system of canals and railroads, both as to original construction and future management, as compared with what obtains in England. In the first place, owing to the exigences of a young nation of the most enterprising genius located in a new country, which offers unlimited and inexhaustible scope for great public works, and where the ground is not only cheap and comparatively free, but where the materials for construction, say in the way of timber, are most abundant and at hand, requiring little more than the trouble of felling the primeval trees, these means of internal communication require to be speedily completed, and to be finished at the cheapest possible rate, not only to the neglect of mere elegance and architectural adornment, but of permanent or long enduring perfection. Present utility and immediate returns are the principal considerations; so that the profits may be adequate to meet the demands for occasional repairs and contemplated re-construction. It is also to be borne in mind that the canals and railroads of the United States must traverse vast distances before they can be serviceable and remunerative, forbidding great expenditure upon sections and limited portions.

The grandeur of the canals and railroads of America is to be estimated rather according to the number and extension of the lines, and the vastness of particular works, without which a certain line would be impracticable, than on account of particular specimens of classical art. When, for instance, we read that the railways constructed by our transatlantic brethren amount to 7,000 miles,

either finished or in the course of completion—that, in consequence of distinct lines having become connected, you can travel 1,600 miles in one direction—that the Welland Canal at one place descends by a rapid succession of locks nearly 340 feet—that the Erie Canal is 363 miles long, the summit level of which is gained by a chain of locks rising 630 feet—that one of its viaducts is 1,188 feet long, with other corresponding marvels, a very grand idea is lent of these national works. We quote an account which will convey a striking notion of the extent of the route, and of the incorporation or the union of particular lines:—

From Portsmouth the Eastern Railroad extends to Boston, thence the line is continued by the Boston and Providence Railroad to Providence, where it meets the railroad to Stonington in Connecticut. From Stonington, after crossing Long Island Sound to Greenport, on Long Island, the line is resumed, and proceeds to Brooklyn, opposite New York, by the Brooklyn and Long Island Railroad, about 28 miles of which are completed and in use, the remaining 72 miles are now in progress. Crossing the East River to New York, and thence over the Hudson to Jersey City, the line is continued by the New Jersey Railroad to New Brunswick, thence by the Trenton and New Brunswick Railroad to Trenton, and thence to Philadelphia by the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad. From Philadelphia it proceeds to Baltimore by the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, and thence to Washington by the Washington branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The road from Washington to Fredericksburg, in Virginia, though proposed, is not yet commenced. At Fredericksburg, the line is resumed, and proceeds to Richmond by the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad, thence to Petersburg by the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, thence by the Petersburg and Roanoke Railroad to Gaston, in North Carolina, thence by the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad to Raleigh, whence it is proposed to construct a railroad to Columbia, in South Carolina. From Columbia the line is conducted to Blanchville, and thence by the main line of the South Carolina Railroad to Augusta, in Georgia. At Augusta commences the Georgia Railroad, which extends to De Kalb county, whence a road to West Point on the Chottahooche is in progress. From West Point, the line proceeds to Montgomery, in Alabama, and thence to Pensacola, in Florida. In the entire length of this extensive line, there are but four sections wanted to render it complete, videlicet, one from Greenport to Hickstown, Long Island; one from Washington to Fredericksburg; one from Raleigh to Columbia; and one from De Kalb in Georgia to West Point. The aggregate length of these railroads, nearly all of which are completed and in use, is 1,600 miles. Should the State of Virginia execute her projected railroad from Richmond, via Abingdon, to the Tennessee line, a route to New Orleans will be effected by means of the Highwassee, Knoxville, and Nashville railroads, now in progress.

We may here remark that the Americans no more than the English commenced their railroad system according to a precon-

certed plan, although we do not learn that there has been such jobbing amongst them in regard to rival lines as with us. The circumstances of their condition do not seem to have offered the same temptations and facilities. Still, different systems have come to be pursued in different States of the Union. In one, if not more, the State makes the works at its own expense. Such is the fact, we believe, in Pennsylvania. In New Jersey, again, the plan takes another turn, as will be understood from the account we now quote:—

Thus it will be perceived, that although individuals in their corporate capacity have advanced the necessary funds for the construction of those works, and though New Jersey has not advanced or even *loaned* a dollar towards it, still the fee is in her, and not in them. They are truly mere lessees for a term of years only, and the State can, and unquestionably will, dissolve all corporations whose works yield a net income beyond the current interest of the State, whenever that term expires. The relation that exists between the corporation in such cases and the State is simply that of landlord and tenant, with leave to improve under limitations and restrictions dictated by the State, and acceded to and ratified by the former. Under these arrangements the State has abundant reason to be satisfied. She gave nothing and gains everything, and has thus furnished to her own citizens and the public a communication as cheap, safe, and expeditious as any in the United States, and completed for the country one of the most important links in the chain of communication between the north and south.

Not only is the charge for conveyance remarkably moderate in both of these ways, but the returns are profitable in respect of State revenue, and also of private individuals or companies, when these are concerned. In fact, the expense of construction and working is small when compared with what is experienced in England. We are told that in the former country the average expense is from one-fourth to one-tenth lower than in the latter, at the outset; and the lines are conducted and supported at a similarly cheap rate.

With regard to the manner of construction, Mr. Tanner furnishes us with a detailed account of the Baltimore and Deposit Railroad:—

It was graded to a width from 18 to 22 feet, with the view of gradually increasing the breadth of the road-bed in the future course of repairs. The railway structure employed, consists of a sill under each line of rails, of sawed white pine 6 × 8 inches in the section, and of various lengths from 12 to 40 feet. Those sills are laid on their flat sides in longitudinal trenches of a width and depth equal to the section of the sills, whose upper surfaces are therefore in the plane of the graded surface of the road. Upon the sills are placed, at uniform distances of three feet from centre to centre, cross ties of white oak and chesnut. These cross ties are eight feet in length, and of two sizes in the section, the larger being 8 inches and the



smaller 6 inches diameter, clear of bark at the small end, the larger and smaller sizes being placed alternately along the track. Each cross tie has four notches in it, two on the lower side of a width of 8 inches, equal to that of the greater dimension of the under sill, and two on the upper side  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide in the middle, with a slant to accommodate the wooden key used in wedging fast the upper string piece; the thickness of wood left between the notches is invariably  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The lower notches embrace the under sills, which fit them accurately enough to prevent injurious lateral movement endwise of the cross tie, when it is laid and adjusted; in doing which shallow cross trenches are dug to receive the rounded portion of the cross tie descending below the top of the sill. The cross ties receive no other dressing than the notching to receive the sill and string piece. In the upper notches of the cross ties rest the string pieces  $6 \times 6$  in the section, of Norway or Carolina yellow pine. Upon a portion of the track a string piece  $5 \times 6$  was used to make up the deficiency in the supply of the quantity required of the larger scantling. The string pieces are laid in the manner usual in the railways in which they have been used in connexion with the plate rail. The rail placed upon the string piece is a bar weighing 40 lb. per lineal yard of a nearly rectangular section  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide at bottom;  $2\frac{1}{2}$  full wide at top, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch high. The lengths of the bars vary from 17 feet 9 inches to 18 feet 3 inches, their ends are cut off obliquely, at an angle of 60 degrees with the line of the rails. They are perforated vertically by five holes  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch in diameter, and of a circular section for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch from the bottom of the rail upwards, the remainder of their depth next to the top of the rail being enlarged longitudinally of the rail, so as to form a counter sink of half an inch deep and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch long by full  $\frac{1}{2}$  wide. Two of the holes are 1 inch in the clear from the ends of the bar, and the intermediate three are at equal distances from each other, and from those at the ends, of about 4 feet 6 inches. The ends of the bars at their joinings are supported upon chairs or splicing plates of rolled iron,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches long by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  wide and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch thick. These plates have two small ledges or beads on the upper side, extending the entire length of the plate, parallel to each other, and a distance apart in the clear, equal to the breadth of the bottom of the rail which rests between them, and is prevented by them from moving to either side. Each plate has two holes in it, corresponding to those in the end of the bars. Through these holes, and others in the same vertical line bored through the string piece, are passed bolts of about 9 inches long, with heads shaped so as to fill the counter sinks in the upper part of the holes in the bar, and with threads upon their lower ends, upon which a nut is screwed up against the bottom of the string piece without any washer, thus holding the rail down upon the splicing plate, and securing it from rising. The joinings of the bars are thus, by the bolt, and the ledges upon the splicing plate, kept in exact position. Through the intermediate holes in the bar are driven spikes 6 inches long, and going  $4\frac{1}{2}$  into the wood, with heads shaped to fill their counter sinks, like those of the bolts. The heads of the bolts and spikes are thus left full, and are driven hard into the counter sinks so as to fill them up as accurately as possible, and afterwards dressed or chipped off even with the top surface of the rail, to preserve

its smoothness and continuity. The rail is placed in the middle of the string piece, and the joinings are made to fall between the cross ties, to allow of the screwing on of the nut at the bottom of the bolt. This is managed by some attention to selecting the bars with respect to their length, and in some cases by moving the cross tie along the track a sufficient distance, which can never exceed about half of its own breadth. No respect is paid to making the joints of the two lines of rails hold any fixed position with regard to each other.

Would not the English Government, would not our railroad companies and our engineers act wisely were they to borrow a few hints from each of the foreign nations to whose plans and management we have been referring? And here it is with pleasure that we find ourselves enabled to notice Professor Whewell's elementary work mentioned at the head of our paper, not merely on account of its furnishing a proof of liberality on the part of a high authority in one of our ancient universities, and of a reforming practical spirit in that great seat of learning, but as affording promise of advancement in engineering knowledge throughout the country. The countenance alone which is thus given to the study of this branch of mechanics, will confer upon it dignity and honour. The following sentiments expressed by Mr. Whewell, considering the quarter from which they come, even independently of their intrinsic importance and value, will carry weight and influence with them. There is, he says, "a desire, which is more and more felt in the country, that what our students learn of mathematics in their university career, should have some meaning in real life. In the science of mechanics it has especially happened, that the mathematical study of the subject has been pursued with very little regard to its practical application. The consequence of this is, not only that our theoretical teaching is of little value in preparing a person for any part of the business of engineering, but also that it is of little value as an intellectual discipline; for the student has not been taught to seek and to find in the mechanism which he sees about him, the exemplification of his theoretical principles; and hence he never learns to think steadily upon the subject, and when the days of his pupillage are past, ceases to think of it at all."

With regard to the value of Mr. Whewell's "*Mechanics of Engineering*," as an elementary work, calculated to teach the general principles of the science and its practical results, and also to forward the study as one of the branches of a polite education, we do not pronounce any very positive opinion. Neither was it our purpose in noticing the work to go into its definitions or illustrations. The author's name will sufficiently recommend it to inquirers and engineers. Our principal object was to announce, with hearty congratulations, an improvement and advancement in a university scheme of studies, and that a new text-book had been introduced into the

Cambridge course. We may add that Mr. Whewell's volume is not the only proof of practical reform in that celebrated institution, or of new works in the department of mechanical science; for we find that he dedicates the work to a brother professor in the same university, who has nearly also at the same time published "*The Principles of Mechanism, designed for use in Universities, and for Engineering Students generally.*" What will Mr. Sewell of Oxford, whose volume about Platonism we reviewed last month, say to these signs and doings?

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ART. IV.—*Notes of a Traveller on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and other Parts of Europe.* BY SAMUEL LAING, Esq. Longman and Co.

"*Notes*," is an unassuming title, in these days of hunting for imposing names to books. But this is not the only or main external or obvious feature of the work; for Mr. Laing has travelled in France and many other parts of Europe, taking notes in all of them, yet has contrived to make one volume serve for containing the fruits of his experience and observation; whereas the young as well as the old people of both sexes, who take a run for a few weeks through any one of the countries mentioned, are seldom content, when they write an account of what they have seen, to let the public escape without the infliction of double the quantity of fair looking letter-press which has sufficed for the present author. But the most remarkable peculiarity of these "*Notes*" is this, to speak in sweeping terms, that they embody more information, more instruction, more thought, and more entertainment, than twenty of the average octavos that annually profess to teach and amuse us with the incidents and the conclusions of travel. Nor will this be for a moment doubted by any person who is acquainted with Mr. Laing's "*Journal of a Residence in Norway*," or even with his "*Tour in Sweden*," a much more hastily concocted production; each of which had such marrow in them as will preserve a pith and a value that must long outlive the natural days of the writer. The work before us, however, we predict, will more deeply and lastingly affect his fame than either of its predecessors; for we do not know where to find a book of travels which contains equally broad, weighty, and searching views, whether these be in the way of description, of speculation, or of disquisition. The tone of the author is admirable on account of its manliness, independence, and fearless expression; and even when one feels obliged to dissent from (him for Mr. Laing cherishes some queer and questionable views), it is impossible not to find him suggestive, not to accompany him with delight, were it merely for his racy

vigour of manner, his lively thoughts, and his thorough self-confidence. He is manifestly a person of very extensive knowledge, theoretical and practical; of great activity, and of sturdy Scotch shrewdness. Hardly any subject comes amiss to him; at least he ventures fearlessly upon a vast variety, striking right and left, and feeling himself perfectly competent to settle it now and for ever. And the moment he has so settled it, he is as ready as ever to pounce upon another, seldom alighting upon a mere superficial theme, but penetrating far, and dissecting dexterously. And his literary style suits well his matter. It is off-hand, vigorous, and roughish; always perspicuous, and not without being picturesque. We suspect, however, that he would rather utter a paradox than be common-place; and he either affects or entertains a real preference for the immediately useful, the actual, the material, over the sentimental, the imaginative, the intellectual. Here, for example, is a striking proof of the sort of mechanical philosophy that runs through the book: "Rafaele, Michael Angelo, Canova,—immortal artists! sublime producers! What are ye in the sober estimation of reason? The Arkwrights, the Watts, the Davys, the thousands of scientific inventors and producers in the useful arts, in our age, must rank before you as wielders of great intellectual powers for great social good. The exponent of the civilization, and intellectual and social progress of man is not a statue but a steam-engine. The lisping amateur, hopping about the saloons of the great, may prattle of taste; and refined feeling in music, sculpture, painting, as humanizing influences in society, as effective means and distinguishing proofs of the diffusion of civilization among mankind; but the plain, undeniable, knock-me-down truth is, that the Glasgow manufacturer, whose printed cotton handkerchiefs the traveller Landers found adorning the woolly heads of negresses far in the interior of Africa, who had never seen a white human face, has done more for civilization, has extended humanizing influences more widely than all the painters, sculptors, architects, and musicians of our age put together. Monstrous Vandalism, but true."

This is by far too unreservedly asserted. Mr. Laing should at any rate, in contemplating the direct and the material benefits conferred by steam, have borne in mind that the spinners of the cotton and the other operatives connected with the production of Glasgow handkerchiefs, do not afford an unmixed subject of home congratulation, however much may be the humanizing effects of scientific invention among the woolly heads of Africa.

Making allowance for, or excepting this material and excessively utilitarian spirit which pervades the "Notes," the work deserves all the praise which we have bestowed; and indeed, to do it full justice, it requires to be thoroughly read,—so various are its topics, so powerful and novel the mode in which they are treated. But we

must convey to our readers some general idea of the plan and working out of the book.

First of all then, the work is not a book of travels; that is to say, not a mere narrative of incidents. It gives us rather the results of travel, the conclusions at which the author arrived as the legitimate consequences lent by the lights and facts placed in his note-book in the course of sundry continental tours; all done in the characteristic and business-like style already indicated. While, therefore, we have graphic pictures of social condition, and of the actual state of feeling and manners witnessed in the countries visited, the work abounds with discussions concerning the policy pursued in each, very often leading the writer into the science of political economy, without, however, incurring any of the dryness which generally attaches to such disquisitions.

Mr. Laing's grand object was to trace and apprehend in the social economy of the European people the effects of the French Revolution. Of course it is as these effects have recently exhibited themselves that we have the representation. And morally as well as politically speaking, nothing can well be conceived to be more disheartening. In France, in Prussia, and in Italy there appeared little to attract our traveller's admiration, either in regard to manners or mind. The promise for the future is, in his view, but feeble. In the first of these countries there is a vile system of centralization. In the second, the organization of the military is weak and it is mischievous. Even the educational system is defective as well as fallacious. There was much that offended his sight in Italy, there being a general slavery of the mind in regard to individual agency, whereas all good government should be directed to the elevation of each man, which cannot be done so long as an autocratic paternity is upheld, and a constant interference, as if all were minors, is practised, which is the great fault of the continental system. Many important questions which one might at first view consider to be of too miscellaneous a character, if not too remote for the author's main purpose, are introduced. For example, our Corn-laws obtain an earnest disquisition. But when the German Commercial League receives an elaborate inquiry, it will be felt that the other subject could not well be avoided by such a discursive and searching writer. The abolition of the law of primogeniture is a topic that must appeal strongly to the principles and the observation of any intelligent traveller in France. The influence which the whirlwind Revolution had upon the Catholic church and its temporalities is also very distinctly shown, Mr. Laing giving this pointed and graphic picture of the results: "The sleek, fat, narrow-minded, wealthy drone, is now to be sought for on the Episcopal bench, or in the Prebendal stall of the Lutheran or Anglican Churches; the well-off, comfortable parish minister, yeoman-like in

mind, intelligence, and social position, in the manse and glebe of the Calvinistic Church. The poverty-stricken, intellectual recluse, never seen abroad but on his way to or from his studies or church duties, living nobody knows how, but all know in the poorest manner, upon a wretched pittance, in his obscure abode—and this is the Popish priest of the nineteenth century—has all the advantage of position with the multitude for giving effect to his preaching." This is striking, and pictures Catholics in a condition analogous to that of Protestants at the Reformation.

The questions discussed by our author are either of such an important nature, or are treated with such a particularity that it is impossible in any moderate space to characterize them. We do not even attempt to analyse any one of them, or to enter into any connected account of such as may be deemed the most pressing at the present moment. Our endeavour will rather be to afford a taste of the variety by quoting a paragraph from this paper and from that, as may suit our space. We begin with Holland, which is made to suggest several speculations; among others its union with Belgium. And we have this upon the separation of the two, as well as some ideas upon the subject of federalism:—

The total separation of Holland and Belgium was a false step for the welfare of both. They should have divorced each other, the two little countries, from bed and board only. The one country is necessary to the other, and neither has the means to support a distinct housekeeping. Holland has capital, commerce, and magnificent colonies, but has nothing of her own manufacturing to send to her colonies, no productions of her own industry to exchange with their industry, no commerce in any products of her own. Belgium has manufacturing industry, and the raw materials on which it works, coal-fields, iron-works, and many productive capabilities; but has no colonies, no outlets, no markets, no ships, no commerce. With the Prussian manufacturing provinces on the land side, England on the sea side, and no shipping or seaports but two, Antwerp and Ostend, and no free river trade even to the consumers on the continent behind her, Belgium is like the rich man in the fable, shut up with his treasures in his own secret closet, and starving to death in the midst of his gold, because he cannot unlock the door. These two little states will come together again before a hundred years go over their heads—not as one monarchy, for both want the foundation in their social structure for monarchical government to stand upon—but as two independent states federally united under one general government like the United States of America, or the Swiss Cantons.

Next take this outline sketch of Dutch history:—

Holland is the land of the chivalry of the middle classes. Here they may say in honest pride, to the hereditary lords and nobles of the earth in the other countries of Europe, See what we grocers, fishcurers, and ship-owners have done in days of yore, in this little country! But, alas! this

glory is faded. In the deserted streets of Delft, and Leyden, and Haarlem, the grass is growing through the seams of the brick pavement; the ragged petticoat flutters in the wind out of the drawing-room casements of a palace; the echo of wooden shoes clattering through empty saloons, tells of past magnificence,—of actual indigence. This has been a land of warlike deed, of high and independent feeling; the home of patriots, of heroes, of scholars, of philosophers, of men of science, of artists, of the persecuted for religious or political opinions from every country, and of the generous spirits who patronised and protected them. Why is the Holland of our times no longer that old Holland of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? Why are her streets silent, her canals green with undisturbed slime?

The greatness of Holland was founded upon commercial prosperity and capital, not upon productive industry. Her capital and industry were not employed in producing what ministers to human wants and gratifications; but in transmitting what other countries produced, or manufactured, from one country to another. She was their broker. When their capitals, applied at first more beneficially to productive industry, had grown large enough to enter also into the business of circulation, as well as into that of production,—into commerce, properly so called,—the prosperity of Holland, founded upon commerce alone, unsupported by a basis of productive industry within herself, and among the mass of her own population, fell to the ground. This is the history of Holland. It speaks an important lesson to nations.

Then this about the picturesque in Holland:—

Holland can boast of nothing sublime: but for picturesque foregrounds,—for close, compact, snug home scenery, with everything in harmony, and stamped with one strong peculiar character, Holland is a cabinet picture, in which nature and art join to produce one impression, one homogeneous effect. The Dutch cottage, with its glistening brick walls, white painted wood work and rails, and its massive roof of thatch, with the stork clapping to her young on her old-established nest on the top of the gable, is admirably in place and keeping, just where it is—at the turn of the canal, shut in by a screen of willow trees, or tall reeds, from seeing, or being seen, beyond the sunny bight of the still calm water, in which its every tint and part is brightly repeated. Then the peculiar character of every article of the household furniture, which the Dutch-built house-mother is scouring on the green before the door so industriously; the Dutch character impressed on everything Dutch, and intuitively recognised, like the Jewish or Gipsy countenance, wherever it is met with; the people, their dwellings, and all in or about them,—their very movements in accordance with this style or character, and all bearing its impress strongly,—made this Holland, to my eye, no dull, unimpressive land. There is soul in all you see; the strongly marked character about everything Dutch pleases intellectually, as much as beauty of form itself. What else is the charm so universally felt, requiring so little to be acquired, of the paintings of the Dutch school? The objects or scenes painted are neither graceful, nor beautiful, nor sublime: but they are Dutch. They have a strongly marked mind and character impressed on them, and expressed by them; and

every accompaniment in the picture has the same, and harmonises with all around it.

The land of cheese and butter is to Mr. Laing's eye no unpicturesque country; for though it be flat, it is only geometrically so. Spires, church-towers, bright farm-houses, grassy embankments, long rows of willow-trees, rosy-cheeked, laughing country girls, &c. &c., are all interesting features to our traveller. Berlin presents a very different aspect; "a fine city, very like the age she represents—very fine and very nasty." Then what in regard to the picturesque in France?—

The traveller in France finds much to observe, but little to describe. The landscape is a wearisome expanse of tillage land, unvaried by hill and dale, stream and lake, rock and wood-land. The towns and villages are squatting in the plains, like stranger beggar-women tired of wandering in an unknown land. No suburbs of connected rows of houses and gardens, and of lanes dotted with buildings, trees, and brick walls, stretch, as in England, like feelers into the country, fastening the towns to it by so many lines, that the traveller is in doubt where country ends, and town begins. Here, the towns and villages are distinct, round, inhabited patches upon the face of the land, just as they are represented upon a map: and the flat monotonous surface of the map is no uncharacteristic sketch of the appearance of the country. *La belle France*, in truth, is a *Calmuc* beauty; her flat pancake of a face destitute of feature, of projection or dimple, and not even tattooed with lines and cross lines of hedges, walls, and ditches. This wide unhedged expanse of corn land on either hand, without divisions, or enclosures, or pasture fields, or old trees, single or in groups, is supremely tiresome. The traveller at once admits that France has a natural claim to the word which all other countries have borrowed from her—ennui.

#### Go to Capua:—

The gods, says Polybius, might dispute the possession of such a delicious plain, as that of Capua. Yet in this earthly paradise, the people are not merely in rags and wretchedness; it is difficult even to conceive humanity in so low a condition as you see it in here. In the streets of Capua, you see animals which you can scarcely acknowledge to be human beings. The *Eskimau* has a covering for his body, which, even in his rude state, shows a sense of decency, as well as the mere feeling of cold—a sense of ornament even, may be traced in his seal-skin garment. But here the sense of decency, even in the female animal of the human species, is apparently little higher than among the irrational creatures. How low bad government may reduce the civilization of a country, is impressively brought out here. Come to Capua, all ye conservatives of existing institutions, all ye defenders of things as they are, all ye good, pious, moral gentlemen of England, who look with aversion on every reform, with horror on every social change, come to Capua, and see the working of your principle of conservatism. It is not the wish certainly of the Neapolitan



government, to have its subjects in a low and miserable condition : but it is the fear of change—our own principle of conservatism—which shuns all improvement ; and where society is not improving, it is retrograding. There is no stand-still in human affairs.

But we return for a few seconds to Germany,—to Prussia, the government of which is represented as a struggle of contradictions. “ A rigid censorship of the press, and a general education of the people,” for example. Even this education is mechanical, and done by a sort of drill, the whole population being reduced to the social condition of a soldiery off duty, roaming about their parade-ground. There is a remarkable want of public and private morale, a want of self-respect ; but a repulsive presence of love for rank, for office, for conventional distinction, as shown in the profusion of orders, stars, crosses, ribands, and empty titles, with which the people, civil as well as military, adorn and gratify themselves. “ Every third man you meet in the streets has a label in his button-hole, telling all the world, ‘ I am a knight, look at me.’ ” And yet, “ no very young man among the continental military can have ever heard a bullet whistle in the field.” But “ the English gentleman, from the highest rank to the very lowest that assumes the appellation, is distinguished from the continental gentleman by this peculiar trait of character—his dependence on himself for his social position, his self-esteem,—call it pride, or call it a high-minded feeling of his own worth. There he stands, valuing himself upon something within himself, and not upon any outward testimonials of it conferred by others. This feeling goes very deep into society in England ;” while it is represented to be inconsistent with the educational and mechanically social system of Prussia. Nay, the very manufacturing industry of the English confers upon them an activity and quickness which is not to be witnessed on the Continent. “ It is no exaggeration to say that one million of our working-men do more work in a twelvemonth, act more, think more, get through more, produce more, live more as active beings in this world, than any three millions in Europe, in the same space of time.” But were these continental men transplanted to England, English impulses would make them productive. Mere dint of capital will not accomplish this in any country. Much of our national prosperity is owing, it is alleged, to our industrial superiority. It is also asserted, and striking illustrations of the doctrine are adduced, that mercantile prosperity without agricultural and manufacturing industry is no security for national prosperity, or the welfare of the masses.

Mr. Laing’s paper upon the Prussian military system is one of the most novel and able in the volume. We must find room for a comparison of the gentleman-element with the working-man element in war, that is, speaking merely in a physical sense :—

Two distinct elements may enter into the construction of a military force in modern times. The rough peasant, or working-man-element, may compose not only the main body of the soldiery and non-commissioned officers, but may be mixed pretty high up even in the class of commissioned officers; or the gentleman-element, that of the educated, refined, delicately bred and brought-up classes, may, by the formation of the military force out of the social body, be found preponderating, if not in numbers, at least in example and influence, in the ranks of an army. Which of the two, as military machines, would a Wellington prefer to work in a campaign? It is possible that a certain delicacy of mind and body, a certain impatience of fatigue and discomfort, a certain over-refinement for the work of the common soldier, may creep in and pervade too generally the mass of an army, assimilating the rougher material, of which soldiery, to be effective, must be composed, too much to itself. The soldier, like the horse, may be too finely bred, too delicately reared for his work, too soft, too refined, too much used to comforts. The composition of the Prussian army, drawn indiscriminately from all classes, from the middle and comfortable as well as the roughly-living classes, has this defect evidently in it. The common labouring man himself on the Continent is, from the nature of the climate and his in-door employments for half the year, much less exposed to and less hardened against wet, cold, fatigue, and privation, than our common people. Those above the mere labouring class, the peasantry, the artisans, the middle class, and higher classes, all of whom are in the ranks, are so comfortably brought up, so wont to their regular meals, their cup of coffee, their pipe, their warm clothing, warm rooms, and are so cold-catching and sensible of weather, wet, fatigue, and discomfort, that even our highest classes of nobility and gentry are much more hardy, and, as every traveller remarks, far more robust in constitution and capability of enduring great fatigue and privation, than the very servants they hire on the Continent to attend them. A military force composed of such a material may be very brilliant for a single field-day, a battle, or a short campaign even, and very effective for home defence, but is not of the stuff for long rough fatigue and persevering endurance of all discomfort and privation, which in all ordinary military conjunctures are the military qualities that insure success. Something of this want of the rougher material, and of this excess of the finer material, appears, even to the unmilitary eye, about the Prussian soldiery. They are light, well-made, even elegant figures—youths evidently formed upon the standard of a higher class of society than the common men in other services. They have not only the use of their limbs, but the kind of grace of movement which such exercises as dancing, fencing, and gymnastics give. They attitudinize well on sentry, dress individually well, and with a certain degree of dandyism, pantalooned, padded, and laced in, and which befits the soldier. But still, the unmilitary English eye of the common traveller misses the giant frame, strength, and vigour, of the front-rank men of our good regiments of the Line. The Guards even, and Cuirassiers, compared to the British, appear—can it be prejudice, or is it reality?—of ordinary infantry and ordinary dragoon make and size. Put them in the uniforms of Riflemen, or of Hussars, and they would pass for such on ordinary unmilitary people; but put one of our

Horse Guards or Cuirassiers on the horse and in the accoutrements of a Light Cavalry man, or one of our grenadiers, not of the Guards alone but of any of our good regiments, into a Light Infantry company, and there is not a grocer in Marylebone parish who would not find out at once that this kind of man was misplaced. Now this kind of man—the strong, sinewy, bony, muscular, grenadier frame of man, such as composes the front-ranks at least of all our good regiments of the Line—is a very scarce kind of man in Germany; probably from the natural growth and make of the people, and also from their softer and more delicate, more sedentary, more in-door life in boyhood when the frame is forming. If you see a stout man, he is generally fleshy, with more weight than strength. A tendency to grow corpulent, and with what generally accompanies that tendency of the frame, a shortness of the arm-bones as compared to men of the same size of lean, spare constitutions, is very common in Germany. This tendency to a lusty roundabout rather than a muscular growth, strikes the eye in the Prussian soldiery; and is no doubt derived from the easy, regular, good living to which the classes from whom the ranks are filled have been accustomed from infancy. If a doubt may be permitted to a traveller, not certainly qualified to judge of such military matters, it would be—Is this so good a material to form an army of, this admixture of a class more delicately bred than the common labouring man, and giving its own habits, wants, and tastes, to the whole mass? Is this gentleman-element so well adapted to stand privation, fatigue, discomfort, and all that assails the common soldier, as the rougher material, the common working-man-element, out of which our army is composed?

Not less original and powerful is our author's theory, together with his illustrations, of the deficiency of the Prussian military system in a political sense. But we must hasten to a close; and conclude with his account of the Swiss rebellion against Dr. Strauss:—

Dr. David Frederic Strauss published, in 1835, his *Life of Jesus—Das Leben Jesu*—avowedly with the object of overturning all belief in those events of or connected with our Saviour's history, which cannot be reconciled to, or explained by, the ordinary course of natural operation. He brings to this attack upon Christianity and the miracles, not the wit, ingenuity, or philosophy of a Voltaire, a Hume, or a Gibbon, but a mass of learning and biblical criticism, which, his admirers say, the church is unable to match. The weight of profound scholarship and philosophical criticism is, it seems, all on the side of infidelity; and the most able and learned of the German theologians—no superficial scholars in biblical lore—have, it appears, been worsted in the opinion of the learned by this Goliath. In the wantonness of power the authorities of Zurich chose to call Dr. Strauss to the vacant theological chair in their university—to appoint a learned man who denies and controverts the very facts and foundations of all Christianity, to teach theology to those who are to instruct the people in the Christian faith. This attempt on the part of a government shows sufficiently the state of religion in the country. It was defeated, not from any

new-born religious zeal of the people, but because the misgovernment and perversion of the powers entrusted by the community to their rulers, in this absurd appointment, were apparent; and the ministers found no want of followers, from the roused common sense of the people, even among those who perhaps had not crossed the church door for six months, to go to Zurich and displace magistrates who had abused their delegated powers so obviously. So little of religious zeal entered into this movement, that Dr. Strauss, as he had received the appointment, was allowed the retiring pension of a professor. The people appointed new members without changing the forms of their government, retired to their mountains and valleys, and this revival was at an end. The present commotions in Argau, also, appear to be entirely a struggle between Protestants and Catholics for property and political power.

Mr. Laing's opinion is, that the religious state of Switzerland is low; and the generalities at which he arrives, relying upon the evidences which he discovers in particular acts or measures, even when these can be traced but to a class of individuals, are, in his usual manner of force, boldness, and decision, made to support a theory on political and social conditions; man's political character and capacities appearing to him as the chief objects in our destiny. The author, accordingly, frequently either bends his tests and illustrations to support his principles, or takes but a one-sided view, without, as it seems to us, making a due distinction between the means and the end, and also without embracing the entire history and peculiar relations of the parties. At the same time, and in the course of his grasping, profound, candid, and independent views and reports about men and communities, his testimony is apt to run counter to his doctrine,—the practical to the theoretical. For example, he says, speaking of the Swiss, that, "They are at the head of the moral state of Europe, not merely for absence of numerous and great crimes, or of disregard of right, but for ready obedience to law, for honesty, fidelity to their engagements, for fair dealing, sobriety, industry, orderly conduct; for good government, useful public institutions, general well-being and comfort; yet at the bottom of the scale, for religious feelings, observances, or knowledge, especially in the Protestant cantons, in which prosperity, well-being, and morality seem to be, as compared to the Catholic cantons, in an inverse ratio to the influence of religion on the people." The Swiss present this remarkable social aspect, that they are eminently moral, and eminently irreligious; and the election and treatment of Dr. Strauss furnish to Mr. Laing one of his chief grounds for coming to this conclusion. We shall not institute any inquiry into the circumstances of Strauss's case; neither detain our readers with notices of many modifying and peculiar facts, which attach to the condition and position physical, constitutional, traditionary, and social, of every nation, and to none

more signally than to the people of Switzerland. However, any well-informed and reflecting reader of the vigorous and original work before us, will sometimes be startled and amused with the generalizations of its author. But whether sound or not, convincing or paradoxical, there is not a passage in the book that does not supply food for thought, and strong suggestive points.

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ART. V.—1. *England in the Nineteenth Century. Lancashire, Part I.*—

*Cornwall, Part I.* How and Parsons.

2. *London. Part X.* Charles Knight.

“ENGLAND in the Nineteenth Century,” being a new speculation, it is proper that we give some notice of its plan and promises, and an idea of the first instalments before us.

It is proposed to furnish an English itinerary, combining features accordant with the spirit, the taste, and the demands of the age, but which have never been exhibited even in behalf of this country, rich and various as are the materials and the occasions for composing such a work. The plan is to give descriptions of scenery and antiquities, with a graphic account of the living manners and characteristics of the people,—presenting in one view the natural advantages of every section of England, and the purposes to which these are turned by the habits, the ingenuity, and industry of the inhabitants. The work is therefore to contain a body of pictorial topography, the attractive, the entertaining, and the useful being united, and each lending character and light to the other.

In this way everything that England contains or exhibits may be brought before the public, and dwelt upon by the fireside or at the chamber window, in the course of county histories and pencilled delineations; not only local language and legend—manners and superstitions, but modern as well as ancient architecture and arts—physical peculiarities—productions, whether natural, manufactured, or cultivated—statistics, histories, memoirs, &c. “Every county will be described from personal observation; the illustrations will be drawn upon the spot; the old halls, battle-fields, and places remarkable in the national history, will be carefully noticed; and local customs, legends, and singularities remarked; but the antiquary and chronicler will be followed no further than may be required to explain existing facts, the main object of the work being to depict the present aspect of the country.” “Our cathedrals, churches, palaces, castles, and municipal edifices—in fact every object of local as well as general interest—will be depicted faithfully. An endeavour, too, will be made to portray any peculiarities of dress or carriage that are sufficiently obvious.”

The varied systems of agriculture adopted in different districts

will be described, and the good or bad noted. Each of the great branches of our national industry will be examined,—inventions, processes, and implements. Thus those of the mechanic and the miner will come within the scope of the work, as well as those of the husbandman, or even the curiosities in natural history. Then, with regard to the mechanical inventions which distinguish our manufactories,—these will “be accurately described, and so illustrated by the graver, as to bring their construction within the grasp of the plainest comprehension. The mode of operation will be shown by which they produce those astonishing effects which have contributed so largely to the national opulence. Among these are the carding machine, and the mule used in the cotton fabrication; the wonderful machines of the iron-founder, with their giant power of rending, compressing, or laminating the most refractory materials; the plastic skill displayed in the potteries, where the fine arts unite with the mechanical to satisfy the demands of the taste that fluctuates continually, and of the wealth that sets no limit to self-gratification: then there are the countless products of our larger manufacturing towns, contributing to the comforts, elegances, or luxurious demands of a rich and mighty people: these interesting topics are all connected with the present design.”

The design, therefore, is very large and comprehensive; but then it has definite bounds, and numerous expressive subdivisions, which a combination of skill and information, under one clear directing head, may adequately and interestingly fill up.

If a person, for example, wishes to examine and to describe the varied scenery of England, he must take the country by districts and sections, deviating constantly from the main road, and into odd ways and by-ways. He will thus not only be enabled to speak of the kingdom in detail, but be astonished at the diversity of aspect and the variety of beauty which has been lavishly bestowed upon our land. It is justly said in the prospectus, that “scarcely are any two counties alike, even in their physical aspect, and yet the features of each have a certain community of character which stamps them to be decidedly English. Mountain or vale, plain or hill, the scenery of the river or the ocean, the wild crag or the cultivated mead, the cloistered or castellated ruin, the baronial hall or the rustic cottage, the beautiful through art or the more beautiful through nature, the romantic, the soft, or the savage in England—each and all bear the impress of nationality. We have an endless variety of domestic scenery for the pencil of the artist, ‘equal,’ as Byron truly observes, ‘in picturesque beauty to that of any other country.’”

Again, when noticing the rapid disappearance of what is olden, we find the following notice of facts so characteristic of England: “Commercial speculation is diverting the stream from its ancient bed, to drive machinery, to supply the reservoir, or to feed the

barge-laden canal;—even the aspect of many of our towns bears little resemblance, in external form, to that which it formerly did, while villages of the olden time have become important towns; and the absentee of a score or two of years from his native place finds in it but a stranger's visage. Therefore every picture of the natural or social features of the country at a fixed date, forms a most important standard for future comparison." Of course, also, for present interchange of information and sympathies. "Thus the inhabitants of remote or neighbouring counties—the people of Cornwall and the people of Cumberland—will be drawn towards each other by a mutual knowledge of their respective localities; and what is not less important, the merchant, the manufacturer, the landowner, and the farmer, will learn the nature of each other's toils, cares, and pursuits, and will see how essentially their very different avocations contribute to their mutual prosperity."

In order to meet the wishes of those who desire a more rapid possession of the numbers, the proprietors are to publish two every month,—one belonging to a county principally noted for its natural beauties, or romantic and picturesque features; the other distinguished for some great branch of national manufacture. Accordingly they have commenced with Cornwall and Lancashire. The first part of each county is to be accompanied by a map, compiled from the Ordnance Survey. Cornwall is to be comprised in four, and Lancashire in six parts. Considering, therefore, the extent of the work, the quantity of letter-press in each of the parts already published, the number and character of the graver's illustrations, the pains required in gathering, as well as the accomplishments for putting into a popular shape the proper and diversified information, we must pronounce each part cheap at half-a-crown, the price advertised. The editorship is committed to Mr. Redding; different parts to be furnished by different hands. We have in that before us devoted to Cornwall a specimen of the editor's contributions. It is skilfully done; succinct and comprehensive—clear and not overlaid—a not unhappy seizure and bringing out of distinctive features; the whole interspersed with a sufficiency of liveliness in the way of anecdotes and notices of manners. Dr. Taylor is to give the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, having in the sample before us gone a considerable way into Manchester. The extracts which follow will indicate his spirit and style. We must peruse a greater amount of the contributions of each before we can say more. The first example sketches a good deal in a few words, suggesting at once more than is expressed:—

The Exchange may be regarded as the parliament-house of the lords of cotton: it is their legislative assembly: the affairs of the executive are intrusted to a smaller body, which meets in the Chamber of Commerce, located in a different part of the town. This parliament assembles every

Tuesday, and the attendance is greatest about one o'clock, being the hour of "high change." There is perhaps no part of the world in which so much is done and so little said in the same space of time. A stranger sees nothing at first but a collection of gentlemen with thoughtful intelligent faces, who converse with each other in laconic whispers, supply the defects of words by nods and signs, move noiselessly from one part of the room to another, guided as if by some hidden instinct to the precise person in the crowd with whom they have business to transact. A phrenologist will nowhere meet such a collection of decidedly clever heads: and the physiognomist who declared that he could find traces of stupidity in the faces of the wisest philosophers, would be at a loss to find any indication of its presence in the countenances assembled on the Exchange at Manchester. Genius appears to be not less rare than folly: the characteristic features of the meeting, collectively and individually, are those of talent in high working order. Whether trade be brisk or dull, "high change" is equally crowded; and the difference of its aspect at the two periods is sufficiently striking. In stirring times, every man on 'change seems as if he belonged to the community of dancing dervishes, being utterly incapable of remaining for a single second in one place: it is the principle of a Manchester man, that "nought is done while aught remains to do;" let him but have the opportunity, and he will undertake to supply all the markets between China and Peru, and will be exceedingly vexed if he has lost an opportunity of selling some yarn at Japan on his way. When trade is dull, the merchants and factors stand motionless as statues, or move about as slowly as if they followed a funeral: the look of eagerness is exchanged for that of dogged obstinacy; it seems to say, "My mind is made up to lose so much, but I am resolved to lose no more." An increase of sternness and inflexibility accompanies the decline of the Manchester trade, and foreigners declare that the worst time to expect a bargain is a season of distress. "High 'change" lasts little more than an hour; after the clock has struck two, the meeting gradually melts away, and before three the building is as silent and deserted as one of the catacombs of Egypt.

#### Machinery against the Hindoo fingers:—

Before the invention of spinning by rollers, this process of attenuation, now so complex, was effected by the finger and thumb of the spinner. Hence arose the great superiority of the Hindoos, especially in the finer fabrics, such as muslins: they possess a delicacy of touch, which apparently compensates for their want of muscular strength, beyond any other nation on the face of the earth. We possess a piece of Dacca muslin woven of hand-spun yarn, and it requires the assistance of the microscope to discover that the sensitive fingers of the Hindoo spinner have failed to produce a thread equal in evenness and regularity to that wrought by the multitudinous rollers of a Manchester factory.

Has Dr. Taylor set the example in Part I. of so framing his representations as to serve class interests, or to acquire local popularity for "*England in the Nineteenth Century?*" We are not prepared to charge him with unfairness; but the case of the Lanca-



shire operative children has not always been regarded in the discussions concerning the factory system in the following light:—

We have conversed with very old persons who remember when the weavers or their factors travelled about from cottage to cottage with their pack-horses to collect yarn from the spinsters; often paying a most exorbitant price for it, which absorbed the profits of weaving. This was the commencement of the system of infant labour; which was at its worst and greatest height before anybody thought of a factory. Spinning was so profitable that every child in the cottage was forced to help in the process—picking the cotton, winding the yarn, and arranging the card-ends. When the father was a weaver, and the mother a spinner, which was very commonly the case, the tasks imposed upon the children were most onerous. One of my informants, a man over eighty years of age, declared that he never thought of his infancy without shuddering.

Without any very great stretch, Part 10 of Knight's "London" may be noticed along with How and Parsons's pictorial topography. It is occupied with the history and description of the Tower; not only its antiquities, but its modern annals, concluding with an account of the late fire, and its present condition. That fire, and the alarm, together with the speculation which it and other recent catastrophes of a similar nature have excited, may justly be regarded as characteristic of England in the nineteenth century.

At first, oral and newspaper reports, the latter as if with a greedy delight, made the burning of the Tower of London the subject of many romantic stories, exaggerating every point of course, and whining lamentations, not always with a well affected tone. The public might have been led by the gentlemen of the broad sheet to imagine that the strength as well as the glory of England had passed away with the conflagration at the ancient fortress, and even that the loss, in a pecuniary view, which was estimated sometimes by millions, would confound the revenue and drain the treasury. It was not only given out that the great storehouse of arms was destroyed, but that all which was irreparable in the place was for ever lost,—that all in it which was most fondly beheld, and most gratifying to our national pride, was reduced to cinders, or melted into shapeless masses. The White Tower, St. Peter's Chapel, the Jewel Office, the Ordnance Storehouses, the Powder Magazine, &c. &c. had been sacrificed, according to these veritable chroniclers. And, what in some respects was not unamusing, our *heartly* friends on the other side of the herring pond exulted immeasurably that sundry expressive memorials were as if they had never been. However, the croakers at home, and our lively rivals abroad, prematurely gave reins to their fancies; for the truth is, that not only the pecuniary loss sustained is not near so serious as was supposed, but the articles destroyed were not invaluable, and not irreparable,

with hardly an exception. The building destroyed was but a clumsy and tasteless fabric, unbefitting the spot where it stood ; and the arms which it contained can be replaced by others of better workmanship and finer quality. As to unique implements of war, or memorable trophies, romancers and poets will find small room for excessive sorrow or rejoicing, as the event may suit their interests.

The Tower of London has not been destroyed ; scarcely anything that really deserved the name has been injured. In a history of the fortress, lately written by a Mr. Hewitt, and published by authority of the Master General of the Ordnance at the Tower, the loss altogether, including arms, accoutrements, ornaments, and miscellaneous stores, with the building itself, " may be estimated at about a quarter of a million. The serviceable stores formed the principal contents of the grand storehouse, the ancient armour and other varieties being chiefly deposited in the Horse Armoury, and Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, both untouched by the fire." Indeed, if the alarm, the excitement, and the speculation, which this conflagration has occasioned, result in anything like the preventive measures to which we allude in our concluding remarks, the event may come to be viewed as fortunate and salutary.

The present portion of Knight's "London" is one of the most desirable of that instructive and happily-conceived publication. The author possesses all the requisite information, spirit, and taste, to do the subject justice, even in an antiquarian sense. And what a number of facts and associations, gloomy and glorious,—heart-rending and triumphant, does the stronghold furnish ! But we need not utter words of sentiment about such a fertile theme of history and of fiction. We rather quote a few paragraphs from the extremely interesting publication before us, beginning with certain perquisites and *suits* :—

Beside the honours attached to the Constableness, the incidental powers and emoluments of the office have been by no means unworthy of consideration. From records of the date of Richard II.'s reign, and of other periods, it appears the Constable received, in addition to his salary of one hundred pounds per annum, of every Duke committed to the Tower, twenty pounds ; of every Earl, for the suit of his irons, twenty marks ; of every Baron, for the suit of his irons, ten pounds ; of every Knight, for the suit of his irons, one hundred shillings ; and also weekly allowances for the table of himself and prisoners. His next source of profit was the merchandise newly brought up the river ; from every wine vessel he received two gallons ; from every *rush boat*, as much as a man could hold between his arms ; from every fisherman's smack laden with oysters, mussels, and cockles, a maund ; and, in short, from one quarter and another, " of all manner of dainties a great quantity." Lastly comes a long enumeration of miscellaneous perquisites, such as the receipts arising from the sale of herbage growing on Tower hill, and from persons who dried skins in East Smithfield, from boats fishing in the Thames, and from boats passing to and

from the port with herrings, from persons going to pilgrimage to St. James's shrine, and from those who were fined for any of the multitudinous cases of trespass that were constantly occurring in connexion with the Tower precincts, both by water and land. If a ship was forsaken by the crew, the owners were obliged to compound with the Constable; if a lighter in bad weather was obliged to throw her lading overboard, it became the property of the Constable; if goods were brought ashore without the custom dues having been previously paid, half of them were forfeited to the Constable; if a swan came through the bridge, or a horse, an ox, a cow, a pig, or a sheep fell from it, the Constable still was the ever-ready recipient. Even the prisoners' diet often became a matter of profit. Holinshed gives an amusing description of a quarrel between the Constable of the Tower and the attendants of the Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth, during her confinement. The attendants, it appears, were accustomed to bring her daily provision to the outer gate of the Tower, where they were compelled to deliver it to the care of the "common rascal soldiers." They endeavoured to obtain permission to take it personally to their young mistress, but the Constable decidedly refused, on the ground that she was a prisoner, and should be treated accordingly; and when they remonstrated with him, he told them, "If they did either frown or shrug at him, he would set them where they should see neither sun nor moon." The Lords of the Council were now appealed to, who decided against the Constable. The attendants were, however, for some time annoyed in various ways in passing to and fro. The reader may be curious to know the meaning of the Constable's anxiety for the maintenance of the first arrangement. Holinshed explains. "Good cause why," says he, "for he had good cheer, and fared of the best; and her Grace paid for it." Or, in other words, the Constable helped himself from the provisions that came for her use. The Lieutenant, or officer next in nominal rank, but virtually the acting Governor of the Tower, had also fees to receive "for the suit of his irons," as well as "roundlets of wine, and of dainties a certain quantity," from the ships in the Thames.

Let us go for other specimens to Queen Elizabeth's Armoury:—

The chief contents of this Armoury, including many varieties of lances, long swords, pikes, musketoons, battle-axes, and the different sorts of shot seen in our group, were formerly supposed to be the spoils of that ill-fated expedition, and the collection was known as the Spanish Armoury. Down even to the times of our excellent great grandfathers and grandmothers, people used to go and look at the various instruments of torture here exhibited, and lift up their hands and eyes in amazement at the cruelty of the Spaniards, and the wonderful escape we had all had from those devilish instruments. Later researches have satisfactorily shown that most of these, if not all, however repugnant their use may appear to the feelings and ideas of Englishmen, are of genuine English manufacture, and have wrung the groan of unendurable anguish from many an English prisoner, long before the Armada swept across the visions of its projector, bridging over, as it were, the way from the Spanish to the English throne. One instrument alone of the different varieties here shown, the Collar of Torture, is

now attributed to the Spaniards; and it is remarkable enough that, of all those monstrous inventions, the collar must have inflicted the mildest suffering. It weighs about fourteen pounds and a half, and is armed with small knobs or studs of a pointed form, but not sharp. Compare this with the rack, which, in some severe cases, added a hand-breadth to the stature; or with the gauntlets, which held the wrists, whilst the prisoner was suspended with outstretched arms in the air, till the blood seemed to flow from every part of the body into the arms, and burst out at the fingers' ends; or with the scavenger's daughter, still shown here, binding body and limbs up into an almost incredibly small compass! It is a pity that our indignation, like our charity, is not more frequently found at home.

Our next relates to a famous instrument in English story:—

The last article of the multifarious contents of this Armoury that we shall mention, is in itself an important historial memorial, and suggestive of many melancholy thoughts. Upon a small block in this Armoury stands the axe shown in our group,—the axe with which the fair neck of the unfortunate Anne Bullen was severed, whilst in the prime of her beauty and womanhood. A few years later, that same axe was again brought from its hiding-place to execute the doom of a still more illustrious victim, Lady Jane Grey. The Earl of Essex closes the list of unfortunates whose history, according to tradition, has ended with—this! Among the spectators of the Earl's execution on that Ash Wednesday morning, 1601, was Sir Walter Raleigh, whose long residence in this chamber one cannot forget, even amidst all the interesting memorials which cover its walls.

Here are some curious particulars regarding the same Sir Walter:—

From one of these windows it was, that when he himself had been previously confined in the Tower for offending the haughty Elizabeth, hearing she was come in her barge to the Tower, on a visit to Sir George Carew, the Lieutenant, "he gazed and sighed a long time" (no Ordinance Office then obstructed the view), discerning "the barges and boats about the Blackfriars stairs," and "suddenly broke into a great distemper, and swore that his enemies had on purpose brought her Majesty thither to break his gall in sunder with Tantalus' torment, that when she went away he might see death before his eyes; with many such like conceits." And it was in this room itself that the extraordinary scene took place immediately following. "As a man transported with passion he swore to Sir George Carew, that he would disguise himself, and get into a pair of oars to ease his mind but with a sight of the Queen, or else he protested his heart would break." Sir George, who had it is probable allowed Raleigh many little indulgences, for the latter had at that time influential friends at court, of course refused to comply with so wild a request; when "they fell flat to choleric outrageous words, *with straining and struggling at the doors*, and in the fury of the conflict, the jailer, he had his new periwig torn off his crown; and yet here the struggle ended not, for at last they had gotten out their daggers." The narrator and eye-witness, Sir Arthur Gorges,

now thought it time to interfere, and, in doing so, "purchased such a rap on the knuckles, that he wished both their pates broken." How much of all this was real, and how much fictitious, it were hard to say: Sir Arthur might have written to describe this scene to the person above all others nearest to the Queen's counsels, Cecil, without any previous understanding with Raleigh, but it is certainly a suspicious as well as an amusing case.

Before concluding our notice of the Tower of London, and the late conflagration within the moat of that ancient fortress, we recommend to the attention of our readers certain "Hints relative to the Construction of Fire-proof Buildings," by A. Bartholomew, Architect, which we have perused.

We are persuaded that not only a great deal of ignorance but of misapprehension prevails with regard to the practicability, and also the economy of rearing fire-proof fabrics, whether these be intended for public store-houses, or private dwellings. But if any one will consider how extensively stone or brick-work may be used; how easy and profitable it is to render this sort of work so substantial that it will resist for many hundreds of years all sorts of decay, and even repel the fury of fire, unless directed from the thunder-cloud, and all shocks but the quakes caused by agencies below the foundations of walls—excepting, also, an enemy's bombardment—much of the incredulity or misapprehension would cease about the *desideratum* in question. If, after studying the capabilities of mortar, clay, and stone, the serviceableness, the durable, and the incombustible nature of iron and other metals be taken into account, so as almost to banish timber entirely from buildings, the notions about the expense and the practicability of erecting fire-proof houses would be greatly modified and changed.

Think of how much would be saved in the way of expenditure, as well as of property, and even of life, were party-walls carefully and solidly constructed; were there no such thing as a morsel of wood used in stairs; were the joists and the beams, employed for a thin coating of wood in floors, all of substantial metal; and were the roofs framed upon principles and constructed of materials of which some of the most renowned ancient edifices, still standing and sound, furnish examples! There ought to be an interval between the ceiling and the outer covering-roof; the ceiling may be made to consist mainly of iron, instances of which are to be met with in modern fabrics; one great advantage of such horizontal construction being the avoidance of that constant pressure that thrusts the walls outward and from their perpendicular. Walls, stairs, floors, ceilings, and roofs may be made incombustible. Walls may dispense with bond-timber, metal being substituted. Wood is extremely apt to decay as well as to take fire.

It is not timber that has proved most serviceable towards the attainment of architectural beauty and magnificence. Even in the

pointed and the most elaborately ornate Gothic style, the essential features, the remarkable details, the generic principles belong to the masonic art, and consist of the materials on which the mason legitimately works; be it the turret or the pinnacle, the vault or the spire, the groin or the rib, the mullion, arch, or flying buttress that is to be completed. It ought to be known that St. Paul's is fire-proof, with the exception of its outer roofs, and the furnishings in that portion of the fabric devoted to the cathedral service.

But the expense,—ay, the expense. Calculate this after counting the loss sustained when the wooden bottom of the new Custom House had, after a few years' existence to be re-founded; the said new house being liable to be wrapped in flames in a few minutes at any time, as its predecessor had been. Estimate the loss which conflagrations, not only at your theatres, have caused, but at your cathedrals, your Parliament-houses, your Royal Exchanges, and your ancient fortresses. Consider how soon your costly and splendid senate chambers, with their proposed national paintings and fresco-works, may be a heap of smoking ashes. Worse still, what may in an hour be the fate of your public libraries, your museums, your picture-galleries, your record offices, with their historic contents, unrivalled in value. But we need not go further. Enough has been indicated to set the thoughts of our readers upon the subject of fires and the means of prevention. Enough has occurred during the nineteenth century—within these few years, and almost in sight of the place where we hastily pen these words, to awaken our legislators to incalculable dangers, to the prompt performance of individual and collective duties for the preservation of national monuments and treasures, the destruction of which could never be repaired.

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ART. VI.—*A Pilgrimage to Auvergne, from Picardy to Le Velay.* By  
LOUISA S. COSTELLO. 2 vols. Bentley.

MISS COSTELLO has the good taste, the liberal curiosity, and the enterprise, to seek out the less trodden provinces of France for her rambles. What is more, she has the requisite knowledge for reporting of them minutely, their history being familiar to her; while she has a capacity for fully imbibing their legendary lore, and the skill to set the whole off in such a lively and graceful form as to win admiration and communicate pure delight. Her sketches are as attractive as any that have been pencilled by modern authoresses, the light and the pleasant being blended with the picturesque and the sentimental, and quick observation with acute remark; demanding as little effort on the part of the reader to catch and to appreciate, as of inducements foreign to the matter and manner of the book to pursue. Our readers are familiar with the character

of "The Bocages and the Vines;" and the "Pilgrimage to Auvergne" consists of similar details; although not so rich, we think, in regard to variety of scene, peculiarity of character, or primitive manners and notions.

A work of this description hardly admits of more particular introduction in the way of criticism, and only requires that we trace two or three of the localities visited along with the fair writer, snatch an anecdote here and there, present a personage or a reminiscence when remarkably worthy of selection, and so on in our usual way. We first alight at a stage which occurred pretty early in the Pilgrimage, viz., at St. Quentin, which has much in the way of beautiful walks and fields to recommend it, as was adequately trumpeted forth to the strangers:—

Few towns in this part of France possess greater advantages in this particular than St. Quentin, and we were not surprised at the vociferous boasting of a loquacious attendant who did the honours of our hotel, and who appeared resolved not to leave us during our stay in his town, which he considered superior to every other. Having unfortunately encouraged him at first in his descriptions, his eloquence knew no bounds, and scarcely could we obtain a hearing when we interrupted his rapturous accounts of the riches of St. Quentin and its neighbourhood, to entreat his offices,—for he proclaimed himself the *chef*,—to procure us some dinner. He had now another field for protestation, and left us with promises of an unique repast; it is but due to him to remark that he was true to his word. Our zealous friend the *chef* would, however, scarcely permit us to enjoy a moment's quiet; for as soon as he conceived that we had sufficiently reflected on the perfection of his art, he made his reappearance with an excuse to demand our passport. This led to a discussion on the custom of asking for passports, which involved the expression of his opinion of the English, French, and every other government under the sun: at length, animated by his subject, he fairly seated himself on one of our trunks, and, in spite of cold looks and short answers, which he did not appear to observe, he entered into an *exposé* of the political conduct of all the rulers of Europe, in a strain which proved him equal to have taken the lead in any popular tumult. His eyes flashed, and his singular countenance became almost fearfully animated; his words flowed without the slightest hesitation, he threw his arms about with violent gesticulation as he proclaimed, that if he had the offending parties, whom he anathematised as betrayers of the national honour of France, in the great square opposite our windows, he would be the first whose hand should seize the rope which should suspend them all "*à la lanterne*." "I speak," said he, "the sentiments of all France—we want no rich, we want no aristocracy—we are men and Frenchmen, and we adore our honour." Seeing his excitement, I begged him to change the subject, upon which suddenly he pulled off his white nightcap—the distinguishing crown of a *chef*—placed his hand on his heart, apologized for talking politics before ladies, begged us not to imagine that he was a *sanguinary* character, and with renewed offers to conduct us himself to see all the wonders of St. Quentin, disappeared, with a

bow which would have graced a dancing academy. We took the first opportunity of slipping out of the hotel unobserved by our persecutor, and concealing ourselves in the streets of his town, where, forgetting his distasteful eloquence, we sought the beautiful and quiet retreat of the cathedral, the elevated roof of which had long invited us from the windows of our enormous, gloomy, singular looking apartment, which looked out into the fine square, considered the wonder of that part of the country. This square is of great extent, and surrounded by irregular built but good-looking houses; on one side is the antique Hôtel de Ville, quite a treasure of Gothic ornament. Its eight columns form a handsome arcade and gallery; their capitals are grotesque and curious, and the foliage of its cornices is exquisitely designed. The building is surmounted by a beautiful open tower, in which are contained the peals of bells of which the inhabitants are so proud, but whose incessant ringing out of tune every quarter of an hour, together with the accompaniment of those of every church far or near in emulation, make a *charivari* so intolerable that it is enough to drive the distracted traveller from the place in utter despair of obtaining rest night or day. It has become a custom to compare a talkative noisy person's voice to the *Carillon de St. Quentin*, and our enemy the *chef* might well have given rise to the saying.

Miss Costello has not much favour for Mr. Loquacity's "sentiments of all France." She would conserve whatever is gracefully antique and aristocratic, without appearing to be much offended at the thought of the inseparable degradation and squalidness of the servile members of the community. In a diversity of ways it is impossible to figure a more striking contrast between two works, than the one before us, and that by Mr. Laing.

Miss Costello always lingers about old cathedrals, and has much to tell of architectural relics, or of any sort of *auld world's gear*. Luxuriant vines, groves of flowering trees, choruses of birds have charms for her; but battlements, ramparts, and huge towers, appear to attract fully more of her notice. For instance,—

Nothing can be conceived more beautiful than the walk we took, early in the morning after our arrival, round part of the ramparts beneath the avenues which lead towards the ancient abbey of St. Vincent, whose ruins crown an opposite elevation on the same plateau, which is beautifully broken by rich and cultivated ravines, the most important being called La Cuve de St. Vincent, which forms a kind of port. Every here and there an opening in the thick shades disclosed a magnificent and extensive view over the fertile country; and as we advanced, the four delicate towers of the superb cathedral appeared above the rest of the buildings, as the windings of the way now revealed and now shrouded them from view. A chorus of birds was welcoming the lovely spring, which promised so much happiness; acacias just in bloom shook their clusters over our heads; orchards of cherries and apples, in full blossom, were beneath us. After quitting the broad rampart, we followed a delicious path that brought us to a grove of flowering trees, which we entered, and found ourselves amidst



the fresh green leaves of the walnut, the snowy and luxuriant alder, the twining wild rose, and innumerable buds of every shape and hue; on one side were banks covered with violet roots, whose flowers, now passed, must indeed have "taken the winds of March with beauty." Beneath the apple-trees was spread a golden carpet of king-cups, and between the soft green vines sprang up lines of fragrant beans. The thrushes warbled loud and sweetly, and the cuckoo kept up an unceasing call as we walked on, almost in a state of enchantment, along the beautiful *chemin des creuttes*. We soon found that we had reached an embattled wall which extended for an immense distance beside us; and we began to form some idea of the stupendous strength and enormous extent of the fortified abbey, once the pride and terror of the Laonnais. We traced the deep moat between the luxuriant vegetation and the overhanging trees, and rested occasionally on blocks of marble and granite, which had formed part of the building, and now, overgrown with flowers, lay scattered in the path. We came at last to two huge round towers,—the same which from the neighbouring heights of Laon had attracted us to the spot,—and found that they formed the entrance lodges to a beautiful garden and modern house, the property of a gentleman of the vicinity, who made this his summer residence. Of all the grand and gorgeous abbey, of its forts and bastions, and towers and cells, and cloisters and spires, nothing remains but *les creuttes*, i. e. the walls, which, extensive as they are, only enclosed the convent gardens. A few towers, at distances along the old and now newly restored wall, indicate the form of part of the building. The situation is exquisite; at every twenty steps new prospects open, new beauties rise; and a whole day might well glide away amongst the shades of St. Vincent,—lonely yet cheerful,—“a populous solitude of bees and birds.”

But we must introduce another real modern character to match with Mr. Loquacity, the conductor of the diligence between Laon and Coucy:—

We trusted ourselves to the guidance of an old gentleman *en blouse*, who conducted a rudely-formed diligence from Laon every day to the desired spot, seven leagues distant. As he carried the mail, we thought ourselves secure of an arrival, and accordingly took our places in his *patache* with one horse. The sun was as brilliant and scorching as on our last journey to the miraculous shrine, and we had some misgivings as to the possibility of the vehicle being somewhat warm; however, we had agreed to go, and could not well draw back. Our driver, though he showed some symptoms of impatience at our indecision, vaunted the excellence of his horse, the quickness of the *trajet*, and the pleasantness of the road. We climbed into the machine, and were soon hid in the *fond*, which was our exclusive right. Scarcely, however, had we started than we began to repent. After rattling down the hill of Laon, we paused to take up more passengers, and then the real dispositions of both our driver and his horse showed themselves. He insisted on stuffing his carriage fuller than it would hold, and in spite of our remonstrances admitted several more persons than he had any right to do, accompanying his peremptory commands that we should *rester tran-*

*guille*, with expletives by no means gentle. As the heat of the day increased, the warmth of his temper seemed to keep pace with it; he flogged his horse, who snorted indignant resistance, without intermission; rattled, abused, and tyrannised over man and beast; drove over a drunken traveller, whom he had knocked down after half agreeing to add him to our overflowing car, where we sat as devoted victims, protesting against his cruelty and oppression, and finally becoming calmer as we neared the town, deposited us at the Pomme d'Or at Coucy. We had in one stage of his fury declared our intention of getting out of his prison, and seating ourselves on our baggage by the road side, preferring to trust ourselves to the chance of a passing carriage to continuing under his arbitrary sway, but he had frightened us into submission; and as by good fortune he had taken up a gentleman whom we knew, whose property was in the neighbourhood, and who contrived to soothe his irritated feelings, and reassure us, we bore our fate as well as we could. Nothing could be more humble and obliging than this crazy-headed *conducteur* on our arrival; all his sound and fury had passed away; his occupation was o'er, and he subsided into civility. We were told that he was always in this state of excitement when driving, and as his life had been passed on the road from Laon to Coucy for thirty years, and he always brought the mail regularly, had never been overturned, was honest and *sober*, no one minded "his trumps and his frenzy." He rested at each of the towns which he honoured by his sojourn a few hours only, at evening and morning, and then was again *en route*. He had never done anything else, and considered himself monarch of the road. No grim baron of Coucy could show himself a greater tyrant, or keep his vassals in greater awe, than did this personage, and we found that to complain of him was quite out of all *règle*.

It is not necessary to halt at many stages in order to obtain a fair idea of Miss Costello's pleasant descriptions and gossip, which will no doubt hereafter form a welcome itinerary and guide-book to a number of ramblers in search of the antique and the picturesque. To all who desire to learn what and how to observe, at such places as one in the vicinity of Nogent, the following particulars concerning the mortal remains of two lovers, over whose fortunes so many tears of tenderness have been shed, will prove attractive; we allude to the spot where once stood the celebrated Abbey of Paraclete, and on whose foundations a General Pajol, we are informed, has erected a modern edifice:—

From the midst of the rubbish the General rescued the coffin in which during eight centuries the remains of the unfortunate lovers had reposed. The sarcophagus which held it was found too heavy to be transported to Paris with the coffin; it was therefore restored and replaced in the vault, the entrance of which was closed; and, to mark the place, a votive column was erected over the spot. A manufactory was established there in 1822, which is now discontinued, to the great loss of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood; and it is the chimneys and roofs that attract the eye in passing,

and direct the attention to the place which those celebrated and interesting characters have invested with such melancholy recollections. Persecuted for his doctrines, which were those afterwards promulgated by Luther, Abelard,—a man superior to his age for the variety of his learning and his profound thinking, retired to the domains of the Count of Champagne, where, by permission of Hatton, bishop of Troyes, he built, in 1123, in the neighbourhood of Nogent, a little chapel, formed of osiers and the branches of trees, which he dedicated to the Trinity, and called Paraclete. His reason for this was that his opinions respecting the Trinity had been condemned at the instance of St. Bernard. Followed into this retreat by numerous pupils, whom his fame attracted, the old persecutions were renewed against him; Abelard was obliged to abandon it, and left it to two of his friends, retiring himself to his native Brittany. In 1129, Eloise, pursued by the same vengeance which had sought the ruin of Abelard, was driven from the convent of Argenteuil, of which she was abbess. Moved by her misfortunes, Abelard abandoned to her and her fugitive community his solitude of Paraclete, where she sought refuge. Pope Innocent, in 1131, confirmed the establishment of this monastery, of which Eloise was the first superior. Its oratory soon became enriched by valuable gifts, and before long Paraclete became the chief place of the order, and had several monasteries dependent on it.

Miss Costello goes on to state that on the death of Abelard, which occurred at a distant priory, his body, according to his desire, was sent to the Abbess of Paraclete, by whom it was buried there. She departed this life twenty years afterwards, and was consigned to the same tomb; tradition saying that when the coffin of Abelard was opened his arms expanded to receive his beloved. A magnificent mausoleum was erected to their memory. We quote some additional particulars:—

When, in 1792, the abbey of Paraclete was sold, the *notables* of Nogent went in procession to carry away the remains of the lovers, which were placed in the church of St. Laurence. M. Lenoir, conservateur of the Musée des Monuments Français, having obtained from the ministry permission to transport them to Paris, went to the church of Nogent with the magistrates of the town. The opening of the tomb took place in the presence of the sous-préfet of the department. The two bodies had been separated in the same tomb only by a leaden division. The original monument, erected over it at Paraclete, had been broken at Nogent in 1794, as well as the three figures representing the Trinity. One similar was made, and long formed the ornament of the Musée des Petits Augustins; it is now to be seen at Père la Chaise.

Troyes presents a variety of antiquities and curiosities, although no one of the inhabitants “knows or cares about” them. “The *boucheries* are celebrated here, and were formerly renowned for the miraculous power exercised in favour of the butchers by St. Loup, who forbade any flies, on pain of excommunication, to approach the

*halle* where the butchers held their meetings." Our Pilgrim sub-joins her own theory in accounting for the obedience of the flies, by saying that the market is almost subterranean, exceedingly cold and damp, as little inviting to the winged intruders into most other places, as a cellar.

There is a royal library in the town consisting of upwards of fifty thousand volumes. Among other notables Charles VI. and his gorgeous queen frequently resided at Troyes; and hence no doubt part of the renown and the curiosities of the place was derived. The people now-a-days, however, at least at the period of the "Three Days," are represented as being as irreverent towards whatever savours of the old *régime*, as they are ignorant and callous relative to anything else that is ancient. Accordingly the *Bibliothèque Royale*, had it not been for the ready wit and tact of "the good old Abbé," who officiates there,—“a lively, witty old man,” on one occasion would have been dealt summarily with. Miss Costello endeavours to lend emphasis to the particulars we now quote, by a free use of italics. The Abbé is the narrator of the anecdote:—

He is fond of recounting an anecdote, which is striking enough, relative to the three glorious days, in which his presence of mind and knowledge of human nature stood him in good stead. The library is collected into an ancient *salle*, the windows of which are adorned with curious painted glass, representing different epochs in the life of Henry IV., principally relating to his entrance into *conquered Troyes*; the *fleur de lis* of course figures in the arms, and amongst the emblems round; and as these symbols were precisely what gave offence to *les braves*, the *bibliothécaire* trembled for the precious morsels, preserved with much care, and rescued from former dangers, when he beheld a riotous party of *patriots* entering the court. They were led by a ruffian whom he knew of old as a *mauvais sujet*, and in their ranks were several *goddesses of liberty* whose aspect did not portend much protection to literature or the arts. He, however, repressed the terrors of his assistants, and hastening to the door threw it open, and welcomed the party as friends. “I was beginning,” said he, “to be extremely uneasy about our valuable library and all our treasures, which you will now take charge of. I put them in your care in case of any disturbance, and am certain that you, Monsieur,” addressing the chief, “who know the importance of these works, and how proud our town should be of them, will prevent much harm reaching them.” The *enlightened public* whom he addressed, astonished at this reception, were suddenly arrested in their inimical intentions; he ordered a large copy of the engravings of Napoleon's battles to be placed on the table, seats to be put for the ladies and gentlemen, and requested the brigand at their head to explain to them the meaning of the plates. Proud of the office, he fell into the snare, and exhibited his learning greatly to the delight of his auditors. Meantime a band of national guards, headed by a young artist of the town, arrived in great haste, having observed the direction taken by the first party, and it was only by great management and quickness that the Abbé contrived to pre-

vent them from coming to blows. At length he succeeded in parting amicably with his visitors, and as soon as they were fairly gone, he set to work, with the assistance of the young painter, and concealed all the *fleurs de lis* with lamp-black, and thus they still remain; for, he adds, with peculiar meaning, "I thought it as well they should not reappear too soon, even now." It was fortunate he did so, for in due time, as he had anticipated, the *most thinking people* came back, finding that they had been cajoled, with a full intention of breaking every obnoxious pane; but finding they were no longer adorned with *fleurs de lis*, they departed with cries of *Vive notre Bibliothécaire!* The *salle* would not have resisted much rough usage, for the walls, and roof, and flooring seemed tottering to their fall at every movement; the shelves are propped up with huge pieces of timber, and the whole has a most melancholy and dilapidated appearance.

Our last extract of all concerns literature and philosophy more endearingly than the reported taste and conduct of the people of Troyes. The passage carries us to Montbard, which is rife with reminiscences of Buffon; a locality, we are told, where the vine flourishes amid masses of grey rock. We are next informed as follows:—

On an enormous block of this stone was built, in ages remote and mysterious, a stupendous castle, frowning on the very summit of the mountain, and commanding all the country around. It might be of Roman construction originally, as is recorded, and have served as a retreat to the feudal lords of the troublous times which succeeded. St. Louis might have dwelt there, for his name is given to one of the towers; at all events, there are walls enough tall, strong, and thick, to build a town, if it were possible to dislodge their masses from the earth. Buffon found this treasure on his estate, and resolved to improve the happy accident, at the same time desiring to exercise his benevolence, and benefit the industrious poor around him. Hundreds of labourers were employed by him to arrange the grounds below these fine ruins in terraces and platforms; and under his eye, and directed by his taste, rose magnificent alleys, smiling gardens, secluded bowers, and open walks; avenues of larches, sycamores, acacias, ash, beech, and lime, spread far over the space; the rugged mountain was transformed into an elegant series of promenades, adorned with statues, vases, and all that a pure and classic taste could imagine. The tottering walls of the antique towers were repaired, the rubbish of years cleared away, and from stage to stage of La Grosse Tour de l'Aubespain the fine proportions of its beautiful *salles* brought forth, its windows relieved from these obstructions, and allowed to afford the magnificent views, which they could present on all sides, its winding stairs renewed and made safe, and the whole fabric restored in all its original grandeur; the ruined walls planed and levelled where necessary; several of those most adapted were covered in, and chambers formed within them, without a stone being displaced or any change of form effected; the perfect, groined roofs still asserting their antiquity, and the thick walls telling the tale of their age. Far beneath, at the last descent of his terraces, appears the fine habitation in which the creator of all these wonders resided, and where he received and entertained

his numerous friends and guests; but it was not here that his valuable studies were carried on. In the most secluded part of his domain he chose an isolated tower, which he had fitted up with every precaution to exclude noise—double windows and thick doors. Here, surrounded by his books and free from interruption, the great philosopher of nature meditated, casting his eyes round on a peaceful and silent scene, and allowing his mind full scope. The principal part of his works were written in this retreat, and it would seem to be still held as sacred, few persons venturing to penetrate into the interior, being content to be told, "Here the great Buffon passed his hours in study," as they look upwards and observe the walls of the pavilion. It is extremely to be regretted that this relic is in a manner neglected. It is true that the windows have within a few years been repaired, but nothing more has been done, and the opportunity of regaining the *fauteuil* and desk, which were formerly used by Buffon, was allowed to escape. Nothing but bare walls remain; and gloomy, dirty, and sad looks the old tower, peeping out from the garlands of a magnificent species of small-leaved ivy which almost envelope it. No one now looks from the lattice where the philosopher gazed on the pleasing landscape spread out before him: the door is closed, and it appears that the key is lost, for, after several demands, the disappointed traveller will be told there is "Rien à voir, et il ne vaut pas la peine d'y entrer."

Should the proposed extent and system of railroads in France, to which allusion has been made in a preceding paper, be carried out, the remote provinces of that country, which still remain much as if in a primitive condition, and which are seldom penetrated by travellers, will be opened thoroughly to the world, receiving and returning many of the enviable fruits of intercourse, and experiencing the reciprocities of civilization.

ART. VII.—*Madame de Sévigné and her Contemporaries.* 2 vols.  
Colburn.

THIS book is a patchwork, with a name in the van to catch readers; not merely consisting of a great number of abridged sketches of characters more or less celebrated—some of them, however, only in their day, and only in certain coteries—but having frequently the appearance of a compilation, literally translated, from a variety of sources. There is very little independent thinking in the performance by way of reflection or speculation, on the part of the English collector, and but very ordinary craftsmanship as a *litterateur*. Still, he must have read a much greater quantity of the multitude of French memoirs and printed correspondence than many of our countrymen have either time or inclination to peruse. Let it not be thought that Madame de Sévigné's popular writings, or that the anecdotes belonging to her personal history are the only or the principal subjects of these volumes. No! that writer, so rich in

all that is most characteristic of French refinement and wit, occupies but a very minor portion of the present work; nor would it have been within the grasp and tact of our collector had he selected her for the representative of a remarkable period in French history and transition, to have brought her out fairly and fully, or with anything like the appropriate nicety of touch and saliency of fancy. It is with that lady's contemporaries, and ranging over a century or thereabouts—from the time of Richelieu downwards—and therefore comprising a very large list of personages that may be tacked to her by some sort of relationship or another, that our author acts the part of collector for portfolios. In fact this is his professed design; for he himself declares that the work "has been drawn up in the form of divisions, or biographical chapters, for the convenience of those who may desire to illustrate it with portraits;" which is surely a novel purpose, although unpretending enough, were it not that the title is preposterous and misleading.

While, however, these volumes are nothing better than what any person might have compiled who had leisure to clip out what pleased him in a number of accessible publications; and while the whole is patched together without a subordinating, condensing, and philosophic power, they yet contain a good deal of amusing matter, and many notices and circumstances which a thoughtful reader will find to be illustrative of a remarkable epoch, as well as of human nature in peculiarly artificial conditions; in short, man thoroughly French,—that is to say, if the idea be confined to the *noblesse* and the court at the period indicated—and when epigrammatic conceits, studied brilliancies, and sparkling conversation were brought into highest vogue, modelling national sentiment, taste, and language down to the present day.

Should a tolerably well-read person open these volumes, the great probability is, that the first thing that meets his eye will be something quite familiar to him in some celebrated man's life,—perhaps in that of Richelieu, or De Retz, or Turenne, or Moliere, or others equally famed. It will, therefore, be more entertaining if we turn to a few of those less noted "Contemporaries," who may, after all, prove as illustrative of the age in which they *flourished* as personages of greater political notoriety. We begin with M. de Coulanges:—

"Le petit Coulanges" would never have been heard of by posterity, had he not been the relation and correspondent of Madame de Sévigné. He was councillor of parliament; but his negligent disposition and love of pleasure rendered him totally unfit for the profession of the law; and he sold his places, to think of songs and dinners. He never made any figure as a public character but once, when a cause came on between two farmers, who disputed the possession of a piece of water or pond. One of these men bore the name of Grapin. M. de Coulanges got into such a state of

confusion in the detail of the proceedings, that he was obliged to stop; and turning to the judges, said: "Forgive me, sirs; I have drowned myself in this pond of Grapin's, and I am your obedient, humble servant;" and he withdrew. After that adventure he had nothing more to say to the law, but was known in the world as the song-writer De Coulanges, whose songs did not long outlive the circumstances they were written for; and as the most good-humoured man in the world, who enjoyed perfect health, and who had neither care nor anxiety: he was also known as the *bon-vivant*, who of all others appreciated a good dinner. De Coulanges told a story well, and made the company laugh. Two journeys he made to Rome inspired him with a love of the fine arts, the result of which was a collection of pictures, which, if we may believe Madame de Sévigné (who, however, was no great connoisseur in pictures), were superb. His friendships at court and with the ministers made him well received in every society; he was *au fait* of all the gossip of the *salons*, and his jovial disposition caused him to be invited to the best dinners at Paris, where his songs and his sayings were duly appreciated. His ministerial friends never gave him any more solid proofs of their attachment; but his good humour, in this voluntary life of luxuriant dependance, pleased them, and he became part of their state. His letters to his cousin exhibit him passing his life in the homes of others, and partaking of the opulence of the grand-seigneurs his connexions, while they profited by his gay conversation. He used to say, "I was born for the superfluities of life, not for the necessities."

Prelates and dignitaries of the church appear to have vied with the grand-seigneurs with regard to enjoying and enduring the society of le petit Coulanges, and to have relished the pleasures of the table with a perfect temporal heartiness. The "epicurean pig," when describing the life he spent in the home of a cardinal, presents a curious view, as our author remarks, of the way of living of an illustrious prelate in France, in 1696. "I have been," says he, "here a fortnight—the happiest man in the world—in the enjoyment of good company, excellent music, enormous fires every where, games of every sort and description, excellent dinners, and delicious wines." He speaks of the cooks with a gourmand's particularity; that they have such a rage for novelties that "we shall die of eating. They can dress all the best French and Italian dishes, but they have now taken to learn English dishes which they will bring here to perfection. We do not know where we are, in consequence, all our dishes speaking different languages, but somehow or other making themselves so well understood that we eat them all, in whatever form they present themselves, and with every sauce." We must copy out a little more about the pig and his clever spouse:—

M. de Coulanges was a diminutive little man, and his species of cleverness corresponded to his appearance. His life was gay, his spirits excellent, and he continued eating and singing to the age of eighty-five; while



those favoured by fortune with places, honours, and riches, passed by to the grave, the victims of anxiety and disgrace. Madame de Coulanges was the near relation of the Chancellor le Tellier and of the minister Louvois; and although she appeared, like her husband, to be placed in the high road to royal favour, her friends gave her nothing but flattery and caresses: she held the first rank in French society for cleverness and wit. She is often named by Madame de Sévigné, in her letters to her daughter, as the *fly*, the *leaf*, or the *sylyph*; and these fanciful denominations represented her perfectly. She was a mixture of coquetry, malice, lightness, worldliness, grace, and vivacity; a character to be found in all countries, but which was only thoroughly appreciated at the court of Louis XIV. Her letters were supposed to be still better than those of Madame de Sévigné; and the *agrémens* of her conversation were greater than those of any person at Paris. She was very intimate with Madame de Maintenon, and in great favour at court, without possessing titles, places, or pensions, or any thing but that wit which was a dignity. Her wit, however, procured her nothing but honours; and it appeared that both she and M. de Coulanges wanted riches. Her husband's wit lowered him in society—it partook too much of buffoonery; hers, on the contrary, raised her—it was made up, and dressed beautifully, like a French woman going to a ball; it was embellished with every care, yet appeared perfectly easy and natural. She was proud of her talent of saying all and everything that came into her head; and her turn of expression was so veiled, and so well managed, that by its aid everything might be said. Her flattery had often a sting, and her malice often shone through the most perfect good-breeding. Madame de Coulanges had a long illness, and Madame de Sévigné, in her joy at her getting better, cried out—“The epigrams are beginning.” She was a pretty woman; Madame de Villars says, that no picture could express the vivacity and cleverness of her countenance. She had not a few admirers, amongst whom were the absent and original Comte de Brancas, the indolent and soft La Fare, and a very distinguished officer, M. de la Trousse, whose *liaison* with her was one of storms and tempests. But what with the quickness, the caprice, and the wit of Madame de Coulanges, her greatest friends were not always comfortable with her, and she treated them as her fancy dictated, and treated her husband as she did her friends. French wit must ever be the same playful, dazzling, powerful excitement it was then; and were Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Coulanges, and Madame de Grignan, to find themselves in a *salon* at Paris in our own day, they would probably make as brilliant a figure as they did in M. de la Rochefoucauld's room, or at the Hôtel de Carnavalet. Not so our Ladies Carliales and Devonshires of two centuries back:—we can only imagine them arriving suddenly at the dinner or evening party of to-day, as a species of masquerade; so ill would they assimilate themselves to the language, to the men and women, and to the tone of the present day. Late in life, Madame de Coulanges ceased to see Madame de Maintenon; Madame de Sévigné was dead, and she lived on terms of friendship with Ninon de l'Enclos, who in her latter days received at her house a society of women of the world. Her want of fortune, her age, her appearance, and her bad health, made her leave the great world; but she kept up a correspondence

with Madame de Grignan to the year 1704, when she died; and M. de Coulanges continued to make journeys, to eat, and to sing, keeping in mind, in all the accounts he gives of his hosts, that "*le véritable Amphitryon est celui chez qui l'on dine.*" To those who are curious as to the details of every-day life in France at that period, the letters of M. de Coulanges will be amusing. He wrote in what Madame de Sévigné termed a style of friendship; by which she meant details, not phrases; and he gives many accounts of the old châteaux of France, of their furniture and ornaments, as well as of the progresses of the cardinals.

Numerous are the notices of the French cardinals and clergy in these volumes; and, indeed, throughout the reign of the Fourteenth Louis, the church figured loftily and ominously. The absolute monarch himself was meek and pliable in the hands of the priesthood; and while the courtiers quaked before the sterner and more powerful preachers, the king submitted to be schooled, flattering himself with the belief, we suppose, that his carriage towards his subjects who served at the altar was synonymous with, or equivalent to, obedience to Heaven, and future pardon and acceptance by God. For instance, we are told that the Jesuit Bourdaloue, who preached at court during many Lents and Advents, where he was prodigiously admired on account of his grave eloquence, would fearlessly reproach persons in the king's presence for the very conduct pursued by the king himself; and that, "in private he was urgent with him as to a change in his conduct." And this is added as an anecdote:—"When Louis, yielding to his remonstrances, told Bourdaloue that he had sent Madame de Montespan to Clagny, and said to him, '*Mon père, vous devez être content de moi: elle est à Clagny,*' Bourdaloue answered, '*Oui, sire; mais Dieu serait plus satisfait si Clagny était à soixante-dix lieues de Versailles.*'"

Turning from Louis and the priesthood, let us hear what was the aristocratic taste in conversation and literature at the period when Mdle. de Scudery wrote her ponderous romances:—

In these books she makes the heroes of antiquity express themselves in the language she had heard spoken at the Hôtel de Rambouillet; a peculiar style of high-flown pedantic gallantry, in which the politeness of conversation then consisted. The heroes of the Roman republic pass their leisure moments in making enigmas, proposing gallant questions and answers, and tracing geographical plans of the tender passion. Mixed up with all this folly and absurdity was a great deal of knowledge, and some bright glimmerings of common sense; and the whole formed books that, from their allusion to various loves and intrigues of those days, interested readers in France, at the brilliant dawn of the age of Louis XIV., and a century after that time, in England. These romances were often written in ten or twelve volumes, and lasted our great-great-grandmothers a year or two in reading. To begin *Cyrus* or *Clélie* was an undertaking in life. Lady Russell writes to her daughter,

"There will be no talking to your sister when she has read *Clelie*, for the wise folks say it is the most improving book which can be read." These books pleased, as *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison* have pleased in later times, much owing to the quantity of petty detail contained in them. The heroes and heroines never entered a room without making an inventory of everything in it, like a catalogue of the effects of an auction:—a contrast to the writing of the present day, when a clever sketch is all that is aimed at, from the fear of becoming prosy and tiresome. Long stories and interminable books did not then frighten listeners or readers. The ladies did not sing, or play on instruments, or paint pictures, or make drawings; but they often undertook to refurnish a house or château with the work of their own hands; and when they passed their days at their tapestry-frames, a *démoiselle de compagnie* read aloud *Cyrus*; *Ibrahim*, or *l'illustre Bassa*; or *Clelie*.

The following is the description of the actual manners from which these romances were drawn out; manners so effectively ridiculed by *Molière*:—

The Society of the *Hôtel de Rambouillet* was the same as that which *Mlle. de Scudery* collected at later times at her own house, except that the former was on a larger scale. Along with *élégantes* and learned ladies, were prelates, magistrates, and military men. It was given out that the liaisons of this society were entirely platonic; indeed the jargon spoken there would have put *Cupid* himself to flight. Some of the phrases in use were, "*une chaîne spirituelle*"—a chaplet; "*l'humeur céleste*"—water; "*un bouillon d'orgueil*"—a smile of disdain; "*les braves incommodes*"—thieves. The language of love was a *fade* sort of gallantry; condolence in sorrow was given in set and measured terms; and the language of politeness was that of outrageous compliment. Both men and women adopted a name: *Mlle. de Rambouillet* was "*l'incomparable Artemise*" to the end of her days, which name was not even forgotten in her funeral sermon by *Fléchier*. *Madame Arragonais* was *la Princesse Philoxène*; the Duke of *Saint-Aigneau* (whom *Madame de Sévigné* called *le Paladin par excellence*), *Artaban*; *Madame d'Aligre*, *Celamine*; *Courard*, *Theodamas*; *Godeau*, *la Mage de Tendre*; *Pellisson*, *Acante*. The more the language was extravagant and high-flown, the more use of "*trope and figure*" could the lady bring into her discourse, the higher she stood in the estimation of her companions. Affectation was the order of the day; and the women, wishing to resemble the heroines of romances, are represented as frozen in their manners to their insipid gallants; and the husband or lover was treated with sovereign contempt who could not hold forth in the style of the *Hôtel de Rambouillet*. Along with the soi-disant wits at France who frequented this society, like the *Abbé Cotin*, &c. were *Ménage*, *Boileau*, *Molière*, and *Madame de Sévigné*; and *Molière* and *Boileau* have transmitted all these ridicules to posterity. Affected expressions were in use amongst the women one to another, and "*ma chère*," "*ma précieuse*," stood instead of surnames or Christian names, which were banished from conversation. From these endearing terms, *Molière* called his comedy "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*."

Last of all we give a tragical anecdote, where "La Belle Provençale," who had been greatly admired at the court of Louis XIV., was the victim. She became the wife of the Marquis de Ganges, whose brothers along with himself harboured against her the most diabolical revenge. The story thus terminates:—

Her husband left her in the château with his two brothers, and returned to Avignon. Some time before leaving that town, Madame de Ganges had inherited a considerable property; and what proves that she did not think with confidence of her husband or of his relations was, that she had made a will at Avignon, in which, in case of her death, she gave the administration of her property to her mother, Madame de Rosan, until her children came of age. This will became a subject of persecution from her brothers-in-law, and she was weak enough to consent to revoke it. Hardly was the act of revocation signed than a new attempt at poisoning was tried. It did not succeed, but the brothers had advanced too far in crime to recede. One day, Madame de Ganges, confined to her bed by illness, saw her two brothers enter the room; the Abbé having a pistol and a cup of poison, the other holding a drawn sword. "You must die," said they; "choose the manner of your death;" Madame de Ganges, almost out of her senses, threw herself from her bed at the feet of the two wretches, and asked of what crime she was guilty. "Choose the manner of your death!" was the only reply. Finding no help within reach, and all resistance useless, the unfortunate lady took the cup of poison, and drank it, while the Abbé held a pistol to her throat. This horrible scene over, the two brothers fastened their victim into her room, and departed, promising to send her a confessor. When left alone, her first thought was how to escape; her second, to try by every means to bring up the poison which she had swallowed. She succeeded in part by putting her long hair down her throat, and, getting to the window, she threw herself, half naked, into the court, a distance of twenty-two feet from the ground. But how was she to escape from her murderers, who were the masters of the château? The compassion of a servant caused him to open a door through the stables into the open country, and she took refuge in the farmer's house near. The Chevalier de Ganges, who had seemed less ferocious than his brother, followed her, and made the farmer believe her to be out of her mind. He followed her from chamber to chamber with his sword drawn, and, just as she was escaping from the house, gave her several wounds, the violence of which was so great that part of the sword remained in her shoulder. At her cries, the Abbé, who had remained at the door to prevent persons from entering, came in with the crowd, and, furious at seeing Madame de Ganges still alive, he fired a pistol that missed her. The witnesses, hitherto terrified, threw themselves upon the Abbé, who made his escape. Madame de Ganges lived nineteen days after this horrible scene, and before she expired implored the mercy of God on her assassins. Her husband, who, it appears, had absented himself from his château during these last scenes, was with her at her death, and there was strong presumptive evidence against him; but his wife, even under the torture she was suffering, always compassionate in disposition, did all in her power to dis-

sipate those suspicions. The Parliament of Toulouse, by an act passed in 1667, condemned the Abbé and the Chevalier de Ganges to be (according to the French law-term) "Rompus par contumace." The Marquis de Ganges had his estates confiscated: he was degraded from his rank, and condemned to a perpetual exile. The Chevalier escaped to Malta, and was killed in fighting against the Turks. The Abbé de Ganges fled into Holland, and there, under a feigned name, adventures happened to him that might form a romance.

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ART. VIII.—*Reports of the Visiting Justices of the Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell.*

SEVERAL Reports of the Visiting Justices of the County Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell are before us, the last being the fifty-ninth, which contains an account of the results of a new method of treating the insane, that promises to be attended with the most gladdening effects far beyond that institution. It would be difficult to name another sphere of medical treatment and moral discipline of superior importance, or where the interests of humanity are more deeply involved; and when it is considered that the change to which we are about to direct attention, being from a system of a most irrational and cruel nature to one of unmixed benevolence and wisdom, is but of yesterday's introduction, so to speak, and that it has not at this moment been universally, or even generally, adopted throughout the land, nay, nor carried to its utmost limits in any one place, the subject seems to appeal to us with increasing force, and to demand from all parties the closest scrutiny and the most anxiously guarded experiments.

It is only a very few years ago, that the condition of Lunatic Asylums throughout the continent of Europe, with hardly an exception, was the most fearful and atrocious that can be conceived. Such establishments were dungeons, either built or dug for the purpose of being filled with human creatures, chained day and night, and treated worse in every respect than wild beasts. To prevent them from dying of hunger was almost the only thing deemed necessary. In France they were found covered with rage, lying upon straw, and in filth, loathsome with vermin, and the victims of ignorant and savage keepers. Nor was England one whit less cruel and neglectful. The history of some of the county asylums, say of Bethlem, which for a long series of years was superintended by some of the most eminent physicians of the day, and by a committee of the first persons in one of the most considerable counties of the kingdom, was that of every species of abuse; we wish we could add, arising merely from ignorance, and not from rapacity. What a list of crimes of commission did not the inquiries which came to be set on foot, and to be pursued in the face of all

kinds of opposition, disclose to the public, which had so long remained comfortable in its ignorance of the shocking scenes in *free* and *happy* England! It was not enough that medical and moral treatment was almost entirely overlooked, but every species of positive cruelty was inflicted. There was, for instance, the shabbiest system of embezzlement and speculation; it was quite a usual thing to frame false reports; deaths were frequently concealed; nay, there is no doubt that many patients, when missed, were reported to have died, who had been actually murdered outright, or killed by protracted cruelty. If a philanthropist ventured to suggest reforms, or desired to be satisfied as to any of the internal details of management, he was insulted, and answered with expressions of sovereign contempt or the most magisterial indignation. Two facts alone will indicate the horrid nature of the system: there were *cells* in some houses of which visitors had no knowledge, and the *deaths* averaged about *one* in *six*.

The celebrated Pinel—every one in the least acquainted with medical jurisprudence knows—at one blow, it may be said, struck the chains from the limbs of the lunatics in France. And yet in England, nearly twenty years afterwards, a poor officer of the navy, who was charged with threatening a physician, when convalescent, was subjected to the restraint imposed by an ingenious apparatus of iron, brought from Newgate, so that he was forced to abide on a bed of straw, his arms and legs bound with manacles, and his neck in a collar, a chain fastening it to an iron pillar behind him. He was unable to walk about, or even to stand upright. The weight of the machinery alone was twenty-three pounds, and this he was obliged to wear nine years.

This was at Bethlem, which may be said to have formed an epitome of all the abuses and evils of the asylums throughout the country, every one of which, however, was so conducted, that a full recital would harrow the feelings and almost exceed belief. It was not the cure of the patient that was studied; it was merely his confinement, and such a removal and restraint as would prevent him from injuring other people. He was merely regarded as an inconvenience, a burden; or, if a means of cure was thought of, it was flogging or some inhuman discipline. The old and the young were confined together; the clean with those who were afflicted with loathsome and infectious diseases. Sometimes the insane were placed in mendicity depôts. At others, in prisons. Chains for the most part were applied. These were cheaper than strait-waistcoats, and they saved servants trouble. It was very customary in some asylums to chain the patients from Saturday to Monday, even such persons as were considered generally peaceable, and were not so restrained on other days. The keepers wished to have the Sunday to themselves, and iron was a good substitute, although it might

eat into the soul of human creatures who were even at best the object of the direst infliction.

It is remarkable that after civilization had advanced to a high pitch; after knowledge was eagerly pursued, and when speculation was constantly on the stretch, for new fields to traverse and to cultivate; when humanity, too, was a popular profession,—that hardly any one, down till a few years back, ever thought of the condition and the cure of the insane in public institutions as a department which necessarily must open up the most valuable and interesting subjects of thought, independently altogether of the good to individuals and to society, that might be attained. Is it not strange that some such inquiries as these were not contemplated and set on foot:—are there not many insane persons ever amongst us, who with the strength and activity of mature years, are yet as mischievous as the most ingenious, and as helpless as children? What is to be done with them? You answer, they must be put into a place of security. But does not humanity require more than that they be merely prevented from injuring themselves or others? Does it not require that the utmost comfort and enjoyment be provided for them which is compatible with their own good and the well-being of others? And is this not found to be the way which science points out as the most likely to effect a cure, and to restore human beings to society? Surely there is nothing very far-fetched in these queries; nothing which demands long consideration to frame an answer. Well, then, admitting the general principles involved in our queries, do not some such views as those which we now indicate suggest themselves?

It is necessary that a habitation intended for lunatics be constructed with a direct reference to their conditions and necessities. Experience, as well as science, teaches that the cure of the insane must depend in very many examples on the influences that affect the health of the body, and of the mind, as a close participator in the condition of the physical frame. Good air, proper exercise, wholesome food, need scarcely be named as means to the ends proposed. And yet how strangely have these obvious means been neglected! A comfortable bed, tidy dress, kind social treatment, morality and its requirements affectionately observed, nurses and keepers to be persons of enlightened minds, of known humanity, who take delight in ministering comfort and medicine to the troubled spirit, and who sedulously remove from the afflicted all that would irritate and exasperate; these, and, such like, are the instruments and processes of cure that manifestly recommend themselves.

It is perfectly clear that, to attain these ends, there must be a well-contrived system of arrangements, a seriously considered plan of management. There must be superintendence and attendance; there must be classification and many minute details. To secure all

such requisites must call for lengthened study, practical experience, and a philanthropy that is its own reward, with consummate prudence, the greatest command of temper, and an unwearied watchfulness.

Are not all such requisites within the reach of society, within the bosoms of men? Let facts answer. Eighty lunatics were unchained by Pinel at the Bicetre in 1794, and the general treatment was henceforth improved. Thongs and scourges had been the agents before; but these instruments were no longer delivered to the keepers, and the immediate result was gratifying both in the way of cure and of early recovery, also of greater quietness, so as to be more easily governed. Esquirol, with becoming pride, remarks that France was the first nation to offer the spectacle of nearly three thousand lunatics in and around Paris being kept in confinement without chains, without blows, without unkind treatment; while, with disgust, he states that in England, for a number of years afterwards, the old barbarous system was maintained, supported, too, by those who were reckoned high medical authorities; thus showing their ignorance of man's nature, and their want of Christian charity.

Great is the progress, however, which of late years has been made amongst us towards a humane, an enlightened, and a blessed system, as proved by numerous results, of treating the insane; and considerable has been the contest about the person or persons that first discovered that mild behaviour to such sorely afflicted patients is far more generally advantageous than the opposite plan. The Quakers have set up a strong claim to the honour. We believe, however, that, like most discoveries of a philanthropic, and even some of a scientific kind, such as must arise out of the increasing intelligence and more civilized habits of the community, the discovery in question was made almost simultaneously by several persons, and in different parts of the country; although the Quakers may have been the first to have tested the new system at a *public asylum*.

Before proceeding to notice some of the admirable and delightful effects that have recently been witnessed in several of the lunatic establishments, we may be allowed to state, with a view of urging the necessity there is for still further improvement, that there is scarcely an institution in the kingdom from which all the old abuses have disappeared, or, at least, in which there do not occur avoidable defects. In some houses, we believe, there has been comparatively little amendment; although reports and books abundantly trumpet forth reforms and cures. There may be great neglect, and yet some fair-looking cases. There may be wrong and error throughout the whole management in regard to air, food, &c. Light is often scantily provided or allowed. The medical treatment in very



many cases is entrusted to persons who have either not made the subject of insanity a particular study, or whose other professional duties forbid that they should adequately attend to the lunatic institutions. Visitors may admire the halls for the cleanliness and comfort which these more public portions of an establishment do present; and the wards may surprise the stranger on account of the order and silence which prevail there. But are there no strappings and cruel restraints in hidden corners? In short, there are too many reasons for believing that, with all the boastings of reform, many of the old abuses still exist; and that the love of gain very largely continues to animate parties concerned in the direction and control of lunatic asylums.

However, and without a doubt, owing to the manner of superintendence and management observed at Hanwell, there is a gratifying exception to the deceitful and unreformed institutions regarding which we have been uttering our distrust. At that large establishment there has been a total relinquishment for the last two years of every sort of restraint, except, and in extreme cases, of confinements, or of exclusions from the usual comforts afforded by the institution; and this only for a limited or short space, regulated, as the interval is, by a judicious vigilance. This is upon a very large scale of trial, together with being made upon materials presumed to constitute the fairest illustrations of the doctrine and practice to be tested.

We wish that every one of our readers had an opportunity of perusing the Reports by the Visiting Justices, also of the Physician and of the Chaplain, that appear in the document before us for 1841. The grand question was, whether the coercive or non-coercive system was to be pursued in obedience to what might be the light lent by a certain period and process of trial; and all this having a reference to the attendants as well as the patients. The following is the decision arrived at:—

But do the means which are now adopted at Hanwell offer an equal security against the dangers to which every institution, and especially every large institution for the insane, is liable? Are they sufficient to guard, not with absolute certainty, but with reasonable hope, against danger, equal at least to the mode of management for which it has been substituted? The Visiting Justices beg to answer distinctly in the affirmative; and to state, as the result of their experience, that notwithstanding the many obstacles with which the non-restraint system has had to struggle, notwithstanding the difficulties which have unavoidably attended the transition from one system to another, notwithstanding all these, and even more than these obstacles by which the means have been materially weakened that were relied on for complete success, that success has fully equalled their hopes, and has presented advantages, which in their opinion more than compensate the imperfections to which every human contrivance is liable.

It has been alleged by the enemies of light and of Christian charity, that more cruelty, more coercion and restraint, have been practised and inflicted at Hanwell than according to the old system. The Justices are willing to leave the decision to the evidence furnished by results:—

It has not failed, but has succeeded; and the Visiting Justices have perhaps one of the best proofs of its success in the testimonies of the patients themselves, when they are restored to health, and are fully alive to the comforts and the advantages which they have enjoyed under it. The committee are accustomed, on their appearing before them, to receive their discharge, to examine them as to the degree of consciousness they possessed during their malady, and it has been found that their consciousness, and their recollection of what had passed, were much more distinct and perfect than might be supposed. In answer to inquiries as to whether they were satisfied with their treatment; and whether they had anything to complain of; they have uniformly, with but one exception, where a female complained of having been once struck on the face by a nurse, expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with the kindness and attention they had received, and in some instances in such feeling terms as to convince the Visiting Justices that kind treatment is not lost upon the insane, but is distinctly and gratefully recollected when they are restored to reason.

We must again express a wish that the Reports before us, with their illustrative cases, were in the hands of every reader. The impression then would go far abroad that the old-fashioned methods of restraint are attended with manifold difficulties and evils that might readily be abused; whereas a simple process operates beneficially in two ways,—striking, both directly and indirectly, to the right and to the left. Our next extract bears upon this view of the subject:—

As at that time no reports were ever made, or records kept, by the attendants of the patients in restraint; while closets full of instruments of restraint were at their command—it was impossible for the resident physician ever to know, by night or day, how many of the patients whom it was his duty to protect, were in actual bondage. It was curiously indicative of the perversion of feeling engendered by long familiarity with restraint, that there was no part of the asylum in which they were more freely employed than in the female infirmary.

Here is a case in point:—

A young woman in a state of chronic dementia, following attacks of mania which had occurred six or seven years previously, was found on the resident physician's first visit to the wards after his appointment, fastened in her bed by a strap round her neck, by a strap round her waist, and by straps to her feet. She also had on the sleeves, which enveloped her hands in hard leather cases, and her hands were also fastened by short straps

connected with the strap round her waist. She was extremely feeble and emaciated; her skin was in a very irritable state. She could not get out of bed, or raise herself up, or turn, or lift her hand to her mouth. In this state she had been kept for some weeks. No cause was assigned, except that she was troublesome—that she would undress herself—that she was always in mischief. Day by day, with all the caution assumed to be necessary, one after another of her galling restraints was removed. For a short time she proved to be mischievous and troublesome in her powerless way. She delighted in taking off the clothes from her irritable skin, and she preferred standing up to lying down upon the irritating straw of her bed. She one day broke a pane of glass (being still locked up in her room), and squeezed part of her superfluous wardrobe through it. This habit was discontinued when she was permitted to come into the gallery; but, as she was fond of taking any unappropriated bread, tea, or beer that she found in the ward, the infirmiry nurse, who had highly disapproved of all the proceedings in the patient's favour, contented herself with the milder means of fastening a long strap to the waist-strap of the patient's dress, and securing her by it to an iron bar, or a bench, or a heavy restraint-chair. This thralldom being also forbidden, the patient gradually became less troublesome, and being removed to another ward, slowly recovered strength, and even became fat. The poor girl had been a music-mistress, and in a few weeks after her restraints were taken off, she was led to the organ in the chapel by the matron, and induced to play. This patient is yet in the asylum, imbecile, and incapable of employment, but seldom mischievous or troublesome.

Wherever restraint is allowed to be applied at the discretion of individuals, the trouble that may be saved by such a summary mode offers too great a temptation to keepers to exert their powers in an abusive manner.

A prolonged maniacal attack is not unfrequently characterized by a continual activity, and a most ingenious disposition to mischief. When restraints were employed, these restless and troublesome patients were very frequent subjects of it. It prevented the necessity for the almost continual watching required, and which was too irksome to be borne by an attendant who could at once be relieved from his care by putting the patient's hands in a leather muff, or locking his ankles together. The inconvenience then created fell chiefly on the patient; and many such patients were by degrees allowed to be either in constant or in very frequent restraint; always greatly to their detriment, and sometimes to their entire ruin. The patients now alluded to are seldom violent; they are easily amused, and when amused are as playful as children: but they are irritable, and become uncertain in their temper under the annoyance of mechanical restraints.

Nothing can be more probable than that the habit of imposing restraints will render callous and cruel the disposition of any person, however humane previously; and it will necessarily become a

progressive habit. The resident physician says he "cannot forget having more than once discovered that dying patients were not released from restraints. Even in the restlessness of death their feet were strapped or chained to the bedstead, and an order to liberate them seemed to occasion surprise."

Well, but what substitute can be proposed that is likely to controul an insane person, and to preserve order amongst a multitude, where so many shades of disease and of temperament must exist as in the Hanwell Asylum, the largest establishment of the kind in the empire? The answer is, *temporary seclusion*, strictly regulated in each case according to the peculiar circumstances which may arise.—

To secure the advantages of seclusion, it must be remembered that the term is applied to the temporary confinement of a lunatic in his own bedroom; sometimes with the light partially excluded, sometimes almost entirely; that it must not be hastily resorted to; not carried into effect with anger, but steadily accomplished, when persuasion fails, by a sufficient number of attendants; that it must not be accompanied with irritating expressions; nor applied as a punishment; nor unnecessarily prolonged. The state of the patient in seclusion should be ascertained from time to time through the inspection plate; and any appearance of contrition should be met with kindness.

This system of non-coercion has not only been introduced at Hanwell with encouraging and flattering results, but at Lincoln, at Lancaster, and, we believe, at various other asylums on both sides of the Tweed. It is lamentable therefore to think that a method of treatment which dispenses with strait-waistcoats, with thongs, and with chains, and which is declared seldom to fail "to tranquilize the patient in a short time, and is generally productive of immediate composure," should still meet with keen opposition in the way not only of argument, but be practically scouted, inasmuch as there are too many grounds for declaring that extreme rigour and mechanical severity still find advocates and agents in various asylums. We are told in the Fifty-ninth Report, for example, that "in the course of the year (1841), several patients have been admitted in restraints, and many more marked with restraints, imposed before admission." And these remarkable words follow: "The management of all these cases has proved perfectly practicable without restraints."

It is manifest that the non-coercive system, dealing as it does with mental phenomena, with moral means as well as feelings, and also with physical principles of our nature,—the capacities and dispositions of the sane, besides those of the insane, having to be legislated upon, so to speak,—must demand such well-understood combinations, such delicate arrangements as cannot be brought into the

best possible state of working of a sudden. If the reader will merely direct his thoughts to the practicable that may be realized in the form, the divisions, the classifications of the houses destined to be inhabited by lunatics; if, again, attention be paid to the sort of mechanical employment that may be offered to the patients,—the kinds of reading and amusement,—the manner of communicating religious instruction, and many other conceivable necessities, it will soon be felt that an immense and an amazingly difficult field for adequate culture opens up to the mind of the philosopher and the philanthropist. What trying and delicate ground is furnished for the chaplain of a lunatic asylum! The latest of the reports before us must be consulted ere anything like a due conception can be formed of the exigencies which present themselves both to the physician for the bodies and the physician for the souls of persons who are in any degree bereft of reason. We indeed hope that the day is not distant when the professional duties of such functionaries will be confined to one institution; when asylums will be constructed upon a scale sufficiently capacious for each officer to be employed fully and so largely as to acquire a mastery in his department, and also to arrive at such ascertained principles as to be able to teach the anatomy of insanity in its strange varieties, and to develop the science of curative treatment. One great requisite is, that the attendants or servants of such establishments be numerous,—be in sufficient abundance for night as well as day-duty. Then, as to the qualifications of each nurse and keeper: why, normal schools, we trust, will come to be instituted to instruct attendants in their various branches, to the nearest approach to perfection that humanity can realize.

The statistics of the Hanwell Asylum are particularly important. These indeed point to many facts curious in themselves and in some measure distinct from, although often related to, the history of insanity. For example, we find that in the autumn of last year the female patients greatly exceeded the male; although this does not seem to have arisen so much from odds in the number of admissions, as from the greater number of cures, partial or complete, and of deaths on the side of the males. Then, with regard to the relative lists married, unmarried, and widowed, the returns are very striking. Hardly less so are the numbers of insane that belong to the several professions and trades; the causes physical and moral assigned; and the proportions of those who can write, of those who can only read, and of those who are totally devoid of school education. Nor will the expenses of the establishment escape notice, not only of its entire management and support, but as divided amongst individuals, down even to the weekly cost of each patient, taking the averages. But we do not go into these details, persuaded that we have said and quoted enough to show that a more important subject cannot

be offered for investigation than that of lunatic asylums, and that more interesting documents cannot belong to our social institutions than the Reports before us. How gratifying are the prospects which these papers hold out! What cause may not posterity have to rejoice on reading the history of the experiments which have recently been pursued at Hanwell!

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ART. IX.—*A Popular Treatise on Agricultural Chemistry; intended for the Use of the Practical Farmer.* By CH. SQUAREY. Ridgway.

IN no branch of business is science without practical knowledge of less value than in agriculture. A person may consult, and may commit to memory, the contents of the best theoretical works on the subject, and also the rules and directions which the most esteemed of manuals may offer, and yet when sent into the field will be a mere bungler, unable to order with judgment any operation with reference to the particular soil, the local climate, the nature of the season, or the condition of the land. In few departments are random speculations more generally and signally found to be injurious or ruinous than in agriculture; in perhaps none is there a greater necessity for the farmer to have a constant and pervading eye to the work that is going on at any and all times of the year, if he expects a profitable return, or even to enjoy the satisfaction of having his parks in a *crack* condition to the eye of a passing stranger. But should his attention be too much directed to handsome appearance, he may also sacrifice profit. Owing to such ignorance and mismanagement as we have referred to, there have not only been many failures in agricultural speculations, but the phrase *gentleman-farmer* has been the designation which ridicule has largely applied with a notorious significance.

Machinery cannot be employed with anything like the certainty or to the extent in agriculture that it may be in manufactures. Skill, derived from long practical experience, cannot be dispensed with in the case of any tolerable farm; and so much value has been set on this that agriculturists have gone to the other extreme, and have very generally derided all scientific principles, and with a most provoking pertinacity; so that to do as "our forefathers have done" has carried many just as far wide from an enlightened course as those have gone who have had no experience at all, and who proceed merely according to print.

But is it not most reasonable to presume that he who has experience, and who has become dexterous in practice, must be greatly in advance of the majority of his neighbours, provided he be able to give a scientific reason for most of the facts, and for most of the processes belonging to his profession? Certainly, at least, his

delight, his enthusiasm as a farmer, must be greatly enhanced by the union of knowledge alluded to. But the profit, the productiveness of his lands, will much depend on a close observance of scientific principles, as well as on a full attention to past events and results. Yes, were every farmer in Great Britain tolerably acquainted, for instance, with the constituent parts of soils, or with the structure and functions of the different parts of plants, with the manner in which a plant receives its nutriment, and from what sources, we may fearlessly assert that not only would the variations of lands, of climate, and of season, be wonderfully neutralized so as to afford a much greater national return of the necessaries of life, but that the very diversities of the island in all natural respects would be forced by man to minister to the well-being, to the much more abundant supply of the people. There is every variety of soil, climate, and season to work with; and there is never a year in which all things do not operate propitiously to certain tracts of the country. Our means of intercommunication are unrivalled, so is our capital. Then what nation can surpass us in respect of the command of labour, or the serviceable nature of our implements? If all these things were adequately improved and employed, grounded upon scientific system, and guided by experience, this country might maintain a more lofty and independent station than she has ever yet done, and the Corn-law question itself would be in consequence much modified.

Entertaining these opinions, we are glad to have it in our power to recommend a popular treatise on agricultural chemistry to all who have any concern in the rearing of food for man and the domestic animals. We have, indeed, no hesitation in saying that Mr. Squarey's volume is a work that should be studied by every farm-servant, as well as every master of a farm. Agriculture is a noble, a dignified, a delightful branch of national industry; but never until the practical agriculturist has made himself acquainted with the agencies which chemical laws exercise in the growth and nutrition of plants, can he be said to have any just or enlightened notions on the subject of the most ordinary methods of farming, and assuredly he cannot otherwise take an adequate pleasure in his plans, his labours, or the fruits of his culture.

Whatever may have been the neglect in former times as to the possible application of chemical sciences to agricultural studies, one of the signs of the present age is an aroused degree of attention to the subject. Chemistry is no longer regarded as merely a branch in medical pursuits. In fact, it has justly come to be viewed as the universal science, there being no change whatever in any substance, organized or unorganized, without such change being governed by chemical laws. "The analysis of soils is peculiarly a chemical operation, and as each individual plant requires for its perfection

certain substances, the analysis of the soil in which they grow is the only way to discover if such substances are present, and if not, of indicating what particular one is wanting, which, when discovered, may be supplied by the knowledge chemistry gives us of other substances which may contain it." This our author considers as perhaps the most important feature of chemistry as applied to agriculture.

Mr. Squarey, in his work, which pretends to no originality, unless it be in the popular manner adopted, so that any person, with an ordinary degree of attention, may understand the truths and the phenomena which he describes,—*first* considers the structure and functions of the different sorts of plants; *secondly*, the general attributes of the soil; *thirdly*, the simple bodies forming the structure of the plants, the sources from which they are obtained, and the manner in which they are assimilated; and *lastly*, the specific action of the various manures now in use. The chapter on the structure and functions of the different parts of plants may be quoted as a fair specimen of the plain and familiar manner adopted by our author for the benefit of persons who have no previous knowledge of the subject, and also of the interesting nature of this branch of natural history—of vegetable physiology, so fertile in wonderful facts.

The first step, necessary to the proper comprehension of the processes nature employs in the assimilation and growth of plants is a perfect knowledge of the organs each plant possesses, and the functions these organs perform in the development of the different parts of the vegetable structure.

Without such knowledge it will be impossible to understand how plants derive their nutriment from the air and the soil, and indeed it is and must be the basis of all information on the subject.

It is proposed, therefore, to give such a general description of the functions of each organ of plants, as connected with the assimilation of their various component parts, before proceeding to the consideration of the matter so assimilated.

It is first necessary to note, that certain conditions are as necessary in the vegetable as in the animal kingdom for the development of a perfect plant.

In the latter case a due supply of fresh air, food and liquid of some kind, are the essentials necessary for the sustenance of animal life, and should but one of these be wanting, although the other two may be supplied in excess, death will ensue. So it is with plants; certain conditions are necessary to bring them to maturity, and those of each genus require a peculiar treatment to bring them to perfection; and it is the study of these peculiar conditions and the successful application of various manures to forward the development of the different organs, or the application of other substances to neutralize any quality in a peculiar soil, which would be pre-



judicial to the growth of a certain crop, which constitutes agricultural chemistry in its widest and most extended sense.

As a general rule, all plants consist of a root, stem, and leaves, and these organs again have a direct and distinct reference to the production of a fruit, the which being accomplished, the plant either dies entirely, or lies torpid for a season, until a succession of the same circumstances which gave it life in the first instance, shall again call its productive organs into action.

The root of a plant performs the two important offices of retaining it in a fixed position and of supplying it with a great part of its nourishment, and it may therefore be considered as analogous in some measure to the mouth and limbs of an animal.

It is not at all necessary in this place to consider the different forms the root assumes in different plants, it is sufficient for our purpose to know that the roots of all plants perform the same function, that of absorbing nutriment from the surrounding substances for the nutrition of the plant.

It may be and is matter of wonderment, that such a vast variety of shapes should be given to an organ, provided in all cases for the same purposes; but here our inquiry must cease, an all-wise Providence has so endowed and created them, and man even with his finite understanding is capable of appreciating the benefit he derives from such an arrangement.

A root usually consists of several parts, the body, the crown or collar, the branches and the fibres, which latter seem indispensable in all plants.

The most essential part of every root is the crown, which is the portion of the plant between the stem or leaves, and the body of the root. In many plants of a hardy nature nearly the whole of the body of the root may be cut away, and yet, if the crown be uninjured, still the plant will flourish, but in the generality of plants, if the crown be injured, no matter how perfect soever the body may be, the plant is usually destroyed.

This remark applies to almost all kinds of grasses, but there are some so tenacious of life (such as the common couch-grass and plantain) that they can only be extirpated by removing every portion of the body of the root.

When the crown of a root is slender it dries up as the seeds ripen, and the plant soon dies; such plants are termed annuals, as wheat, barley, oats, &c. but when the crown, from any cause, such as the soil, climate, or culture, is rendered strong, such annuals are brought to grow two years, and then are called biennials, or for a succession of years, and then are called perennials.

The fibres, though an essential part of each root, may be removed in most cases without injury to the plant, provided the crown is sufficiently healthy and vigorous to push out new ones. It is at the tips of these fibres that the spongelets are placed, which absorb the pabulum from the soil, and in the event of the spongelet being removed by any cause from the point of the fibre, two lateral shoots immediately are thrown out, (provided the plant is sufficiently vigorous to bear the temporary loss it thus sustains), each provided with its spongelet, and thus the destruction of the one becomes a source of strength to the plant. It was on this principle that Tull's famous horse-hoeing husbandry was founded: "that by plough-

ing between the rows of what, and thereby cutting off the tips of the fibres, that for every spongelet thus destroyed two were reproduced by the plant, thus giving the plant two spongelets where one had previously existed." There were other collateral benefits to be derived from this method, but the one in question was one of the principal.

That plants have the power of accommodating themselves to circumstances is proved in a most beautiful manner from the fact, that when planted in a dry and arid soil, an infinitely greater number of fibres and spongelets are produced, than when the same plant is grown in a moist and fertile soil.

The fibres, like the leaves of trees, are produced annually, in some cases falling off like leaves, as in the Dahlia; in others increasing in size, and becoming harder, like the parent body of the root, and subsequently throwing out new fibres themselves, as is the case with almost all large trees.

Besides this property of absorbing nutriment from the soil, these fibres have the power of throwing off that matter absorbed by the spongelets which is either unnecessary or noxious to the plant, and this may be one of the causes which prevents plants of any kind from being successfully cultivated on the same soil during a succession of years.

It may here appropriately be mentioned that darkness, or at all events the absence of light, is essential to the development of the fibres of the roots.

The stem is the next part to be considered, but the functions it performs in the vegetable creation are so subordinate to those performed by the root and leaves, that it will occupy but little time to become acquainted with its offices.

The stem of all plants rises immediately from the crown of the root, and is consequently always above the ground. The same variety prevails in this part of the plant as in the root, for instance: the stems of wheat, barley, and the grasses rise to some height and are termed the straw; the stems of mushrooms, fungi, &c. are termed the stalk, and the stem of the strawberry is termed a runner, all of them being appropriately described from the appearance each presents.

The functions performed by the stem are little more than that of conveying to the different parts of the plant the liquids absorbed by the spongelets of the root. It is somewhat porous, and evaporation of the useless moisture of the plant takes place to some extent on its surface, but compared in this respect with the leaves, its office is unimportant. It consists in all cases of cellular tissue, containing albumen, with a large portion of the earthy and alkaline matter absorbed by the roots, and it partakes largely also of the character of the plant itself in its ultimate analysis, but frequently contains a deposit of resinous or oleaginous matter, differing widely from the products of the other parts of the plant. It possesses the property of throwing out fibres and spongelets under favourable circumstances, and this mode is one of most common means employed for the propagation of particular shrubs.

The leaves of plants are the next subject for consideration, and the important offices they perform in the nutrition of all plants will merit a careful investigation.

Nature, in all her operations, as far as human knowledge extends, is perfect. Sufficient means are always employed to obtain a given result; and hence we may justly infer that leaves, from their immense number and from the great extent of surface that they offer to the action of the air, perform a most important part in the vegetable kingdom; and it will be seen from the functions now about to be described, that their importance is not overrated.

Leaves perform, in the vegetable kingdom, the same offices as the lungs in the animal kingdom. Through them, from the pores covering their surface, the respiration of the plant is carried on, and more than this, for at the same time that the respiration is going on through their pores, a constant assimilation of one of the gases of the atmosphere (hereafter to be described) is also taking place—and from this source the plant derives a considerable portion of its nourishment; to this also we must add, that a constant chemical action is always in operation in the leaves, in the formation of the resinous, and oleaginous, and acid matters they contain. These processes of the leaves are constantly in operation, from the first formation of the leaf until the seed is perfected, and they only cease when, from the ripening of the fruit, their assistance is no longer required.

It is important to remark that light is indispensably necessary to this function of plants: in its presence, both the mechanical action of evaporation of the watery parts, and the secretion of the various gases, are carried on vigorously; but in its absence the plant loses this power, and becomes subject in its turn to the action of the oxygen of the atmosphere.

In speaking of the root of plants it has been noticed, that one condition essential to that part of their structure is darkness; and now it is found that light is equally necessary for the stem and leaves and other green parts of the plant. If proof were wanting to convince us of the almighty mind of the Being who has so wisely constituted this world, it might be found in the simple yet perfect arrangement now under consideration. It is a proof of the most perfect adaptation of the plant to the conditions and circumstances necessary for its growth.

We now come to speak of the seed or fruit of plants. The object to which all the other functions of the plant are subordinate, or to which at least all parts have reference, and one which in its importance to mankind cannot be too highly appreciated.

Seeds vary in size, colour, shape, &c. to such an infinite extent as to be scarcely within the scope of human understanding; but all of them possess one uniform arrangement for the protection of the germ from injury, and it will be important to consider what this general arrangement is, and also the changes that the seed undergoes in the process of germinating.

All seeds consist of a farinaceous pulpy matter, covered on all sides by two or three membranes which serve to protect the seed from any casual injury. The pulpy matter contains at one end, the heart, or as it is more correctly termed, the germ or embryo plant, and in all cases it must be remarked that the pulpy farinaceous matter is the proper food of the nascent germ. Some seeds are further protected by a hard outer covering; but this remark applies only to the seeds of trees. Although the gradations from the hard external shell of the apricot stone, to the membranous

covering of the wheat are so gradual, that the line where the one begins and the other ends, is difficult to be decided on, and indeed whether inclosed in the shell or membrane, the changes all seeds undergo in the process of germinating, seem to be precisely the same, and it may be worthy of notice here, that so effectual is the membranous covering in protecting the germ from injury, that seeds found in the mummies taken from the pyramids of Egypt, which must be at least 3000 years old, have vegetated, when planted in favourable circumstances; and farther, seeds brought up from the interior of the earth in sinking wells, mines, and other excavations have also germinated, although the period when such seeds could have been deposited in such positions is altogether beyond human conception.

The circumstances necessary for the germination of the seed depend externally on heat, moisture, air, soil and situation; although these two latter conditions are not in all cases indispensable.

Moisture is absolutely necessary for the seed when planted: its first action is to swell by absorption the pulpy matter of the pod, which then bursts open and allows the air to act in concert with the water thus absorbed; in creating new compounds, such as starch, sugar, resin, &c. which form the pabulum or nourishment necessary for the young plant in its first stage of existence, and before its organs are sufficiently developed to obtain a supply of food elsewhere.

Heat follows next, and is equally indispensable to the germination of the seed. A temperature below  $32^{\circ}$  or much above  $120^{\circ}$  are the extremes, beyond which vegetation does not take place; in the one case from the freezing, or extreme cold, closing the pores of the seed to the moisture, and in the latter from the extreme heat, causing the fluids of the seeds to be too much expanded, when decomposition of the parts takes place.

Air is also an essential ingredient in the germination of seeds, from the presence of its oxygen. And it is probable, to the absence of this cause, that seeds found buried in the earth, under what would otherwise be considered favourable circumstances for their growth, have lain so long dormant.

Light, so necessary to the favourable growth of the plant itself, is prejudicial to the development of the germ, from its power of disengaging the oxygen necessary to the vitality of the embryo plant.

If the agriculturist would but consider the nature of absorptions and the manner in which plants receive their food, he would become acquainted with the whole history of germination; not only as to how the roots, with their spongelets, are affected by the soil, but as to their relations and affections in respect of the air, as well as how a neutralizing power may work by means of manures.

The farmer, in so far as agricultural chemistry is concerned, should proceed in this way; he should consider that the nutriment is taken up by an assimilating mystery,—a fact in vegetable physiology,—in that it renders and reduces to its own individual taste and unity, through a liquid solution, that which constitutes, so to speak, its bone, blood, and flesh; the substances in the soil being

carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen as gases; and as earths, potash, lime, soda, and magnesia.

How to regulate, amalgamate, and subordinate these substances, in reference to peculiar soils and circumstances, is a worthy study for the scientific farmer; which study, if conjoined with experimental knowledge and observation, must result in a better practical treatment than if a man had nothing but his common sense and practical experience to go by. If farmers would consider these very reasonable points; if they would retire within themselves, and not travel beyond what falls within the skirts of their own fields and immediate departments, there would be much less occasion for artificial and legislative protections than they are now in the habit of looking up to. Their scope and their agencies are very great and enviable, without the questionable aid and discussion of corn-laws.

Mr. Squarey's Treatise, as we before hinted, is a plain and pertinent directory towards the scientific points mentioned. We however think there ought to have been more of illustration and less even of technicality than he has employed. The work might have consisted of fewer pages, and explained or exhibited more than it has done for the benefit of the practitioner. But as it is, the volume is desirable and interesting; uniting science and practice according to their separate and kindred claims. Take as an example, how chemistry teaches the connexion between manure and food. Says Mr. Squarey and says science,—

It has been before stated that every part of a plant contains nitrogen as well as carbon: but as an invariable rule, the seed of all plants contains a much larger quantity of nitrogen than the leaves and stalks, and a lesser quantity of carbon; and inversely, the leaves and stalks a much greater quantity of carbon, and a lesser quantity of nitrogen. Now when a horse is fed on grass, his food consists almost entirely of carbon; and the result is, that when he has a sufficient supply he gets fat—that is, that particles of oily, fatty matter are deposited on the muscles under the skin; but, as it is well known, a horse in this condition is quite unequal to any work, and the least exertion reduces his bulk. But when the same horse, under other circumstances, is fed on corn, his food consists principally of nitrogen; and although he may never, under this keep, get as fat as under the other, still the increase he does acquire will be pure muscle, or, as it is technically called, sound flesh; and on this keep he can perform infinitely more work with less fatigue than on food containing no nitrogen.

A more complete instance could not be adduced to show that animals as well as plants can only assimilate that food which is presented them: in the first case, carbonaceous matters being the food of the horse, carbon is deposited in the shape of fat; in the latter, when more nitrogen enters into the composition of his food, the deposit of muscle preponderates. So it is with wheat. With a manure that only supplies carbonaceous matter, starch is the result. With a manure containing nitrogen, gluten is formed;

both cases being completely analogous, and affording unerring proof of one simple and uniform law.

Again, and to conclude, on the authority of Professor Daubeny, learn how the quality of food may be affected by the chemical processes of certain manures:—

In an analysis of 100 parts of two different specimens of wheat which were grown in the same field, one of which had been dressed with the nitrate of soda and the other not, the result was—

	Wheat on which nitrate was used gave	Wheat on which no nitrate was used gave
Bran . . . . .	25	24
Gluten . . . . .	23½	19
Starch . . . . .	49½	55½
Albumen . . . . .	1½	¾
Extract, loss and water	1	¾
	<hr/> 100	<hr/> 100

Thus it is seen that the wheat so nitrated contains  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. more gluten and  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. more albumen than the wheat not so nitrated; and as it has been stated that gluten is the substance to which flour owes its nutritious qualities, this alone would prove our position. But if we carry our investigation further, and see its results as to the real produce of bread, we shall be more fully convinced than ever of the utility of this manure. And here again we resort to experiments made by the same distinguished Professor, for an elucidation of this fact.

Three-pounds and a half of flour made from wheat dressed with nitrates produced 4 lbs. 14 ozs. of bread; whilst three and a half pounds of flour, made from wheat where no nitrate was used, yielded only 4 lbs. 4 ozs. of bread; thus leaving ten ounces of bread in favour of the wheat so nitrated.

ART. X.—*A Review of Berkeley's Theory of Vision.* By SAMUEL BAILEY. Ridgway.

MR. BAILEY, the author of "Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions," and a number of other works, which have stamped him as an ingenious and original thinker, and as a close reasoner, has, in the present instance, buckled on his armour to assail no less an antagonist than the famous Bishop Berkeley, and especially as regards the theory whence he derives his greatest fame. The Prelate, many of our readers are aware, endeavoured to demolish the *vulgar doctrine* that our eyes can perceive directly *outness*, distance, magnitude, and solidity; maintaining that these can be discovered only by means of experience, chiefly through the organs of touch, and that we are only cognizant of sensations.

This is a subject which involves so many metaphysical niceties, upon which misapprehension of the meaning of words and phrases are so likely to occur, and with regard to which so many *common-sense* opinions are apt to be entertained, that it is hardly possible for the philosopher to obtain a hearing. If, however, any reasoner has a chance to eschew dryness, and to achieve conviction relative to points on which metaphysicians are at war about a name, having no meaning or the same, Mr. Bailey is the person; for the fact is, that he has rendered the theory of vision attractive, both by the novel modes in which he has argued on principles, and still more by his many curious illustrations.

Berkeley's theory has been very generally accepted by metaphysicians; and therefore we must respect the author who impugns and opposes it at this time of day; especially when he does not appear to be moved by the mere love of controversy, and also desires to side with the opinions of persons who have not been bred in the schools. At the same time we are far from being persuaded that Mr. Bailey has succeeded in his attempt to clear the question of its uncertainties. Indeed, we think that, like many other matters which have been the theme of subtle disputation, truisms and paradoxes have here engaged philosophers, or they have been diverted by certain eccentric notions not belonging to intelligible principles.

We feel that it would be impossible to follow our ingenious author critically through any one of his chapters, in the course of fewer pages than he himself has filled, and therefore must allow him to recommend himself in an extract, which seems to us to furnish the best argument in his book, viz., the one derived from the actions of the lower animals, which we at once quote:—

The evidence furnished by the actions of the lower animals, in reference to the subject before us, is complete and conclusive. Unless we could throw our souls into their bodies, according to the fable, and feel all which they experience, the proof furnished by the movements of many of them immediately after birth that objects may at once be perceived by sight to be at different distances, could not be more satisfactory than it actually stands. Their running about, their snatching at objects presented to them as soon as born, their seeking the teats of the dam, their leaping from one spot to another with the greatest precision, all show not only that they can see objects to be at different distances, but that there is a natural consent of action between their limbs and their eyes, that they can proportion their muscular efforts to visible distances. They move their limbs over spaces, and plant their feet on spots previously perceived by the sight, and arrive at the objects which, in consequence of having seen them, they wish to touch or grasp. To cite once more the instance mentioned by Sir Humphrey Davy, "the crocodile bites at a stick, if presented to it, the moment it is hatched." It is stated by Cuvier that the ape, although it remains hanging to the breasts of its mother during the first days of its existence, looks attentively at all objects without touching them, and that

subsequently from its first movements it shows a very exact *coup d'œil* every time it has occasion to leap, or to seize hold of anything.

Here then we have positive proof that a perception of degrees of distance is immediately possessed at birth through the unassisted organs of vision—through organs constructed in all respects essential to the present argument like the human eye.

About these facts, which might be indefinitely multiplied, there is no question amongst either naturalists or philosophers; the controversy is about the inferences to be deduced from them. Dugald Stewart, a determined advocate and admirer of the Berkeleian doctrine, adduces similar instances of immediate visual perceptions amongst the lower animals, while denying that they affect the theory of vision in human beings in the slightest degree, avowedly on the ground that the brutes derive from instinct a knowledge of many things which man learns from experience alone. He remarks, that nature "has left man to make many acquisitions for himself which she has imparted immediately to the brutes," adding, "a remarkable and indisputable instance of this occurs in that instinctive perception of distance from the eye, which in many tribes of brutes is connate with their birth, compared with what is known to take place in our own species."

But this is not a just representation of the argument, or at least it leads to an erroneous conception of the theory of vision, as stated by its original author. Berkeley does not seek to establish his theory by appealing to the process which actually takes place in the human infant, and showing that the child gradually learns through the instrumentality of the touch, what is immediately distinguished by the eye of the brute; but he endeavours to prove his doctrine by considerations which are directed against the essential capabilities of the sense of sight itself, whether seated in man or the lower animals. He contends that "distance of itself and immediately cannot be seen, inasmuch as being a line directed endwise to the eye, it projects only one point in the fund of the eye, which point remains invariably the same, whether the distance be longer or shorter;" an argument which, if it has any meaning and any force at all, must establish the impossibility of distance being perceived by such an organ as the eye in any living body whatever, human or brute, and which is therefore conclusively answered, when a single instance is produced in which an animal possessing that organ shows unequivocal signs, immediately after birth, of seeing objects to be at various distances from itself.

Against Berkeley himself, consequently, the facts stated in the present section are decisive; while they still leave the question, "whether man does actually differ from other animals in not possessing the faculty of directly and intuitively seeing distance, or of seeing it at all except by means of the touch," to be determined by an examination of his actions in the earliest stage of his existence. On this point, nevertheless, the instances cited afford a strong presumption against the theory under review.

If the eye in these animals is an organ capable of the direct and intuitive perception of distance, it forms a probable ground for concluding that such is the natural function of the organ wherever found.



It is doubtless an admitted fact, that infants have not immediately after birth that perfect perception of distance which is exhibited in such instances as have been here adduced. But as this defect of power in the eye extends also to the perception of colour and figure, where it is evidently owing to the immaturity of the organ, there is no reason why it should not be attributed in the case of distance to the same cause.

Nor this is want of functional power confined to the eye. In regard to all the senses, as well as limbs and faculties generally, the human race at birth are placed in the same disadvantageous condition, compared with many of the lower animals, as they are in regard to the sight. While the brute is almost instantly endowed with the use of his senses, muscles, nerves, and brain, the helpless offspring of man is scarcely in the enjoyment of any of them. It is usually said that he has to learn gradually the use of his senses, but more accurately speaking, his senses are of gradual growth. He is not born with complete powers which merely require exercise; he has not at once the capability to see, hear, touch, taste, and smell, so that all which is wanted is the exercise and training of these ready-made capacities. On the contrary, all these senses are organically immature; their physical apparatus is feeble and destitute of firmness of texture, and it must grow and be strengthened for weeks and months, and perhaps years, before the senses themselves can be in a state of full efficiency and perfection. It is not, therefore, merely because he exercises his sight and hearing every day, that he daily sees and hears better, but also because nature every day develops and strengthens the apparatus of nerves, muscles, and brain by other means, without which exercise could do little, although it has doubtless a share in facilitating the development of these several parts and organs.

From this it follows, that imperfection in the action or functions of any of these organs at birth, or while they are in a state of progression, is no proof that the function is not natural to the organ, and would not be performed independently of experience. For example, in the infant the muscles of the legs are first weak and incapable of supporting the body or enabling it to move, while the correspondent muscles in the new-born young of many of the lower animals are sufficiently developed for both purposes; but when the limbs of the child have grown to the proper degree of firmness and consistence, their muscles are as capable of the described functions as those of the inferior race. The power of perfectly performing the functions of a muscle is an essential condition of its maturity in a natural state.

The same is true of the organs of sense, and amongst the rest, of the eye, including the nervous apparatus connected with it. The power of performing all the functions of sight is in the eye as soon as it has come to maturity. One of the main functions of the eye is to give us cognizance of the proximity or distance of external bodies within a certain range, and as we find the eyes of many of the lower animals in possession of this power from the first moment of their existence, if the same is not manifested at once by the human infant, the presumption is not against the power being a natural function, but that the imperfection is due to the immaturity of the organ.

This is followed by the evidence which the young of the human race are supposed to furnish, and also by the reasoning founded on the cases of certain persons who have been blind from infancy to a period more or less advanced in their natural lives, and who have described their experience or been made the subjects of experiment.

With regard to the actions of the young of the lower animals,—the chicken, for example, which at once with certitude pecks its food, the term instinct has been applied by Dugald Stewart and others; and Mr. Bailey, in answer, claims the same guidance to mankind, upon as fair grounds, we think, as can be set up for the lower creation. But then what notions do you include under the term “instinct” that admit of demonstration or even of reasoning? The expression at best only intimates that we know not the nature of the impulses which guide animals in certain actions. Do not those creatures which are born blind seek the teats of their dams with as much certitude as those whose eyes are open at birth? Then as to distance, can you behold it? Do you even find that persons advanced in life agree about the space which intervenes between objects that are remote, until they have corrected their vision by the experience of actual measurement or travel? The fact is, that none of us can plant ourselves into the condition of the lower animals, or even into that of human infancy. With regard to persons who have received their sight in adult years, we cannot tell how much their notions of distance and outness have been affected by hearsay, and by received notions. We therefore conclude with these generalities,—that while it is impossible to arrive at a precise and demonstrably correct judgment of the natural or unaided manner and power of vision, that yet it works in connexion with other organs, and with such other mysteries of our nature as are placed in the category of instincts; that, while in common acceptation the sight is justly considered the most useful and comprehensive of the external senses, it seems the latest to be matured, and probably is more indebted than any other to cognate aids, to experience, and to training. Mr. Bailey denies this, and his book, if it does not convince, must please on account of its tone and many facts.

It may be proper, last of all, in our few and slight remarks on the theories of vision in question, to state in a single sentence what we understand them to be; such a mere enunciation being sufficient to show to the acute and inquiring mind that the subject is one of singular subtlety and perplexity, and respecting which a variety of facts and arguments appear as much for as against each opinion. Berkeley says that all external objects can only be seen as internal sensations, reflections in the head; and that their distance, their size, and their solidity are things that can only be learned by touch, and by the measuring experience of the individual by means of

other organs than the eyes. Mr. Bailey asserts that this is an unsound doctrine; for that the eyes, by their natural, originally complete construction, can see not only in a direct manner what is external to them, but, unaided by experience and touch, perceive their magnitude, pronounce upon their distance, and even see distance itself.

ART. XI.—1. *Memoirs of the late James Halley, A.B., Student of Theology.* Edinburgh: Johnstone.

2. *Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. Lant Carpenter, LL.D.* Green.

JAMES HALLEY was a native of Glasgow, born in 1814. His parents were in humble life, but displayed an honourable pride in promoting the education of their children; and the subject of the memoirs under consideration more than met and fulfilled their fondest anticipations. After having passed through the Grammar-School, in no way very particularly distinguished, he entered the University of his native city. This was in 1826. Glasgow College annually receives a number of boys as students, many of whom ape the manners of young men; perhaps a greater number should continue a little longer in the leading-strings of their mothers; but a few confer credit upon the ancient institution to which they may seem to have been prematurely sent. Halley was of this last mentioned number. He had the industry of a man sensible of his peculiar opportunities and his consequent responsibilities. He was endowed with an extraordinary memory, and with other capacities, some of them above the average order. His proficiency and success were not out of proportion; he particularly excelled in Greek; but in every class through which he passed he carried off the most enviable prizes, and was set down as a genius of the first order, as a prodigy. Not only did he distinguish himself as a classical and philosophical scholar, but he shone in juvenile debating clubs, and was a contributor to the "Presbyterian Review;" at the same time taking an active part in certain philanthropic and also religious societies. He supported himself by private teaching, a very common practice and resource of poor students at the Scottish Universities, not a few of whom have become ornaments of literature. In the course of years he removed to Edinburgh, desiring to be in some degree relieved from the interruptions of his numerous acquaintance, which were unavoidable in his native city. And certainly his self-engagements while in Glasgow were numerous, weighty, and stringent enough to require every moment of every twenty-four hours in the week for his undivided attention and culture. Take an example of one of these covenantings with himself:—

I have found too minute a subdivision of time generally an evil, begetting

a constraint of which one is impatient, and rendering it so difficult to act up to the prescribed scheme, that one often is tempted altogether to give up exertion in sullen despair. I shall therefore state *generally* what I am to do in a *week*; giving myself full latitude to apply on one *day* to this, and another to that, as convenience or necessity shall dictate.

In sleep I shall spend *six* hours daily, and no more; in meals *one* hour. These, multiplied by five, and deducted from the days between Monday and Friday inclusive, will leave in these days, 85 hours. These shall be disposed as follows—

	HOURS.
Devotion, and reading the Scriptures . . . . .	5
Divinity and sermon-writing . . . . .	10
Inquiry into the Scripture meanings of "Pride". . . . .	10
Inquiry into the Poor-law question . . . . .	10
Copying old essays, (the reward of indolence,) practical reading, and miscellanea . . . . .	15
Teaching (during September) . . . . .	7
Divinity Hall library . . . . .	4
Meetings of Church and Sabbath School Societies, &c. . . . .	6
Church and Sabbath school business . . . . .	4
German . . . . .	10
	<hr/> 81

The first five of these departments are to have *at least* the time above specified; the last five, *at most*. Saturday shall be spent in the preaching society, in preparing for my Sabbath classes, and in making up for deficiencies during the week.

Every evening, beginning with to-morrow, (Friday the 11th,) before going to bed I shall insert in this book a statement of the books read by me, and of the work done; and every Saturday evening I shall sum up the whole, and compare the result with my plan. I shall also inscribe in the other end of this book a list of the books I read, with their sizes, and the date on which I finished them or left off reading them.

And may I have grace given me to be found faithful! and the praise shall be (not mine, but) His, who worketh all things according to the counsel of his will. J. H.

He had "found too minute a subdivision of time generally an evil;" and the above arrangement, together with its many important branches, we are to take as a relaxation, it seems, of previously imposed constraints. We should think that to observe the very sequence of the covenanted course, to remember its component parts, must have put the mind to a needless tension, not to say to incur a waste of time. At any rate we are convinced that gorging oneself with study, that swallowing subjects in the described manner, must produce that sort of indigestion and surfeiting which forbid a healthy bringing up of the mental faculties, a serviceable use of the acquired knowledge. Could not some of the prescribed occupations have been put off for a time? Could not others of them

have been reduced in respect of hours in the week? Would it not have been wise had he exchanged parts for necessary bodily exercise and relaxation? James Halley thought otherwise; and while sensible that too minute a subdivision of time was an evil, he yet appears with a morbid spirit of penitence and self-flagellation to have multiplied and urged his compacts. We find him on several occasions altering the rules and particulars of these engagements. Take him, for instance, after repairing to Edinburgh, where his journal presents the following entry:—

“Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?” Acknowledging how justly this sentence might have gone forth against me, and praising that grace which has hitherto spared me amidst unparalleled unfruitfulness, I have sat down this evening seriously to consider my ways. The record contained in the preceding pages might give ample grounds for the humiliation of a whole lifetime. I pray that God the Spirit would use it, and all my past shortcomings, as the means of making me truly broken and contrite in heart. And now, after solemnly requesting His guidance, and in dependence on His strength alone for the fulfilment of my resolutions, in order, for the future, to walk more worthy of my calling as an aspirant to the holy ministry, I resolve,

1. To read through the entire Scriptures—the New Testament in Greek—in six months, beginning from Monday next the 21st November.

2. To read, with special prayer, every Monday morning (when at home) the Scripture denunciations which I have collected against indolence.

3. To be occupied in study *eight* hours every day, except Saturday, on which some relaxation *may* be taken,) exclusively of the *six* hours devoted to classes and teaching; or, failing the *eight* hours, at least to come as near it as sitting till *four* in the morning will make me.

4. To beware more of the snare of visiting.

5. To endeavour habitually to remember that “the time is short,” and that “outer darkness” is reserved for the servant who buries his talent.

These things, by God’s help, I promise to do.

J. H.

Halley’s constitution appears to have been naturally vigorous. But was it strange that with this over-working and self-torment, that he should begin to break down, and that he should shorten his days? Where was the policy, the morality, in so doing, especially when we find that he had protracted and numerous intimations of what would prove an untimely death if he did not relax, and husband his strength? At length the only hope of prolonging his days was believed to depend on a sojourn in Madeira, whither he was ordered in 1837; a subscription by certain friends and admirers furnishing him with the necessary funds. In the genial clime to which he repaired, he continued for about three years, abandoning in a measure his former studies, but undertaking labours of a new kind, not less prejudicial to his health perhaps, and not less extravagantly pursued. He had, years before this period, looked to and

chosen the holy ministry for his profession; and now he appears to have thought that his evangelizing exertions could not have a stint. He therefore attended prayer-meetings, pursued a system of religious visitings, and devoted himself so keenly to the business of expounding Scripture, that perhaps he might just as safely have kept by some of the student's self-engagements observed at home. Yes, and these religious exercises were continued when his lungs were in the most deplorable condition of disease. It reads like a miracle that he was ever able to return to Scotland. This, however, was accomplished, where he survived in a state of mental vigour and cherishing hopes almost to the last scene of all. He died in the March of 1841.

James Halley was not so much a youth of genius as of almost unexampled industry, with sundry good gifts. His career and fate are rife with lessons.

Lant Carpenter, whose *Memoirs*, with "Selections from his Correspondence," are edited by his son, Russell Lant Carpenter, was born at Kidderminster, in 1780. When young he had to encounter sundry vicissitudes and severe trials. Reverses overtook his father's house, which did not long continue to be his home, and other hoped-for aids failed him. However, at length he commenced his university career in Glasgow, where among others he formed an intimate friendship with Professor Wilson, fully as well known as the Christopher North of *Blackwood's Magazine*; any knowledge of the one individual being in some points a key to the character and attainments of the other. After leaving Glasgow he got an appointment near Birmingham as a school-assistant. He was for some years librarian of the Athenæum in Liverpool; and next he became pastor of a Unitarian congregation in Exeter. In 1818 he removed to a wider sphere of ministerial functions in Bristol, which he continued to perform, with certain interruptions occasioned by bad health, until, and while seeking for relief from disease in a warmer climate, he was drowned off the coast of Italy, in the year 1840.

We shall quote, before proceeding farther, the greater part of the inscription to be read on his tombstone, as the testimony which his flock bore in remembrance of his services and character. "Consecrated," say they, "by his bereaved and sorrowing congregation to the memory of Lant Carpenter, LL.D., their revered pastor, counsellor and friend; who, with love that never cooled, and zeal that never wearied, guided the young, succoured the poor, comforted the afflicted, and dedicated his life to the service of mankind. A faithful preacher of the gospel, and an enlightened advocate of Unitarian Christianity, he devoted to the study of the Scriptures a mind ardent by nature, rich in learning, and versed in philosophy; and

by sanctity of life, as well as by force of reason, persuaded men to believe and to exemplify the truth as it is in Jesus."

This is the tribute paid by his congregation; and although eschewing all expression of acquiescence or non-acquiescence in regard to the peculiar religious sentiments of the epitaph, and the creed of the deceased, we but echo the language which all men will employ who knew anything of Dr. Carpenter as a man and a citizen, as a scholar, a philosopher, and a philanthropist, when we assert that he has left few belonging to any theological sect who surpassed him, few whose fame was less tarnished, or partook of a finer texture.

Constitutionally, Dr. Carpenter was of a sensitive, nervous temperament. His bodily ailments appear to have in a considerable degree been owing to such a cause. It is quite clear, however, that he was capable of distinguishing himself in whatever sphere he might adopt; although many will question the wisdom of his choice when he selected one of not only comparatively little scope, but in which the peculiar cast of his feelings, together with his strict conscientiousness, inevitably exposed him to many painful and perplexing efforts. In the sciences he would have shone and been at comparative ease; while all that was for the social and political good of mankind might have been cultivated by him without distraction. The refined mind might still have borne fruit amongst us; and thousands who admired the scholar and the philosopher would not have deemed themselves entitled to frown upon him for his religious faith in the retirements of literature and amid the achievements of benevolence.

The volume before us, if the reader will but divest himself of all ideas about Dr. Carpenter's religious sentiments, and confine attention to his works, his writings, and the various lively illustrations of his accomplishments, his sympathies, and tastes, cannot but reap unalloyed delight, unless a degree of melancholy interfere; but this only deepens the pathos and makes stronger appeals to the mind and to the heart in behalf of a man whose intellect was of a high order, and whose character was beautifully simple. Nor is the editor's part of the performance unworthy of the modesty, the feeling, and the gracefulness that adorned the father. We now adduce some proofs of Dr. Carpenter's excellence; the first two from his own pen, the next from the testimony of competent judges. We begin with a note referring to the death of Queen Caroline:—

I suppose some expected that I should enter upon the death of the Queen; but I could not do it. She had been persecuted and injured, and I believe she died of a broken heart; but that sad carelessness of character which led her to the appearance, if not to the realities of evil, has been so distinctly followed by its natural punishment (though, as far as — is concerned, vindictive, and excessive,) that one scarcely knows what to at-

tribute exclusively to the malice of her enemies. And it is a subject, too, which is viewed in such different aspects by different members of our congregation, and one on which I could say nothing to do good, without saying too much, that I thought it best to let the matter rest with what Mr. Rowe had said last Sunday on the instability of earthly good.

We need not dilate on the tokens of delicate judgment discoverable in the extract. We now quote a striking proof not only of Dr. Carpenter's sensitive regard to truth, and of his tender penitence, but of a son's conscientious discharge of duty when composing the memoir. The confession of the offender is as follows:—

"It has long been a maxim with me, that when an individual has injured another, it is right he do what lies in his power to retrieve that injury: and for a considerable time I have, I believe, acted upon it. When my faults have been merely of a personal nature, the case is different; then the account lies only between God and myself: but the circumstances that I wish to recall to your recollection are not of this description. I received a letter yesterday which assigned as the cause of my father's leaving your service, that he made use of a 20*l.* note for a particular purpose. The moment I read it, a train of circumstances entered my mind, which induced me to believe that I was the person who had injured the reputation of my father's integrity, and had deprived him of an advantageous situation. I determined to retrieve that reputation at the expense of my own; and to exert myself more earnestly to lessen the effects of other consequences which ensued.

"Somewhere about twelve or thirteen years ago, I suppose, or more (*i. e.* when only nine or ten years old,) I was going from The Valley to the Woodrow, either with my brother S. or my cousin E. I was commissioned by you to give a paper of some value to my father, I returned without giving it him. Miss —— asked me if I had given it, *I replied I had.* The lie, which vanity caused, vanity prompted to support. *I destroyed that paper.* Some time after, I was at Stourbridge: you called me into the parlour, and questioned me. I continued my false assertion, and I recollect forging fresh circumstances to give it credit. Nothing respecting it ever came to my knowledge till yesterday. Though I think the sum was less, I cannot avoid supposing that it is the note referred to. 'Why have you never confessed this train of aggravated deception before?' is a natural question. It has very seldom occurred to my recollection since I possessed sufficient courage; and, believing that no consequences had followed, I always put it down among those falsehoods which, though the effect of a depraved mind, injured no one. I recollect at the time believing that it was a draft; and that a draft could be easily replaced, if the payment upon it were not demanded. This I knew never could happen, and this idea so completely eased my mind (except from the criminality of the lie separately considered,) that it gave me little pain. Indeed, I felt none, except from the fear of discovery, till I acquired that horror of a lie which every man of probity feels. I believe that my father's leaving W. B. was not very long after; and it occurred to me at the time, that I



might have been partly the cause. He brought a long statement to Mr. Pearsall, and I recollect looking it over to see if any mention was made of that circumstance. I could not discover any, and then I thought no more about it.

"The letter of yesterday seemed to flash conviction upon my mind. I do not attempt to describe my feelings, because it is my object not to excite your compassion; but to present to you a plain unvarnished statement. But do not imagine that I am blind to the consequence, either of my fault or of this exposure. This letter proves I am not to the former; as to the latter, my imagination is too fertile in general in depicting consequences, and sometimes the picture has scared me from the direct path. But, though I see those whom I may have unwittingly offended giving these circumstances notoriety; though they will cause grief to my friends, and distress to those who are not able to distinguish between the child and the man; though, in short, they will degrade my character, the road is too clear to allow of hesitation."

Here is one taken from several fine tributes to the manner and talent of Dr. Carpenter as a classical teacher:—

Throughout this, and every department of purely intellectual education, the governing influence of moral considerations was perceptible. During the first lessons in a new language, so long as it presented a mere study of words with their inflections and combinations, the utmost grammatical accuracy and precision were insisted on; it would have been a contradiction to the *conscientious* spirit which regulated everything in the school, had not its elementary classical instruction been thorough and searching. In the more advanced classes, I trace the same moral feeling regulating the selection of books to be read; the Moral Treatises of Cicero, the *Agricola* of Tacitus, the 14th and 15th Satires of Juvenal, portions of Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, and of Plato's Dialogues, were resorted to, wherever the proficiency of the pupil allowed, in preference to works of less didactic excellence, and remarkable chiefly as remains of ancient history, eloquence or poetry. And now, for the first time, was observable any undue relaxation of attention to idiom and construction; the language being no longer studied merely for its own sake, the higher moral interest and excitement of the author's thoughts carried away the analytic patience requisite for the scrutiny of verbal details; and to shake a noble sentiment into grammatical atoms, and explain the subjunctive moods of a pathetic allusion, was sometimes more than your father's fine enthusiasm could pause to undertake.

Lord Holland, on a particular occasion, thus wrote to Dr. Carpenter:—

MY DEAR SIR,

20th June, 1834.

I have just read, with great satisfaction, the judicious, temperate, and eloquent declaration of the Bristol Unitarian Dissenters to Lord Grey. The spirit it breathes, and the earnest but unaffected language in which it is conveyed, convince me that you are the author as well as the promoter

of that excellent paper; and I cannot resist the pleasure of assuring you that it is felt, not only by your personal friends, but by all rational friends to the progress of Religious and Civil Liberty, to be admirably calculated for its benevolent and seasonable purpose,—that is, of re-establishing between the members of the present Government and their parliamentary supporters on one part, and the great body of the friends of religious freedom, and especially Protestant Dissenters, on the other, that cordial concert and good understanding, which has never subsisted without procuring some benefit to mankind; and which has never been suspended without inflicting more or less injury on both. I am satisfied that, by attending to your exhortations, and yielding time and confidence to their parliamentary friends, the promoters of entire religious freedom—that “absolute and equal freedom,” for which Mr. Locke contended—will reap more certainly, and more happily too, the full fruit of all their joint exertions, than by an impatient and indiscriminate attempt to accomplish everything at once, and at all hazards. The High Church are moving heaven and earth—“*Superos Acherontaque*”—against the Government; it is by temper and reason, and their offspring, union and concert, that they can alone be resisted.

Many many thanks for your efforts to promote that desirable end.

Yours ever,

VASSALL HOLLAND.

And now for the concluding scene, so touching on account of the mystery, were there nothing else in death, that hangs over its pre-ordained manner and moment. The editor thus narrates the circumstances:—

After a residence of nearly a month at Naples, during the latter part of which he was not so well as he had before been, it was determined to proceed to Turin; and, to avoid the wearisome repetition of the same route, they embarked for Leghorn on board the *Sully*, a French steamer, bound to Marseilles, which left the harbour about four o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, the 5th of April. It was thought that, if the weather had been fair, he might have been refreshed by his voyage; but unfortunately the sea was rough, and the rain prevented him from remaining much on deck. At six o'clock he dined, and had not at that time complained of sickness, though he was evidently uncomfortable. Former experience proved that he was easily disturbed, especially when in delicate health, by the motion of a vessel; and he was always peculiarly dependent on free ventilation. His friend, soon after his meal, was attacked by sea sickness, and was compelled to lie down; Dr. C. was at that time sitting in the cabin, not far from his bed, in company with three or four other gentlemen, who afterwards retired. He was seen walking on the deck till about ten o'clock that night; and was subsequently observed standing on the cabin stairs, apparently for the sake of fresh air, the rain being then too violent to allow of any one remaining above. This was the last time that he was seen; but it appeared the next morning that he had retired to his berth, and had unlocked his bag, and removed some of the contents, as if preparing to go to rest. It is probable that, whilst thus engaged, sea-sickness overpowered

him, and that he went on deck ; " when it pleased God suddenly to remove him, in a manner which there was no human eye to witness, and of which no human tongue, therefore, can confidently speak." That he should not have been observed is the less surprising as the night was very dark and stormy, and there were only two men upon deck ; the vessel was violently tossed, so that one of the paddles was occasionally out of the water ; and probably one of these lurches occurring when he was leaning over the side, oppressed by sea-sickness, he lost his balance and fell overboard.

As soon as his absence was noticed the next morning, the most anxious search was made ; but nothing beyond the facts already stated could be ascertained. If any doubt has been entertained as to his death, all uncertainty was removed by the discovery of the body, about two months afterwards, on the coast near Porto d'Anzio, a small sea-port about fifty miles S.S.E. of Rome. In obedience to the sanatory laws of the country, the remains were interred on the sea-shore, and covered with lime. His watch, purse, and pocket-book were restored to his family, through the English Consul.

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ART. XII.—*Congregationalism ; or, the Polity of Independent Churches, viewed in relation to the State and Tendencies of Modern Society.*  
Jackson and Walford.

DR. VAUGHAN, an eminent member and advocate of Independency, and a highly esteemed writer, is the author of this volume, which will doubtless add to his reputation. It is a very able and eloquent work. It propounds and elucidates many great points with admirable power, and in a fine manly tone. He may not, it cannot be expected that he should, be unprejudiced in his estimate of churches whose polity and constitution differ from his own ; but the person must be narrow-minded and obtuse indeed who rises from a perusal of these pages without not only experiencing a high esteem for the writer, but without having his ideas elevated to a kindred rank with those which the Doctor cherishes and has urged with a plainness and grasp that seldom unite, and also with a candour generally that is still more rarely to be found in polemical or ecclesiastical literature.

The volume consists of two parts : the first being the substance of an address which was delivered in presence of the Congregational Union of England and Wales ; the other part having been written and added more fully to develop the author's views of the condition of Independency or Congregationalism (apparently a term used in a wider sense), and its future prospects ; the author maintaining an enlightened and scrutinizing eye towards the existing state and tendencies of society.

We have said that the term Congregationalism appears to be  
VOL. I. (1842.) NO. II. T

employed by Dr. Vaughan in a wider sense than even that of Independency; for, as we understand him, he means to include by the former every branch or section of the universal church, or which consists of true believers who may be willing to come into the leading views with regard to doctrine and discipline entertained by the Union. His notions of the essential character of a church are thus given: Taking, he says, the authority of Scripture "as our guide, we learn that the only proper members of a Christian church are true believers—devout persons; that every society of such persons, formed, as a general rule, under the sanction of the Christian ministry, and designed to uphold the Divine worship and ordinances, is truly a church of God, and part of the universal church, consisting of all such persons throughout the world; that such societies were at the first, and should have continued to be, purely voluntary; and that every church so constituted was strictly independent of all uninspired authority in the conduct of its worship, the admission of its members, the exercise of its discipline, the choice of its officers, and the entire management of its affairs."

This is very broad, and by the friends of the voluntary system will be deemed exactly the truth. It may indeed be conceded, we think, that when churches began to be planted, and during the early ages of Christianity, when the believers in the Cross congregated here and there among a vastly greater multitude of heathens, each society of devout persons was a church, constituted strictly independent of all uninspired authority, and was purely voluntary, in the conduct of its worship, and so forth. But the question arises, could such a state of ecclesiastical freedom exist, judging according to the character of mankind, when all, or the great majority throughout the Roman empire, or throughout Europe, professed Christianity, but comparatively few understood its doctrines and spirit, or cared for its essence? Dr. Vaughan does not settle this point; he does not even decide particularly upon it. This, however, is his general and comprehensive view,—that there is an inherent tendency in Christianity not only to adapt itself to every stage of society, but to work towards the advancement of man as a social, intellectual, and moral being, if left untrammelled by the secular connexions of the civil power in any country. It is forcing a union of incognuities, which may be fully felt by every one when he considers that Christianity will endure for ever, but that states are but temporary, may soon decay and fall to ruins, carrying along with them, or deeply injuring the church that was thereto linked. When the State and the Church are forcibly and politically associated together, our author argues, the latter partakes of all the prejudices of the former, ever ready to join in checking the progress of the human race, and moulding mankind to a perishable standard. On the other hand, the voluntary principle, or

Independency, bears a sufficiently close relation to governments at all periods; but especially in our present condition, and also looking forward to the future, as indicated by obvious tendencies, does the constitution of the church, or section of the church to which the author belongs, show itself to be beautifully adapted, so as to work out the progression of the human race in the right direction. While ecclesiastical establishments, churches bound to the state, are practically opposed to the advancement of science and of liberal humanizing studies, the independent principle is ever ready to combine with, and to employ as instruments, every new feature and acquisition belonging not merely to recondite pursuits, and also to refinement—to the cultivation of learning and the principles of government—but to the intelligence which has been infused into the popular mind.

These and similar general views are advocated and urged with philosophic closeness and calmness, though with dignified firmness. The Doctor may not be precisely right; he has evidently a strong partiality for Independency. He colours its beauties highly; and pronounces upon it eulogies which sometimes appear to us to belong to the theory rather than to the practice, or to the actual condition of the Dissenters to whom he attaches himself. But none can deny that the whole is conducted with singular ability and suggestiveness.

The philosophy of the book is that of a learned, largely informed mind, of a man of great sagacity; one deeply read in history and in the human mind; a catholic spirit that ought to be an example to churchmen as well as sectarians, enriching and mellowing the work from beginning to end.

We could not in our available space convey, even by abstract, Dr. Vaughan's account, defence, and recommendation of the polity of Independent churches—the principles and practices of Congregationalism. But, in order that our readers may obtain some idea of his eloquence and of his tone, we quote his views with regard to the strong hold which the Anglican church has upon the people:—

In the case of multitudes, the zeal now evinced in the cause of the Established Church has its origin, no doubt, in much laudable purpose and feeling, such as the men who think it mistaken should be prepared to respect. In the view of no small numbers of her children, the Church of England is possessed of such attractions as belong not to any other institute on earth. Among all the ordinances of God or of man, she is esteemed the most lovely, the most benignant. Her antiquity carries the mind back to the infancy of our condition as a people. Her visible structures, in every form and shade of beauty, are the still and sensible links which connect her history with all the changes of the past. In their completeness, or as they take the shape of the ivy-mantled ruin, they serve to call up the bygone in lengthened succession, until the imagination rests upon the rudest appearances, amidst the deepening shadows of the most distant

time. Before her altars all our fathers stood on their bridal-day, and to her sacred enclosures they surrendered their ashes when their race was run. Her solemn forms of worship became more and more impressive to the living, as being through so many ages mementos of the dead. Beneath her roofs—beneath the humblest in common with the proudest—the men of all degrees have worshipped for more than a thousand years. The very paths leading to the spaces on which her spires and turrets lift themselves towards heaven, have been in a measure sacred in the usages of our people; and the sabbath-morning groups in our parishes are among the social pictures we have always been fond of cherishing.

But the institution thus interwoven with our homestead remembrances and sympathies has still higher claims on our veneration. As we look back on the history of this Church, we see monarchs, a line of dynasties, do homage to her sanctity. Queens, also, from the mother of Alfred downwards, bow at her shrine, and give up their children to her blessing. Her rulers, her scholars, and her devout men, are often seen as the only august spirits of their times. Not a few of them appear like personifications of the repose of another world, coming forth amidst the darkness and turbulence of the present. Such men, resting on their own profound thoughts, and strong in their own strength, are often seen rising high above all the men of their time. When the season came, some of these could take the place of the confessor and the martyr, giving to the dignity of their episcopate the high adornment of a spirit ready to be offered as an oblation on the altar of truth and sanctity. Such were Latimer and Hooper, and such were Ridley and Bradford.

All these images of the weal and wo, of the lowliness and greatness, of the intellectual, the moral, and the holy, through the past, arrest the eye of the churchman's imagination, and serve to bind his heart to the system with which they are so naturally associated.

This is poetic; it is a striking, and so far just account unquestionably, of many of the grounds and associations that sway the preference of thousands. And yet the Doctor is far from being of the mind that professing Christians should be guided in their choice merely by the picturesque in scenery, or the sentimental in association. Besides, according to his opinion, the state and tendency of the public mind is manifestly of a character that will no longer be ruled by any sort of ancient and dictatorial authority which churches, or which ministers in the pulpit, may endeavour to exert. Even Methodists have not the same minds among the working classes to address now as were those formerly of their willing pupils. But our next extract is full of suggestive matter for the highest dignitary of the church, as well as for the zealous dissenting pastor:—

The popular mind to which Methodism addressed itself a century ago is no longer the popular mind of England. The preaching which produced such effects then was adapted to those times, but would be greatly wanting in adaptation to our own. It commended itself to a people who believed that they were sent into the world to be obedient,—obedient to their bet-

ters, obedient to the laws, and to Christianity in some sort, as being a part of those laws. But the modern preacher has another kind of world about him. He has to begin, unhappily, so far as it respects great numbers, at the beginning, by making plain the credibility of the Gospel; and if successful on that point, he has to work his way toward his ultimate object, amidst the questionings of minds which know little of submission to authority in any form, and which are rather tutored to pride themselves in a spirit of opposition to almost everything which happens to be received and established. Speaking generally, these men have little of the submission and as little of the dulness which belonged to the same class a century since.

It should never be forgotten that the Christian preacher is not now the only preacher. The press has become the rival of the pulpit. Every class has its literature; every factory-loft has become a species of reading-room; and the lower we descend in our analysis of the literary products of the age, the more stimulating and deleterious do we find them. The man of the pulpit, who is not deeply alive to the force of this antagonism of the press, is not fit for his vocation. Can a preacher hope to minister effectually to minds thus diseased without some closeness of study, in order to understand a malady in its nature so peculiar, so complex, so deeply seated, and fed so constantly from so many sources? The impassioned appeals of early Methodism, and the formal essay of the parish-minister, would be alike without effect on such minds. Nor is the preaching of Evangelical divines, whether in the Established Church or among ourselves, so wisely adjusted to this end as it might be. The great requisite is, under God, that we should know our subject well—the evidence and reason of it; that, as the effect of our familiarity with it, we should be capable of making it plain and of giving it force; and of doing this in such language as men of education may approve, and which no man may fail to understand.

We have intimated that a prevailing feature in the present volume is the manliness which its author maintains, to the avoidance of partizanship and sectarian prejudices. Sometimes he may appear to descend from this elevated walk, especially when he complains or insinuates complaint of the Establishment's despite. Still, there is much to admire, there are even many things set forth in a new light, when he treats of what should be, as well as of what we regret really are, the relations between Churchmen and Dissenters. Above all, perhaps, he will please and prove useful when administering advice to his immediate brethren. There is much force and even piquancy in his remarks, hints, and lessons as to the acquirements, manners, and accomplishments that would find favour for Independency in the eyes of Episcopalians. In his lecture upon *manner*, the Doctor feels that he has room to speak pointedly and reprovingly in the following paragraphs:—

But we have men among us, I fear, who never thought of making the slightest effort toward qualifying themselves for usefulness in such connexions [the more educated classes]; men who even make a boast of the

repugnance of their manners to all such association. Such persons have their reward. The sin, in their case, is with deliberation, and the penalty is certain. We see in the history of this form of selfishness, that in the progress of life every man makes his own society and finds his own place. The laws of society are reciprocal : and if we know not how to consult the tastes of other men, we must not expect that attention will be paid to our own. Natural ability may do much, but it is the will of Providence that we should find as much to be depending on manner as on mind, the former being much more within every man's power than the latter. An agreeable presence and address are a more certain passport to general society than profound learning or unusual talent.

Nor is proficiency in this respect so superficial a thing as some men suppose. Nature may do a good deal toward it ; but in the case of those who excel, art and study have done more. It is true that it has respect almost exclusively to little things, but these little things are in constant occurrence, and demand a constant attention. In time, indeed, art in this respect will become as nature ; but only as the effect of study, effort, and habit. Young men cannot be too seriously admonished, that in human life the small things are always as wheels to the great. It is not many of our ministers, I trust, who need this kind of caution. It would have been well for the social position of Congregationalism if it had never been needed.

Every thing now said with respect to the importance of personal demeanour in the intercourse of society, must apply eminently to the pulpit. It has been permitted to me, during some years past, to commend Evangelical truth to many persons whose station in society, or whose position in connexion with science and literature, would have been regarded by religious people as likely to have given them a strong repugnance to such truth. But the result of my experience is, a conviction that the exception which would be taken to our ministry by such classes, if they could be brought generally into connexion with it, would not be to the matter of our preaching so much as to the manner of it.

He uses the term *manner* in the largest sense—as embracing the whole method of presenting instruction, and not merely the exterior mode of address or the style of expression. He objects to the endless iteration of certain texts and certain common places, which is so easy a process that the most untaught are often found to be fully competent to perform it. “But it is not possible that these signs of the absence of culture should fail of being at once perceived by a cultivated mind.” The latter may descend in his manner of inculcating truth, for knowledge can adapt itself to a state of ignorance ; but the former can never become guides to men of understanding. “It is true there are many things of which a preacher may be ignorant without loss ; but he must be capable of handling his own subject, with the precision, compass, and freedom of a workman not needing to be ashamed, if he does not mean to be put to shame.”



Listen to a simple demand, an indispensable rule:—

The best mode of exhibiting a topic, considered purely in its substance, belongs exclusively to the intellect. Language and utterance belong more to the province of taste; in which the simple and rigid conclusions of the understanding are often variously modified by more flexible influences. But in regard both to language and to mode of address, the demand made upon by the educated is a reasonable one. It is simply that we should be natural. It is that we should be careful to speak to them in terms which they can understand, in place of suffering our meaning to lie concealed beneath a multitude of unintelligible phrases; and that our utterance should be that of men who speak, and not that of men who sing. Nearly all our popular preachers are in a good degree exempt from fault in these respects. But this is more than can be said in respect to many of our brethren; and in almost every instance the degree in which they have failed as preachers, is the degree in which they have been wanting in the command of a natural language and of a natural manner.

From every preacher much is required; from every pastor; especially, it appears, if he be a popular dissenting minister, a world of weighty duties has to be fulfilled:—

In general we restrict the oversight of our churches to one man; and whatever variety of gifts may belong to our pastors, we have one fixed system of duties to which they must be alike conformed. Is not this against nature? Can it be reasonably expected that it should work well? Picture to your mind a respectable Dissenting church capable of securing the services of one of our most able ministers. It has such a minister. He is expected to preach three times every week, from year to year, and from one seven years to another, on the same general subject, before the same people, and always more or less with a new force and freshness of matter and illustration. He is not only the one preacher; he is the one pastor, and is expected to know his people, to visit them—all of them, however numerous his charge, rich, and poor, in sickness and in health. In proportion as such a man is capable of preaching effectually at home, are the calls made upon him to preach from home; in proportion as he is capable of giving a wise impulse to the efforts of his own people in the cause of religion, education, and charity, is the claim made upon him to give portions of his time and thought in aid of the same objects as prosecuted in other forms upon a larger scale elsewhere. The more his charge is found to exceed his utmost power of oversight, the more loud are the calls of the public, if he will listen to them, that would divert his attention from it. Of such a man it is further expected that he should be a scholar; that his habits should be such as to enable him to retain his acquisitions, and to keep his mind generally up to the level of the intelligence around him. If need be, he will be expected to show that he can make use of his acquisitions in the way of authorship, and in a manner not to be discreditable to the educated who recognize him as their teacher. In the train of all this comes the domestic character of this minister. He is a husband and a father; he has duties of a social, moral, and religious

character, to discharge towards his own household. He must owe no man any thing. His house must be the home of the orderly, the creditable, the Christian-like. The contrary of this would be felt as a disgrace and a calamity.

Now I am not aware that there is any thing exaggerated in this representation. No man, perhaps, on having all these points distinctly put to him, would be prepared deliberately to say that it is reasonable to expect all this from any pastor. But the working of our system is such as to cause many a pastor to feel that service to something like this amount is in effect regarded as incumbent upon him. If wanting in respect to any of these things, he has those about him who will be observant, and complain. He finds that his efficiency as a preacher is not allowed to make amends for his defects as a pastor; and he well knows that his assiduity as a pastor would not be found to compensate for his ineffectiveness as a public teacher. He is left at liberty to serve the public; but he knows that his so doing must not be pleaded in excuse of any neglect in regard to supposed duty towards his church, his congregation, or his household. He may cultivate the habits of a student, and may show skill in using the press in the cause of religion and humanity; but these things, peculiar as they may be in a great measure to himself, must not be thought of as a reason for his not doing every other thing just in the manner in which every one else does it.

In this manner do we insist that our pastors shall be good at every thing, as though for the purpose of preventing their being excellent in any thing.

All therefore is not perfect in the polity of Congregationalism. The Union would do well to consult in the way of reform men of such enlarged and practical views as those of Dr. Vaughan. The result would certainly be a better adaptation still to the state and requirements of modern society.

We may append to these extracts a few short passages and ideas taken from another important work, bearing closely upon the character of a church, which has been recently published, and which not only inculcates highly liberal doctrines, but agrees in a variety of particulars with the sentiments cherished and enforced by Dr. Vaughan,—we mean that by Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, under the title of “The Kingdom of Christ delineated,” &c.

The Kingdom of Christ, according to the Archbishop, is the Christian Church; yet, according to Christ's declaration, it “is not of this world;” a declaration which amounts “to a renunciation of all secular coercion,—all forcible measures in behalf of his religion.” Dr. Whately continues,—“We cannot, without imputing to our blessed Lord a fraudulent evasion, suppose him to have really meant anything different from the sense which He knew his words conveyed.” Pilate, it is maintained, understood the words

of our Saviour as amounting to a renunciation of all secular coercion, "and gave credit to the plea."

Neither could Christ mean that he merely renounced his own present and personal rights; and had he secretly made a reservation in behalf of those that were thereafter to adopt his name and his doctrines, the deceit would have been as base and as gross as what was once practised in Egypt. "It is recorded of an ancient king of Egypt—one of the Ptolemies—that he employed a celebrated architect to build a magnificent light-house for the benefit of shipping, and ordered an inscription in honour of himself to be engraved on it." The architect, however, "made the inscription on a plaster resembling stone, but of perishable substance: in the course of years this crumbled away; and the next generation saw *another* inscription, recording the name, but not of the King, but of the architect, which had been secretly engraved on the durable stone below. Now, just such a device as this is attributed to our Lord and his Apostles by those who believe them to have designed that secular power should hereafter be called in to enforce the Christian faith, though all such designs were *apparently* disavowed, in order to serve a present purpose." The disavowal, "'My kingdom is not of this world,' was only an inscription on the perishing plaster; the design of 'coercing and punishing' by secular power all opponents of the true faith, was, it seems, the engraving on the stone beneath."

The Christian Church, or the Kingdom of Christ on earth, is not a political but a social institution, each community agreeing amongst themselves what rules to observe, and what officers to set over them, but having no right to force into the society any who are unwilling to enter it, nor to punish those who may withdraw from it, further than to refuse them the privileges of the order to which they will not adhere. This is the only ground on which to rest the doctrines and institutions of "the Author and Finisher of our Faith." Further, in support of this view, in agreement with it, and following the principle out, "A Church and a Diocese seem to have been for a considerable time co-extensive and identical. And each Church or Diocese (and consequently each Superintendent) though connected with the rest by ties of faith, hope, charity, seems to have been perfectly independent as far as regards any power of control." This is very like the doctrine urged by Dr. Vaughan. The following is the Archbishop's notions about the *oneness* of the Church:—

The Church is undoubtedly *one*, and so is the human race *one*; but not as a *Society*. It was from the first composed of distinct societies; which were called one, because formed on common principles. It is One Society, only when considered as to its *future* existence. The circumstance of its having one common Head (Christ), one Spirit, one Father, are points

of unity which no more make the Church One Society on earth, than the circumstance of all men having the same Creator, and being derived from the same Adam, renders the human race one family.

With regard to Apostolic succession, we have these forcible words and distinctions :—

Successors, in the Apostolic office, the Apostles have none. As *witnesses* of the *Resurrection*,—as *Dispensers* of *miraculous* gifts,—as inspired *Oracles* of divine *Revelation*,—they have no successors. But as *Members*,—as *Ministers*,—as *Governors*,—of Christian Communities, their successors are the regularly-admitted Members,—the lawfully-ordained Ministers,—the regular and recognized Governors,—of a regularly-subsisting Christian Church ; especially of a Church which conforming in fundamentals,—as I am persuaded ours does,—to Gospel principles, claims and exercises no rights beyond those which have the clear sanction of our great Master, as being essentially implied in the very character of a community.

According to this doctrine, each Christian community may appoint its own officers to serve at the altar, but that such officers or ministers do not confer authority upon any church, and much less have they, as governors, a right to extend their rule beyond their own particular community. What then are the important conclusions, ecclesiastical, social, and political, at which the argumentative Archbishop arrives ? We have only space for one of a practical and very extensive character :—

To burn Dissenters under the title of heretics,—or to put them to a less cruel death,—or to banish, or fine and imprison them,—or to exclude from all, or from some, of the rights of citizens, and reduce, more or less, to the condition of vassals or Helots, those who do not profess the religion which the State, as such, enjoins,—these are widely different indeed, in respect of the *actual amount* of evil inflicted, or of good denied to individuals ; but the *principle* is in all these cases the same ; viz., the assumed right of the Secular Government, as such, to interfere with men's conscience, and consequently (when the Government calls itself Christian) to make Christ's kingdom, so far, “ a kingdom of this world.”

ART. XIII.—*Lectures on Subjects connected with Prophecy.* By J. W. Brooks, M.A. Edinburgh : J. Johnstone.

THIS is the first of a series of lectures “ delivered at the request of the Edinburgh Association for promoting the study of Prophecy.” Mr. Brooks is Vicar of Clareborough, Bedford, and the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, of Biddenham, Bedfordshire, is to furnish the second course, in May of the present year ; so that although the northern capital be the place in which this Association principally acts, it appears that members of the Church of England are in a

particular manner concerned in the undertaking, which is intended for promoting "the study and elucidation of the Prophetic Scriptures, and of drawing the attention of Christians generally to the important subjects contained therein." Already the Society has chalked out thirty-two subjects for treatment; the committee stating that an endeavour will be made to secure, twice a year, the services of some able and faithful person, distinguished for his knowledge of the Prophetic Scriptures, to deliver a series of four lectures, in one or more of the subjects suggested. The courses are to be delivered in the latter part of May and November in each year; and "any person who shall select any of the subjects, may choose one or more for his course, and need not choose them in the order in which they here occur, as each lecture will be printed in a detached form." The Society will also publish from time to time any useful essays or tracts, on prophetic subjects, which may be sent to them for the purpose. Laymen, therefore, it would seem, as well as ministers of any denomination whose opinions agree in the main with those entertained by the President and the other officers of the Society, may contribute to it, all persons on the payment of "not less than five shillings per annum," or of "a donation of not less than two pounds," without any further annual payments, becoming members. "The funds shall be applied in defraying the expenses of such individuals as may kindly come from a distance to deliver the different courses of lectures—in printing and publishing the lectures," &c. We have thought it proper to cite these particulars from the prospectus issued by the Society, in order to circulate as widely as we can what is the nature of an Association which is of a novel character. We now proceed to give some account of the discourses before us.

Mr. Brooks's first lecture is "On the Importance of the Prophetic Scriptures," taking these words in 2nd Peter for his text,— "We have also a more sure word of Prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts." The lecture on this subject is of course introductory; Mr. Brooks maintaining in it that most of the difficulties attending the investigation of prophecy arise from our *prejudices*. First, there is the general and natural prejudice which indisposes us to believe things however plainly foretold, that are distasteful to us, and also things "which are agreeable when they greatly exceed our ordinary experience and expectations." Of the latter kind were Christ's predictions of his resurrection, which "never seems to have been expected by any one of his disciples." Secondly, "many are being led away by an undue zeal for *traditions*, or by an undue deference for *the opinions of ecclesiastical superiors*; and a far greater number defer to some favourite commentator, or some living expositor."

In the first of these lectures Mr. Brooks earnestly urges the duty of studying prophecy, viz., of that which is still unfulfilled, there being certainly many things foretold in the Apocalypse which are not yet fulfilled. He greatly blames those persons who talk of not caring about the advent and kingdom of Christ, so that He do but reign in their hearts; for this, although looking to Him as their *King*, is practically turning away from Him as their *Prophet*. And the discourse concludes with grateful feelings to the Lord for having raised up in Edinburgh the particular Association which is promoting the study of prophecy.

The subjects of the other three lectures are to be found in the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew. His interpretation of the prophecy contained in the chapter, down to the 29th verse, is that which is generally given, applying the predictions to the destruction of Jerusalem, and the state of Palestine prior to that devastating event. But the 29th verse, he argues, is to be understood in a figurative sense; and therefore he sets to work to find out its meaning, and to fix upon the periods, the events, and the signs to which the passage relates. And, if he be right, we live in awful times; for the present period is that which he identifies with the second "Tribulation."

It will not be necessary for us to follow Mr. Brooks closely in his interpretation, and the array of instances which he adduces as fulfilments. We shall merely generally indicate what are his conclusions, and then quote a continuous portion of one of the discourses.

Well then, he thinks that from the French Revolution of 1789 may be dated the first actual outbreak of those violent feelings and political notions which were to shake the kingdoms, overturn thrones and churches, and to accomplish what are set down in these bold figurative expressions. The progress of the revolutionary principles are traced throughout Asia and America, as well as Europe; and he maintains that what is now actually occurring in Great Britain is the *lifting up of the voice*—the *roaring* of the *masses*. Prophecy has its literal fulfilment in *distress* and *perplexity*. The cholera was the *pestilences*, as were also *influenza* in England and *grippe* in Germany. And lastly, for *false prophets*, there are radicals, unitarians, infidels, Owenites, and so forth. We shall, however, now quote the summary of many of his views, as found in the Third Lecture:—

And now, having shown in my last how all those things were fulfilled, in the times of the Apostles, which were to usher in the first crisis of tribulation, and bring to an *END* the Mosaical dispensation, let us further inquire what indications there may be in the world, *at the present day*, of those signs coming to pass which are to lead on the second and still more awful crisis of the great tribulation, terminating in the overthrow of the

present Gentile churches and nations, and the restoration of the Jews ;—the end also of that day of grace, which is vouchsafed to us previously to the coming of the Son of Man.

Your minds will suggest to you, that a great *shaking* has been taking place, and is now going forward, throughout the world, in these respects ; but more especially in Europe, where Christianity has been so long established. From the French Revolution of 1789 may be dated the first actual outburst of that spirit of discontent and democracy (*the sea and the waves roaring*) which is to shake the kingdoms (*or powers of heaven,*) overturn thrones and churches (*the sun and the moon,*) and eventually destroy, or “put out,” all that is noble or dignified, the stars, or “*bright lights of heaven.*” That event seems to have been permitted as a pattern and first fruits of what shall be enacted on a much larger scale, when society shall be more extensively leavened with the principles that produced it, and the kingdoms shall have filled up the measure of their iniquity. In that country, as we know, the king was put to death by the people, and monarchy itself was altogether extinguished for a time. There the nobles of every class were divested of their rank, authority, and privileges ;—there the property of the church was confiscated, its ministers hunted down and butchered, the religion of God and of Christ entirely disclaimed, and pure *atheism* substituted in its place ;—“the fool” not merely “saying in his heart,” but openly proclaiming, “that there was no God.” Like mighty waves of the sea the torrent rolled on, inundating and shaking other countries, and infecting the population thereof with the same republican and infidel principles. And though the old dynasties have rallied for a while, through the strong arm of military power, the principles which are hostile to them have nevertheless been ever since spreading wider and gaining greater strength. Of the disposition which exists to enact the same things again, we have had repeated indications. In France, since the “glorious days” (as they were called) of July, plot after plot has been discovered, having for their object the assassination of the king, and the re-establishment of republican principles : in Belgium, in Italy, in Poland, in Switzerland, in Naples, in Spain, and in Portugal, there have been likewise revolutionary movements, all promoted by democratic principles ; as is the case also in the former dependencies of Spain and Portugal—South America and the Brazils ; where endless factions and changes have succeeded each other, to the shaking or destruction of the ruling powers. If we turn to Greece, we are assured by a competent witness in the House of Commons, that “the whole body of the people are universally republican in their principles ;” and so extensively is even the despotic land of Egypt inoculated with the same *virus* (owing to the principles imbibed in France by the hundred youths, sent over some time since by the Pasha to be educated there,) that it has become proverbial in the East to say of a man, who betrays republican and infidel principles, “He has been in Egypt.” In the empires of Russia and Austria, it is also found necessary to keep up enormous standing armies, (as it is indeed throughout Europe,) in order to awe the seditious and revolutionary spirit that exists among the masses of society.

It is scarcely needful to observe, that the same moral pestilence has

passed over into Britain. I am far from meaning to assert, that the people have no grievances to complain of, or that much of the evil which will ere long fall upon the wealthier classes, will not be a just retribution upon them from the Almighty, for their disregard of "judgment and justice." But my object is not so much to set forth the *causes*, political or moral, for these signs beginning to manifest themselves: it is to show the *fact* that they are appearing. And I ask, what is it which now chiefly excites uneasiness at home, but the lifting up of the voice—the *roaring*, as it were, of the masses, who are combining and arraying themselves against the property of the country; whilst other sections of our population, though on equal terms in regard to property and rank, are nevertheless struggling to pull down one another. On the one hand, we see the bonds dissevered which united the noble and the peasant, the landlord and the tenant, the master and the servant, aye (and in numerous instances,) the parent and the child. On the other hand, we see the manufacturer arrayed against the agriculturist and the landowner; and the inhabitants of our municipal towns and boroughs taught to look with jealousy on those of the rural districts, of whatsoever class.

An *antisocial* spirit prevails among all classes; and society appears to be hastening to a state of dissolution. Among the larger masses of the discontented, whether they be called Chartists, Unionists, Conventionalists, Socialists, or by any other name, infidel and republican principles commonly prevail, and threaten with no indistinct voice the annihilation of the religion and the thrones that appear to stand in their way. Indeed, they have in various instances broken out into actual violence; and there are many still armed and prepared for further mischief, whensoever opportunity presents itself.

We may form a tolerably correct estimate of prevailing opinions and sentiments, by noticing the language of the printed publications which are chiefly in request. The two newspapers called the *Weekly Dispatch* and the *Northern Star*, have alone attained to a circulation exceeding 100,000 weekly; in both of which the Queen and her consort have been repeatedly held up to ridicule;—the peerage is described as consisting of "bloated old fools," and "natural born idiots;"—the Church, and Christianity itself, are held up as nuisances that must be got rid of; and the people are admonished, that if they would but exercise their good sense, there would not exist a throne or a church in this country any longer.

But all this is exceeded in atrocity by the language held in the numerous *unstamped* papers. Lord Brougham, in his evidence before the Committee on the Law of Libel, having stated that the Attorney-General of the day had once shown him a list of no less than 163 different unstamped newspapers, all vying with each other in all manner of atrocious libels, thus described their general contents:—"Where one charged public characters with all offences, another recommended their extermination;—where one maintained the lawfulness of rebellion, another maintained the propriety of assassination;—where one held forth the King and his Ministers to the fury of the mob, another recommended a more sure and expeditious mode of dealing with these nuisances, (for they reckoned all governments nuisances, and all governors as the executors of nuisances.)



suggesting the quicker and more effectual mode of cutting them off in detail ; while others, not content with *single* murders, showed how easily and safely that crime might be perpetrated, which involves the risk, at least, of *wholesale* murder, viz. *arson*."

The daring and the atrocity of these teachers of the multitude, in regard to the principles they disseminate, is indeed without a parallel in any period of the history of mankind, where men have been under the restraint of any government at all. It is an objection, more plausible than sound, which some make, (when we point to these things as signs of the last days), that there is a proneness in human nature to attach an excessive degree of importance to the times in which we live ; and that similar things have been experienced before, and have passed away without any striking result. But after making every allowance for the disposition to magnify beyond its due proportion the importance of those events which occur in our own lifetime, there are circumstances in the existing state of society which distinguish the present period from all other ;—excepting, perhaps, those epochs which have immediately preceded a signal vengeance on the full cup of man's iniquity : yea, I may say they distinguish the present from *all* other, *not* excepting these.

When, e. g. the republican spirit proved the destruction of our First Charles, and assailed the national church, it was chiefly confined to England : and the deeds enacted in this land met with no responding voice from the masses of the people in other countries. So, when *Wars* have been fomented in former times, they have chiefly been promoted by the ambition of princes ; and the masses have been passive instruments only, so far as principle has been concerned. But the danger is now from the masses—the *sea and the waves roaring*. Never was the multitude, in all lands, known to be so generally disaffected toward their rulers ;—never were they known to combine so extensively and so systematically against their superiors and employers ;—never were they known to view with such sullen anger and contempt the ancient institutions of their country, and the national forms of religion in which they have been cradled. In former ages, men have been ready to fight for their religion, however erroneous : their gods, their temples, their altars have been their watchword : now they are resolutely aiming to pull down all religion, however true ; and, under the strong delusion that they are showing men a more excellent path to happiness, are paving the way for universal anarchy and misery.

On subjects of the kind handled by Mr. Brooks we cannot offer any theory or interpretation. We do not even venture to question the views of our Lecturer. We may, however, express a doubt with regard to any man speaking with the particularity which so often occurs in the volume before us. One thing, at least is certain, that he who names dates and events so precisely as is here done, runs the risk of being convicted of rashness, and of finding his confident views turned into ridicule. From nearly the commencement of the Christian era there have been many human predictions and alarms about the world being at an end ; and numerous have been the foolish words uttered by pious men in their attempts to explain the

things and times figured by dark symbols in various parts both of the Old and New Testament. We are far from thinking that any part of Revelation is not to be diligently studied. But such symbolical language and solemn prophecies as Mr. Brooks would have us to believe that they belong to the present period of the world's history, may be profitably read without any endeavour to point out the manner and period of their fulfilment. There is even in the magnificence, the awful nature of the language employed, a subduing and most affecting power. Is there not also in the very darkness and obscurity of the prophecies the strongest reasons for mankind to be ever ready for their being suddenly overtaken by the fulfilments? This at least is certain, and it has properly been often urged, that virtually and in reality the end of the world, the appearance of Christ to judge every human being that now breathes upon the earth, the last day, are events which are close at hand, and will not, every one may assure himself, be delayed beyond his lifetime.

ART. XIV.—*Female Character.* An Essay. By ALBERT PENNINGTON.  
Houlston and Stoneman.

A SECOND edition of an instructive and pleasing little book, and which appears to us to regard the female sex not only in the degree of elevation to which woman ought to aspire, but at which she will, we trust, at no distant period arrive in the more civilized communities of Christendom. Mr. Pennington has even in the course of his essay recognized and illustrated what we consider to be philosophical points of his subject, but which have been but sparingly noticed and urged in the numerous books that have recently been published with regard to the position and rights of the female sex. We, however, miss much of what ought, we think, to be dwelt upon in works of this kind, viz., what should bear upon the condition and the prospects of woman among the lower orders of society, almost all writers who undertake to instruct her, and plead in her behalf, regarding merely the educated and the genteel classes. Mr. Pennington, for example, writes as if he knew of none of the sex but such as may be called *ladies*. At the same time we are ready to admit that were the fair belonging to the middle orders as well as those in the higher, endowed and placed as they might be, the influence of their example, not to speak of their positive exertions, would reach and benefit those of the sex who at present dwell in filthy lanes, and are the drudges of mankind. And were this realized, what a revolution would occur in the whole social structure! To rescue and to elevate the wives and daughters of the poor from the ignorance and unhealthy toil to which tens of thousands of them are now doomed would be identical with millennial happiness and

virtue. It would far surpass all that can ever be achieved by Temperance Societies. It would include every moral habit. Starvation and class interests would be seldom heard of; and cleanliness and smiling faces would everywhere greet the eye.

It is obvious that whoever can reasonably expect to be serviceable in behalf of woman, by writing for her instruction and pleading for her rights, must be well read in human nature, and largely acquainted with individual character. The author of the small volume before us is not only aware of this requisite, but he seems to possess it in a good degree; and therefore he had authority for undertaking the task of instructing "a few young friends," which was the original intention, he tells us of the "simple thoughts" contained in the little book. He has done well in giving these thoughts a wider circulation than was at first contemplated; his object being "to elevate the female character, and to exhibit it in its most interesting light; to make our fair countrywomen appreciate their importance in society, and, by a corresponding attention to their moral and mental cultivation, to enhance their value."

Mr. Pennington sets out with this complacent idea, that the young women of England "are the most interesting objects to the Christian and the philosopher;" and in the course of his Essay he has certainly brought into a compact form a very considerable amount of thought and fact. First of all, he refers to the degraded state of female character, ere civilization and religion had refined and purified mankind by means of woman's gentle influence. Whoever has travelled in barbarous countries can bear witness how sadly the female part of such people have been degraded, and how grossly wronged by the stronger sex. From the earliest times, and even among what were regarded the farthest advanced and favoured nations, the Jews for example, we read of woman being held in greater or less bondage. Not only in China, but wherever the religion of the false prophet has taken root, if we except the Bedouin Arabs, woman has been, and continues to be vilely wronged, or to be denied many of the privileges which man possesses and usurps. The truth is that Christianity has especially blessed the tender sex; so that one of the most hideous ideas that can have existence is that of a woman who professes infidelity. Still, there is need for urging upon the attention of man, in the most Christianized countries, her capacities and claims. But doubtless the religion of Jesus will one day find its finest triumphs in her exaltation; and then man will arrive at his highest stage of moral as well as intellectual development.

Our author divides his subject under three heads: first, the Endowments of Female Character; second, its Influence; and, third, its Formation. With regard to her *moral* endowments, we have courage, devoted constancy and affection, sympathy, modesty,

and piety, separately noticed. Each of these terms will readily suggest to every reader a number of ideas and anecdotes, some of the most impressive and delightful being drawn from the Sacred writings. With regard to sympathy, for example, we have at least Mr. Pennington's authority for it, that illustrations of the most powerful kind may be adduced of noble devotedness to the alleviating of sickness and poverty in the present race of females of England, "Who, like the amiable Dorcas, cause the bosoms of the destitute to heave with gratitude;" nor does he pass over the Sisters of Charity in France without a deserved tribute of praise.

The *mental* endowments of woman are, without any very clear reason, arranged into those of imagination, perception, and judgment. We come next to the Influence of Female Character. This is viewed as discovered in, and appropriate to, domestic life, the school-room, social circles, and also as affecting the opposite sex and the world. We shall from this part of the *Essay* choose our extracts. Take what is said about woman in the following relations:—

I. *In Domestic Life.*—Home is the place where character is most faithfully exhibited, and where it has its most powerful effect; and home will derive its character from female influence. There is a sensibility and delicacy in woman's nature, which is intended by our great Creator, to exhibit virtue in its most lovely features, and to reflect a holy and softened light, on the domestic circle. It is generally the fault of education, if she do not fulfil her high position.

No sooner advanced from infancy, than her presence begins to be perceived and felt by those around. A new charge has been incurred, a responsibility affecting every member of the family. The developement of the passions; and the growth of intellect, conspire alike to render the little girl of importance. Even now her influence is begun, however silently and secretly it may work. Temper, in all its modifications, begins to appear; disposition, good or evil, to be manifested; and, by the discerning eye, the character of the future woman is partly seen. There is a powerful influence on parents, whose authority is often usurped by the little aspirant at domination. Their tempers are affected, and their comforts are negatived. The mother, particularly, feels the effects of her infant caprice, and passions; she finds often her spirit soured, and her mind swayed, by the undue ascendancy of a little daughter. Each exhibition of mind and temper excites in her breast, the liveliest emotions, and her sensibility is continually worked upon, by the growing power of her infant's faculties and passions.

As years increase, the other members of the family are concerned. If she have brothers, their happiness depends much on the little maiden's conduct and bearing towards them. Born to rule by a secret and gentle influence, incalculable may be the good or evil which she may effect on them, whatever may be her disposition.

We have seen and experienced, that it is in a sister's power to make

home happy. How delightful to a youth to be greeted by a sister's smile, when returning from his daily studies or occupation! and how interesting to see sisters, win their brothers, by that kind and affectionate attention, which seldom fails to be reciprocated on the brother's part.

It is the inattention of sisters, to the comfort, and domestic enjoyments of brothers, which drives the latter out to seek for that recreation elsewhere, which they cannot find at home; sisters form in a great measure the manners of their brothers, whose polite assiduity, and kind efforts to please, will soon be displayed in a corresponding attention.

To read aloud occasionally works of interest—to enliven the dark evenings of winter, by music and conversation—to pour into each other's hearts their mutual sentiments and feelings, must unite more firmly the holy bands of domestic affection. Remember, sisters, the importance of your early influence on your *younger* brothers; yours is a responsible station, you may greatly aid a mother, in forming their youthful minds and tempers, which will readily yield to your gentle influence. It is yours especially to lead them on in the paths of piety, and by a holy and consistent walk to exhibit before them the graces of Christian character. Next to their mother, your little brothers will look to you for sympathy to soothe their distresses, and will expect from you, assistance in their puerile enjoyments and recreations.

Your influence is also great upon servants. Placed under the same roof; coming into contact continually with their little mistress, they will acquire notions of rectitude and virtue; her character will be more or less reflected in theirs, and happy for them if her mind be directed by the holy principles, of religion and virtue. Whether she bow the knee continually before the invisible God, or worship at the shrine of pleasure and fashion, will mould their minds, and improve their morals. The opportunities they have of improving themselves, will be derived principally from the female part of the family, especially from the daughters; who are bound by every feeling of humanity, to afford them some time for the performance of those sacred duties, which God requires, as well as for their mental improvement. Do servants see careless indifference shown towards parents, they will not fail to imbibе it, and make the daughters' respect the standard of theirs.

II. *Female Influence will be seen in the School-room.*—The remarks already made of the influence of mind upon mind, and character upon character, will here be seen in a most vivid light. The school-room is a little world. The daughters of different families, bringing with them their early habits and prejudices, their virtues and their vices, here meet together; and the sentiments and habits of each are soon communicated to the mass. The youthful breast knows little concealment; frankness and ingenuousness are its characteristics; and from mind to mind, from heart to heart, the thoughts and feelings of each will frequently circulate. What an interesting field is here displayed! from the school-room, as a centre, go forth the thoughts and feelings which are to influence the world. Here we see the little friendships and associations which indicate the features of maturity; here party spirit and animosity display themselves; the dark look of envy at successful merit; the fevered anxiety of aspiring ambition;

the contending hopes and fears of emulation ; the complacent smile of success, and the dejection of disappointment, all conspire to give a colouring of interest to the scene.

Again,—

IV. *Female Influence is great of the opposite Sex.*—This has been wisely ordained to give woman a power to counterbalance physical strength in the man, and has been exercised equally for good and for evil. Esther influenced Ahasuerus to save the proscribed nation of the Jews, and thus deserved the praise of her people, when the extirpation of the whole race, was threatened by the wicked Haman ; her heroic patriotism has ever been remembered with gratitude, by her long despised, but now respected and influential people. The wicked Herodias induced Herod to sacrifice John the Baptist to malignant passions, contrary to his own judgment, and thus involved him in her own ruin and disgrace. The retribution that visited this unhappy pair, exhibits in fearful characters the just providence of God.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance, in modern times, of the influence of the female sex over minds least likely to be swayed by it, occurred in the case of General John Banier, in the time of Gustavus Adolphus. This officer owed much of his glory to the judicious advice of his first wife, which was tarnished through his second. While the wife he brought from Sweden lived, he was successful in every undertaking ; she accompanied him in every campaign, and was always found to console and cheer him in every danger and difficulty, and to urge him onward wherever glory led the way. After her death, General Banier was smitten with a young and lovely German princess, whom he married ; this circumstance proved the grave of all his military fame, for she soon rendered him as effeminate as herself ; and six weeks after his marriage he died of grief, at having disgraced his name as a general, by a gross neglect of his military duties.

The powerful influence of a high-minded and virtuous wife, has saved many an unthinking and dissolute husband from ruin, and taught him again to love that virtue, which her character reflected.

The following anecdote is so appropriate to the idea, that it is here transcribed. "Why do you keep me for so long a time at the door?" said Edward F—, passionately, to his wife. The night had passed, but its cold wind entered the house as Mrs. F—, with a sorrowful heart, undid the lock. "It is late, Edward ; and I could not keep from slumbering." He said nothing in reply to this, but flung himself into a chair, and gazed intently on the fire. His son climbed on his knee, and putting his arm round his father's neck, whispered, "Papa, what has mamma been crying for?" He started, and shook off the boy. The poor child pouted, but he was too frightened to cry. His sister silently took him up, and when he reached his cot, his little heart discharged itself of its grief. The wife leaned upon her husband, and thus addressed him ; "I will not upbraid you on account of your harshness to me, but I implore you not to act in this manner before your children. You are not, Edward, as you used to be : those heavy eyes tell of wretchedness, as well as bad hours. You wrong me, you wrong yourself ; thus, to let my hand show I am your wife :

"I am aware of the kind of society in which you have lately indulged." The conscience-stricken husband had not a word to say; but a man's tears are more awful than his words. The re-action of principle had commenced; he saw in all its hideousness, his cruel usage of his wife. A woman's love is like a plant which shows its strength the more it is trodden on. "Arouse yourself, my husband! your father has cast you off; but he is not all the world: only consider your wife in that light." The work was done; he was won back from ruin, to respectability and happiness.

The Formation of female character is considered as it devolves on mothers, on teachers, and on self-cultivation. With regard to the last of these means, we find, among a variety of obviously important branches, mention made of the study of botany. Now there can be no objection to this or to any other department of natural history, all of which abound with instruction, and are fruitful of pure delight. But we merely mention the study of botany as recommended by Mr. Pennington, to show to our readers that the Essay is in a great measure confined to young ladies. Perhaps the accuracy of opinion may be questioned when it is said that botany is better adapted to the minds of women than to those of the opposite sex. But the small volume deserves to be studied throughout, and will be found attractive reading. We need not quote or say more.

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ART. XV.—*Telegraphic Railways.* By W. F. COOKE, Esq.  
Simpkin and Co.

"TELEGRAPHIC Railways; or the Single Way recommended by Safety, Economy, and Efficiency, under the Safeguard and Control of the Electric Telegraph; with particular reference to Railway Communication with Scotland, and to Irish Railways," forms a very suitable appendix or companion to a previous article in our present number. Mr. Cooke declares his objects to be,—and they are extremely requisite,—first, to add to the safety and efficiency of Railway communication, "by means not more, but less, expensive than those now adopted;" and secondly, "to overcome some objections to the formation of auxiliary single Lines, by suggestions calculated to give them the safety and efficiency now supposed to be exclusively within the reach of double Lines." And these results are proposed to be accomplished by the Electric Telegraph. "These suggestions are offered to the consideration of the Public, (it is freely admitted), by one not uninterested in the result; but, at the same time, by one who is not wholly unqualified to judge of the various exigencies of Railway communication, by a practical knowledge of them." The fact is, as most persons acquainted with railroad speculations and improvements are aware, that Mr. Cooke's

suggestions and efforts have been, to a very considerable extent, crowned with success; or, if not, that they are thought to point to some of the most desirable triumphs that can accompany the railroad system. On the Great Western and the Blackwall lines, the practicability of this system has been tested, and we believe, sufficiently approved of. These are double lines; and, therefore, if practicable on such, must be still, for the sake of safety, and in the way of simplicity, more so on single lines.

Mr. Cooke pertinently observes, that a great characteristic of the present method of railway travelling, is its *inflexibility*. You cannot get an engine to stop and take up in the manner of stage-coachs. A stage-coach moves in safety along a crowded street, because it can stop if there be another carriage; or can move aside on meeting one. But a railroad train cannot do this; and for a variety of reasons, which any one can assign. Still, if an engine-driver could always ensure a sufficient previous warning, travelling by railroad means would, so far as concerns the intercourse, be as safe and sure as any other method.

There is a want necessarily of a bird's-eye view of any line, and various devices have been seized upon to neutralize this difficulty and deficiency. For example, policemen have been stationed, and tables used to regulate time and to inspire confidence with regard to the trains. There are, however, even on double ways, junctions that interpose dangers; these junctions are already numerous, and must become more embarrassing; so that unless a time-table for each line could be adhered to with mathematical accuracy, there will often occur serious accidents; and this even on double ways. Mr. Cooke, however, proposes means to meet and obviate these circumstances, and particularly in the case of single ways, confidently believing that delay and danger can be effectually avoided thereby.

The inflexibility of railway travelling must be admitted to be one of its most striking characteristics; and one of its worst qualities is an immediate consequence of defective communication. "All attempts to control trains in their motions must be mere palliatives until some agent more rapid than themselves be made to pioneer their way." Telegraphic plans have therefore been desiderated, and Mr. Cooke considers himself borne out when he asserts that the electric telegraph meets the demand, as proved not only by the hourly experience of the Blackwall Railway, but by that of its application to a part of the Great Western Line.

To a system, says Mr. Cooke, so nicely adjusted, but liable to many sudden interferences, as the Blackwall Railway, the best time-table would be evidently inapplicable. But the electric telegraph works here, in the hands of the most ordinary workman, in the most perfect manner, and therefore the system may be presumed



capable of dispensing its benefits with equal certainty in cases where interferences are less numerous.

A variety of instruments are required in the use of the electric telegraph; among which a magnetic needle figures, and pointers, each suspended vertically on an axis, moving freely through the face of a dial are indexes. We do not go into any minute description of the apparatus and working of the system, but shall content ourselves with an illustration of it, as given in Mr. Cooke's own words:—

To illustrate the practical working of these arrangements, under extraordinary circumstances, I will now follow an Express, and therefore unexpected, train in its course from Derby to Leicester. A fixed time, say five minutes, before it leaves Derby, the Superintendent there rings the Borrowwash alarm. He then turns his Derby handle to the left, which movement causes a corresponding indication by the system of Derby pointers (as shown in the engraving), and thus informs the officer at Borrowwash and the other stations of the division, that an up-train is about to start if the line is clear. If it be clear, the Borrowwash Policeman announces the fact by giving (as represented) the same signal upon his own compartment. This correspondence, the work of a moment, is similar to that in use on the Blackwall Line, though less complicated. The train being now ready, the Derby Superintendent gives the usual order to start, and as the engine moves forward he restores the handle of his Telegraph to its upright position again. The pointers of the Derby system then, by becoming vertical, instantly give notice to every station in the division, that the "up-train has left Derby," and is on its way to Borrowwash. This serves as a warning to the policeman at Sawley, the station beyond Borrowwash, to give the signal, "Up-train," in his compartment of the Telegraph, that the policeman at Borrowwash may be prepared to notify to the train upon its approach, that the "Line is clear." The distance between Derby and Borrowwash being four miles, a train would travel it in about eight minutes, allowing ample time in case of inattention at Sawley for the policeman at Borrowwash to ring the Sawley alarm, and obtain a reply before the arrival of the train.

Presently the train is seen approaching Borrowwash; and, if not intended to stop at that station, leave to proceed is given to the conductor in the usual way, and the policeman at the same time puts down the handle of his compartment; whereupon all the pointers of the Borrowwash system resume their vertical position, and announce to every station of the division that the "Up-train has passed Borrowwash," and is on its way to Sawley; and the same routine is repeated as long as the Line is clear.

Before the train enters upon the last stage of the Northern division, a signal of its approach is sent on from Loughborough to Leicester, informing the whole middle division that an up-train will shortly enter it. It is obvious that, as Loughborough would have notice of an up-train, and Leicester of a down-train, at least half-an-hour before an arrival at these stations, they could, by exchanging their information, arrange before-hand for the removal of a goods-train, or ballast-train, occupying the intervening road. It would also be the duty of the division stations to fix the

place at which meeting trains should cross. The regular method of proceeding in the latter respect, would be to enter in the way-bills on the arrival of the trains at the division stations, the name of the sub-station at which the first arriving train would wait and pass the other: and an order to the same effect would be transmitted by Telegraph to the sub-station itself. Should either train be afterwards casually delayed, a fresh arrangement would be made by Telegraph, and the alteration would be entered in the way-bill at the nearest station.

In the engraving some ballast-waggons are represented as engaged between Sileby and Syston, under a supposed permission from the division stations to some such effect as this: "Ballast waggons may be on the line between Sileby and Syston from 2 till 5;" and the Policemen have indicated the occupation by the position of their pointers. The unexpected train, the course of which we are now tracing, renders it necessary that the line should be clear at an earlier hour. Accordingly, Leicester would transmit to one of the adjoining stations the following signal,—“Order the ballast-waggons into the siding, for an express up-train to pass, and report the line when clear.” If, instead of a ballast-wagon, the obstacle were a broken-down train, incapable of removal, the trains would work as usual, up to the adjoining stations; and as soon as the Telegraph intimated that an arrival had taken place at both of them, the two meeting trains would proceed to the impassable part of the line, as to a temporary terminus, and having there exchanged their passengers, they would return.

To proceed with our Express Train, which may be supposed to have now arrived at Leicester; before it enters the Southern Grand Division, an order is inserted in its way-bill to meet and pass a down-train at Broughton. Both trains having received similar orders, advance towards each other. As the up-train approaches Wigston, the policeman there, having previously ascertained that the line is clear to Broughton, allows the conductor to proceed, and as the train passes restores his handle to its upright position, and causes a cessation of his signal in the usual way. The down train has been similarly permitted to pass Ulleathorpe; and the two trains are advancing in contrary directions towards their crossing place at Broughton.

A few words will explain the signals which have led to this result. Referring as before to our express train, the Broughton policeman would, under ordinary circumstances, have given the signal “up-train” as soon as the cessation of the Leicester signal intimated that the train was on its way from Leicester to Wigston; and the signal “up-train” would ordinarily have remained exhibited upon the Broughton compartments until the train had passed Broughton. But, in the present case, as it was incumbent upon the policeman at Broughton to give the signals “up-train” and “down-train” at the same time, he employed his pointer only momentarily, (upon a principle in constant use on the Blackwall Railway,) to indicate in either direction that the line was clear, and that the respective sidings were ready for the meeting trains. When the policeman at Wigston caused the Wigston signal to cease, as a notice that the up-train had passed Wigston, the policeman at Broughton immediately restored the Wigston signal, as a notice that the up-train had not yet arrived

at Broughton. The signal "down-train" has in like manner been restored upon the Ullesthorpe compartments. Thus when the two trains were on the stages next Broughton, the Wigston and Ullesthorpe compartments would give notice (as in the engraving) that they had not yet crossed.

The signal "stop train," is hoisted at the Broughton station, and the trains, upon their arrival, run into their appropriate siding. The Broughton policeman then, by reversing the signals upon the Wigston and Ullesthorpe compartments, (see the dotted pointers in the engraving,) telegraphs that the trains are ready to proceed, and rings the alarums at Wigston and Ullesthorpe. He then restores the handles to their upright positions. Each train is now in the situation of a train ready to start from a terminal station, on the signal of readiness being taken up by the adjoining station as described at the commencement of the journey.

It is unnecessary to follow the trains any further, as it must be apparent that no difficulty, or danger, can occur with such ample means of information, while two trains are never allowed to be on the same stage at the same time. If, from any cause, an answer could not be obtained from a particular station, a signal would be sent through that station, to the next; and with the certain knowledge that no other train could be on the intervening portion of the line, a train might be permitted to proceed with caution to the silent station. Having there ascertained the cause of the silence, it would telegraph its arrival and departure as usual.

The only remark which we think it necessary to add is this, that steam—its machinery and agencies—require so many accurate attentions, that any multiplication of them will necessarily lay the system of travelling and conveyance thereby more and more open to accidents, if the whole be not watched with clock-work punctuality. We, however, believe that no method of warning and superintendence yet devised is so complete, rapid, and simple, as that recommended by Mr. Cooke; and to his pamphlet, and its engraved illustrations, we invite the attention of all who speculate concerning the manner in which railroad disasters may be most effectually guarded against.

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ART. XVI.—*Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay, Author of "Evelina," "Cecilia," &c.* Edited by her Niece. Vol. I. Colburn.

THE first volume of a series that may extend to six, and as full of the gossip of the literary coteries in the years 1778-80, as the greediest anecdote-hunter can desire, provided he can be entertained with long stories about not a few persons whose names are unknown to the multitude in the present day, as well as by the speeches and eccentricities of other personages whose fame will be in all ages. The heroine of the work, the author of *Evelina*, is herself destined to live in English history; although we must allow that there are about six times as much said about her first literary *venture* as any

sensible person, who does not wish to waste time, need care to read.

Miss Burney, one of the daughters of Dr. Burney, the historian of music, was born in 1752, and, at a very early age, devoted herself to literary pursuits; for we are told, that by the time she was fourteen, she had carefully studied many of the best authors in her father's library. At that period it was not fashionable, it was scarcely creditable, for a woman to write books; and when Miss Frances's mother discovered the bent of the girl's taste, a long lecture to its disparagement was the consequence; so that from a sense of duty and obedience, she resolved to make a bonfire of her manuscripts, and actually committed to the flames a whole stock of prose compositions, while her faithful Susanna stood by weeping at the conflagration. This sacrifice, we are informed, was made in the young writer's fifteenth year; "and for some weeks she probably adhered to her resolution of composing no more works of fiction, and began, perhaps as a less objectionable employment, the *Journal* which she continued so many years. But the perennial fountain could not be restrained."

When she was about her twenty-fourth year, she had completed "*Evelina*." Dodsley, to whom it was offered, would not look at an anonymous manuscript; but at length it was sold for 20*l.* to Lowndes, who made a fine thing of it; so celebrated did the work become. But the most interesting circumstance to the present and future generations, connected with this maiden publication, was her introduction, at Mrs. Thrale's, to Doctor Johnson, who called the young authoress, among other singular names, "a toad." He even paid attention to her cap; and, indeed, he was wont to be critical about caps. We thus read,—

They tell me of a Miss Brown, who often visits here, and who has a slovenly way of dressing. "And when she comes down in a morning," says Mrs. Thrale, "her hair will be all loose, and her cap half off; and then Dr. Johnson, who sees something is wrong, and does not know where the fault is, concludes it is in the cap, and says, "My dear what do you wear such a vile cap for?"

"I'll change it sir," cries the poor girl, "if you don't like it."

"Ay, do," he says, and away runs poor Miss Brown; but when she gets on another, it's the same thing, for the cap has nothing to do with the fault. And then she wonders Dr. Johnson should not like the cap, for she thinks it very pretty. And so on with her gown, which he also makes her change; but if the poor girl were to change through all her wardrobe, unless she could put on her things better, he would still find fault." When Dr. Johnson was gone, she told me of my mother's being obliged to change her dress. "Now," said she, "Mrs. Burney had on a very pretty linen jacket and coat, and was going to church; but Dr. Johnson, who, I suppose, did not like her in a jacket, saw something was the

matter, and so found fault with the linen; and he looked and peered, and then said "Why madam, this won't do! you must not go to church so!" So away went poor Mrs. Burney, and changed her gown! And when she had done so, he did not like it, but he did not know why; so he told her she should not wear a black hat and cloak in summer! Oh how he did bother poor Mrs. Burney! and himself too, for if the things had been put on to his mind, he would have taken no notice of them."

"Why," said Mr. Thrale, very drily, "I don't think Mrs. Burney a very good dresser."

"Last time she came," said Mrs. Thrale, "she was in a white cloak, and she told Dr. Johnson she had got her old white cloak scoured on purpose to oblige him. 'Scoured!' says he, 'ay—have you madam?'—so he see-sawed, for he could not for shame find fault, but he did not seem to like the scouring."

Here is more about Miss Brown, and sundry other women folks in the hands of the great pedant:—

He gave us an account of Mrs. Lennox. Her "Female Quixote" is very justly admired here. But Mrs. Thrale says that though her books are generally approved, nobody likes her. I find she, among others, waited on Dr. Johnson upon her commencing writer, and he told us that, at her request, he carried her to Richardson. "Poor Charlotte Lennox!" continued he; "when we came to the house, she desired me to leave her, 'for,' says she, 'I am under great restraint in your presence, but if you leave me alone with Richardson I'll give you a very good account of him,' however, I fear poor Charlotte was disappointed, for she gave me no account at all!"

Some time after, turning suddenly to me, he said, "Miss Burney, what sort of reading do you delight in? History?—travels?—poetry?—or romances?"

"O sir," cried I, "I dread being catechised by you, I dare not make any answer, for I fear whatever I should say would be wrong!"

"Whatever you should say—how's that?"

"Why, not whatever I should—but whatever I could say."

He laughed, and to my great relief spared me any further questions upon the subject.

"Do you remember, sir," said Mrs. Thrale, "how you tormented poor Miss Brown about reading?"

"She might soon be tormented, madam," answered he, "for I am not yet quite clear she knows what a book is."

"Oh for shame!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "she reads not only English, but French and Italian. She was in Italy a great while."

"Pho!" exclaimed he; "Italian, indeed! Do you think she knows as much Italian as Rose Fuller does English?"

"Well, well," said Mrs. Thrale, "Rose Fuller is a very good young man, for all he has not much command of language, and though he is silly enough, yet I like him very well, for there is no manner of harm in him."

Then she told me that he once said, "Dr. Johnson's conversation is so

instructive that I'll ask him a question. "Pray, sir, what is Palmyra?—I have often heard of it, but never knew what it was."

"Palmyra, sir?" said the doctor; "why, it is a hill in Ireland, situated in a bog, and has palm-trees at the top, whence it is called Palm-mire.—But Miss Brown," continued she, "is by no means such a simpleton as Dr. Johnson supposes her to be; she is not very deep, indeed, but she is a sweet, and a very ingenuous girl, and nobody admired Miss Streatfield more. But she made a more foolish speech to Dr. Johnson than she would have done to anybody else, because she was so frightened and embarrassed that she knew not what she said. He asked her some question about reading, and she did, to be sure, make a very silly answer; but she was so perplexed and bewildered, that she hardly knew where she was, and so she said the beginning of a book was as good as the end, or the end as good as the beginning, or some such stuff; and Dr. Johnson told her of it so often, saying, 'Well, my dear, which part of a book do you like best now?' that poor Fanny Brown burst into tears."

"I am sure I should have compassion for her," cried I; "for nobody would be more likely to have blundered out such, or any such speech, from fright and terror."

"You?" cried Dr. Johnson. "No; you are another thing; she who could draw Smiths and Branghtons, is quite another thing."

Mrs. Thrale then told some other stories of his degrading opinion of us poor fair sex; I mean in general, for in particular he does them noble justice. Among others, was a Mrs. Somebody who spent a day here once, and of whom he asked, "Can she read?"

"Yes, to be sure," answered Mrs. Thrale; "we have been reading together this afternoon."

"And what book did you get for her?"

"Why, what happened to be in the way, Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty*."

"Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty*! What made you choose that?"

"Why, sir, what would you have had me take?"

"What she could have understood—'Cowhide,' or 'Cinderella!'"

"O Dr. Johnson!" cried I; "'tis not for nothing you are feared!"

"O, you're a rogue!" cried he, laughing; "and they would fear you if they knew you!"

But there was much sympathy and sterling kindness in the Doctor; and although he hated the Scotch, for example, and cherished the strangest prejudices, his heart was as large as his head was strong and rough:—

Mrs. Thrale has often acquainted me that his house is quite filled and overrun with all sorts of strange creatures, whom he admits for mere charity, and because nobody else will admit them,—for his charity is unbounded,—or, rather, bounded only by his circumstances. The account he gave of the adventures and absurdities of the set, was highly diverting:—Mrs. Thrale—Pray, sir, how does Mrs. Williams like all this tribe?

Dr. Johnson. Madam, she does not like them at all; but their fondness

for her is not greater. She and De Mullin quarrel incessantly; but as they can both be occasionally of service to each other, and as neither of them have any other place to go to, their animosity does not force them to separate.

Mrs. T.—And pray, sir, what is Mr. Macbean?

Dr. J.—Madam, he is a Scotchman: he is a man of great learning, and for his learning I respect him, and I wish to serve him. He knows many languages, and knows them well; but he knows nothing of life. I advised him to write a geographical dictionary; but I have lost all hopes of his ever doing anything properly, since I found he gave as much labour to Capua as to Rome.

Mr. T.—And pray who is clerk of your kitchen, sir?

Dr. J.—Why, sir, I am afraid there is none; a general anarchy prevails in my kitchen, as I am told by Mr. Levat, who says it is not now what it used to be!

Mrs. T.—Mr. Levat, I suppose, sir, has the office of keeping the hospital in health? for he is an apothecary.

Dr. J.—Levat, madam, is a brutal fellow, but I have a good regard for him; for his brutality is in his manners, not his mind.

Mr. T.—But how do you get your dinners drest?

Dr. J.—Why De Mullin has the chief management of the kitchen; but our roasting is not magnificent, for we have no jack.

Mr. T.—No jack? why, how do they manage without?

Dr. J.—Small joints, I believe, they manage with a string, and larger are done at the tavern. I have some thoughts (with a profound gravity) of buying a jack, because I think a jack is some credit to a house.

Mr. T.—Well, but you'll have a spit, too?

Dr. J.—No, sir, no; that would be superfluous; for we shall never use it; and if a jack is seen, a spit will be presumed!

Mrs. T.—But pray, sir, who is the Poll you talk of? She that you used to abet in her quarrels with Mrs. Williams, and call out, "at her again, Poll! Never flinch, Poll?"

Dr. J.—Why I took to Poll very well at first, but she won't do upon a nearer examination.

Mrs. T.—How came she among you, sir?

Dr. J.—Why I don't rightly remember, but we could spare her very well from us. Poll is a stupid slut; I had some hopes of her at first; but when I talked to her tightly and closely, I could make nothing of her; she was wiggle waggle, and I could never persuade her to be categorical. I wish Miss Burney would come among us; if she would only give us a week, we should furnish her with ample materials for a new scene in her next work.

Very numerous and diversified are the characters that are introduced along with the Doctor: and he is equally ready with them all. Streatham might have supplied a multitude of Boswells with matter for endless gossip. The smart conversations would have filled many volumes. We quote a sample, the late period of the month at which the volume came to hand rendering it impossible

for us to do more than snatch a few passages that have been brought under our notice. But there is little of Johnson in it.

*Wednesday, June 16.*—We had, at breakfast, a scene, of its sort, the most curious I ever saw. The persons were, Sir Philip, Mr. Seward, Dr. Delap, Miss Streatfield, Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and I. The discourse turning, I know not how, upon Miss Streatfield, Mrs. Thrale said,—“Ay, I made her cry once for Miss Burney as pretty as could be: but nobody does cry so pretty as the S. S. I'm sure, when she cried for Seward, I never saw her look half so lovely.”

“For Seward?” cried Sir Philip; “did she cry for Seward? What a happy dog! I hope she'll never cry for me, for, if she does, I won't answer for the consequences!”

“Seward,” said Mrs. Thrale, “had affronted Johnson, and then Johnson affronted Seward, and then the S. S. cried.”

“Oh,” cried Sir Philip, “that I had been but here!”

“Nay,” answered Mrs. Thrale, “you'd only have seen how like three fools three sensible persons behaved: for my part, I was quite sick of it, and of them too.”

Sir Philip. “But what did Seward do! was he not melted?”

Mrs. Thrale. “Not he; he was thinking only of his own affront, and taking fire at that.”

Mr. Seward, “Why, yes, I did take fire, for I went and set my back to it.”

S. S. “And Mrs. Thrale kept stuffing me with toast and water.”

Sir Philip. “But what did Seward do with himself? Was not he in ecstasy? What did he do or say?”

Mr. Seward. “Oh, I said pho, pho, don't let's have any more of this,—it's making it of too much consequence: no more piping, pray.”

Sir Philip. “Well, I have heard so much of these tears, that I would give the universe to have a sight of them.”

Mrs. Thrale. “Well, she shall cry again if you like it.”

S. S. “No, pray, Mrs. Thrale.”

Sir Philip. “Oh, pray do! pray let me see a little of it.”

Mrs. Thrale. “Yes, do cry a little, Sophy (in a wheedling voice), pray do! Consider, now, you are going to-day, and it's very hard if you won't cry a little: indeed, S. S., you ought to cry.” Now for the wonder of wonders. When Mrs. Thrale, in a coaxing voice, suited to a nurse soothing a baby, had ran on for some time,—while all the rest of us, in laughter, joined in the request, two crystal tears came into the soft eyes of the S. S., and rolled gently down her cheeks! Such a sight I never saw before, nor could I have believed. She offered not to conceal or dissipate them: on the contrary, she really contrived to have them seen by everybody. She looked, indeed, uncommonly handsome; for her pretty face was not, like Chloe's, blubbered; it was smooth and elegant, and neither her features nor complexion were at all ruffled; nay, indeed, she was smiling all the time. “Look, look,” cried Mrs. Thrale, “see if the tears are not come already.” Loud and rude bursts of laughter broke from us all at once. How, indeed, could they be restrained? Yet we all stared,



and looked and relooked again and again, twenty times, ere we could believe our eyes. Sir Philip, I thought, would have died in convulsions : for his laughter and his politeness, struggling furiously with one another, made him almost black in the face. Mr. Seward looked half vexed that her crying for him was so much lowered in its flattery, yet grinned incessantly ; Miss Thrale laughed as much as contempt would allow her ; but Dr. Delap seemed petrified with astonishment. When our mirth had abated, Sir Philip, colouring violently with his efforts to speak, said, " I thank you, ma'am, I'm much obliged to you." But I really believe he spoke without knowing what he was saying.

"What a wonderful command," said Dr. Delap, very gravely, "that lady must have over herself!"

She now took out a handkerchief, and wiped her eyes.

"Sir Philip," cried Mr. Seward, "how can you suffer her to dry her own eyes! you who sit next her?" "I dare not dry them for her," answered he, "because I am not the right man." "But if I sat next her," returned he, "she should not dry them herself."

"I wish," cried Dr. Delap, "I had a bottle to put them in; 'tis a thousand pities they should be wasted."

"There, now," said Mrs. Thrale, "she looks for all the world as if nothing had happened; for, you know, nothing has happened!"

"Would you cry, Miss Burney," said Sir Philip, "if we asked you?"

"Oh," cried Mrs. Thrale, "I would not do thus by Miss Burney for ten worlds! I dare say she would never speak to me again. I should think she'd be more likely to walk out of my house than to cry because I bid her."

"I don't know how that is," cried Sir Philip; "but I'm sure she's gentle enough."

"She can cry, I doubt not," said Mr. Seward, "on any proper occasion."

"But I must know," said I, "what for." I did not say this loud enough for the S. S. to hear me; but if I had, she would not have taken it for the reflection it meant. She seemed, the whole time, totally insensible to the numerous strange and, indeed, impertinent speeches which were made, and to be very well satisfied that she was only manifesting a tenderness of disposition, that increased her beauty of countenance. At least, I can put no other construction upon her conduct, which was, without exception, the strangest I ever saw. Without any pretence of affliction, merely because she was bid, though bid in a manner to forbid any one else,—to be in good spirits all the time,—to see the whole company expiring of laughter at her tears, without being at all offended,—and, at last, to dry them up, and go on with the same sort of conversation she held before they started! What Sir Philip or Mr. Seward privately thought of this incident I know not yet; but Mr. Delap said,—“Yes, she has pretty blue eyes, very pretty indeed; she's quite a wonderful miss. If it had not been for that little gush, I don't know what would have become of me. It was very good natured of her, really, for she charms and uncharms in a moment; she is a bane and an antidote at the same time.”

## NOTICES.

ART. XVII.—*The Spanish Armada*, A. D. 1588. By the REV. T. LATHBURY.

THE author of "*The Spanish Armada*, A. D. 1588; or, the attempt of Philip II. and Pope Sixtus V. to re-establish Popery in England," has by several of his writings, "*Guy Fawkes*," for example, lately published, proved himself to be a strenuous enemy of Popery. Had the attempt of Philip succeeded, Mr. Lathbury seems to think that England would have been permanently little better or more than a vassal of Spain, and a tributary of Rome; or, at least that Catholicism would have chained and repressed this country, never, for an indefinite period, to be blessed with free institutions. He is a keen, if not a hot Protestant, and is at pains to convict such historians of dishonesty as lean to popery, when having to deal with facts, and with the testimony of old authorities, should these militate against them. We need not go into the history of Philip's attempt, nor particularly criticise the present brief and zealous account of it. We, however cite a passage in which the author holds that he has convicted Dr. Lingard, the Catholic historian of England, of wilful misrepresentation. Mr. Lathbury thus speaks and quotes:—

"In the extract from Dr. Lingard, the reader will perceive an allusion to Philip's conduct towards Elizabeth during the reign of Mary. The queen is represented as ungrateful. This matter might be passed by, if the doctor did not quote Osborn, as if the charge had been grounded on his authority. It is true that Philip interposed to save Elizabeth; but he had a selfish motive in doing so. This ought to have been stated; and, by not stating it, and referring to Osborn, who does state it, Dr. Lingard has laid himself open to the charge of dishonesty. Osborn's words are as follows:—"Which attempt of hers might have worse succeeded but for the protection Philip the Second afforded during the infancy of her power, flattered to it in the hope of marriage, no less than compelled out of a fear to see England possessed by the Scots, a people ever in conjunction with France, and therefore likely to prove malignant to his affairs. And as these considerations had made him solicitous of her safety during his match with her sister, they continued still so prevalent, as he did not only forbear himself, but restrained others from making use of that advantage, so fatal a defection could not but afford." From this passage it is clear that it was Osborn's opinion that Philip had been actuated by selfish motives in favouring Elizabeth during her sister's reign; yet Dr. Lingard's reference would lead the reader to believe that he was of the same opinion with himself. A man who can quote an author in such a way as this is not to be trusted. Such, however, are Popish writers on matters affecting the character of their church."

ART. XVIII.—*The Cottager's Sabbath; a Poem.* By SAMUEL MULLEN.

THE Cottager's Sabbath is a continuous poem full of nature and sweetness. It pictures the village and rural scenes to the life that may be supposed to have delighted the pious English patriarch of a village in by-gone times; and is stored with suitable reflections as well as enlivened by the incidents which would naturally enter into the history of a sabbath spent by such a character and his family. Truthfulness and ease rather than power distinguish Mr. Mullen's poem. Take a sketch of the cottage,—

“ Beside a lane, diverging from a wood,  
Where tall tree-tops o'er-roof'd the grassy way,  
A white-washed cot in calm seclusion stood,  
And, sloping down to face the Southern ray,  
Before the door a well-stocked garden lay;  
Clean-weeded beds by winding walks outspread,  
Where household roots were ripening day by day,  
And blossomed beans delicious perfume shed,  
While fruit-trees bending low, arched closely overhead.

All round the place a look of comfort beamed,  
True English comfort, homely, calm, and sweet!  
The very trees, amid their stillness, seemed  
With quiet joy their leafy friends to meet,  
And on the roses smiled beside their feet:  
The shaded lane, the soft and balmy air,  
The breath of flowers new-waked the morn to greet,  
All seemed so pure, so innocent, and fair,  
That in such scenes as these man never need despair.

Along the walls sweet-scented creepers hung,  
Nailed here and there, their fragile stems to stay;  
And after rain the gentle breezes flung  
Such floating fragrance far across the way,  
As lured the bees from distant fields to stray;  
A rustic porch with straggling woodbine dressed,  
And blooming roses, made the cottage gay;  
While near at hand, the plum-tree's welcome guest,  
Three summers undisturbed a thrush had built her nest.

In two small plots with border-box hemmed round,  
Rare healing plants and choicest pot-herbs grew;  
The garden-balm, 'mid village-dames renowned,  
And fragrant thyme, its rich aroma threw  
O'er mint and white-leaved sage, and bitter rue.  
Not far from these the straw-thatched bee-hives stood,  
Where in and out, all day, incessant flew  
The labouring bees, so bent on public good  
That idlers none disgraced that busy neighbourhood.”

ART. XIX.—*Rhymes and Roundelayes.* By T. NOEL.

THESE Rhymes and Roundelayes are real poems. We, however, like the smaller and occasional pieces better than the more elaborate and lengthy,—than “The Storm Fiends,” for example, in which supernatural machinery is introduced, not with much success, although the poem must have cost the author an effort. Still there are fine passages in the production, forcible thought, and abundance of mind; while the descriptions are exceedingly happy. It is not for lack of poetry, rich and harmonious, that we do not prefer this elaborate piece, but because the supernatural agencies do not speak or act in a manner becoming their supposed character, or otherwise than terrestrial creatures would have done. But we shall quote one of the miscellaneous compositions which shows the author’s power in a sort of careless but effective form. It is called “The Pauper’s Drive,”—

“There’s a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot,  
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot :  
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs,  
And hark to the dirge that the sad driver sings :  
    ‘ Rattle his bones over the stones ;  
    He’s only a pauper, whom nobody owns !’

Oh, where are the mourners ? alas ! there are none ;  
He has left not a gap in the world now he’s gone ;  
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man.  
To the grave with his carcase as fast as you can :  
    ‘ Rattle his bones over the stones ;  
    He’s only a pauper, whom nobody owns !’

What a jolting and creaking, and splashing and din !  
The whip how it cracks ! and the wheels how they spin !  
How the dirt, right and left, o’er the hedges is hurl’d !  
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world !  
    ‘ Rattle his bones over the stones ;  
    He’s only a pauper, whom nobody owns !’

Poor pauper defunct ! he has made some approach  
To gentility, now that he’s stretch’d in a coach !  
He’s taking a drive in his carriage at last :  
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast.  
    ‘ Rattle his bones over the stones ;  
    He’s only a pauper, whom nobody owns !’

You bumpkins ! who stare at your brother convey’d,  
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid,  
And be joyful to think, when by death you’re laid low,  
You’ve a chance to the grave like a gemman to go.  
    ‘ Rattle his bones over the stones ;  
    He’s only a pauper, whom nobody owns !’

But a truce to this strain ; for my soul it is sad  
 To think that a heart, in humanity clad,  
 Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,  
 And depart from the light without leaving a friend !  
 Bear softly his bones over the stones ;  
 Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns !"

ART. XX.—*The Warning*. Translated from the German.

ONE of Effingham Wilson's neat little volumes, size of the "Story without an End," and embellished in Acrography with numerous designs. It is a good specimen of the intensity and the simplicity which characterize the minor writings of the poets, the novelists, and essayists of the most original thinking people of Europe. The translation is severely elegant, suited to the purpose for which the fiction must have been composed.

ART. XXI.—*A New English Grammar ; with Exercises and Methods of Parsing*. By R. BRADSHAW.

THE plan of this grammar is simple, and its rules plain. We think that it might on these accounts be with advantage introduced into schools ; and also called in as a good help to the self-taught.

ART. XXII.—*The Book of the Poets*.

Messrs. Scott, Webster, and Geary have published two volumes, each in itself complete, with this good and succinct title, and which are sure to be welcomed by every lover of genuine poetry. They are got up in a first-rate style ; paper and typography being of the most desirable description—substantial and beautiful—and suited to the handsome octavo size. Then the embellishments are numerous, and by eminent artists.

But the contents : it is there that the judicious and tasteful will behold those sterling beauties which no art, mechanical or pictorial, can throw into the shade ; for the poetic mind of England is to be found within ; the first of the volumes being filled with extracts selected from the Ancient Poets, in other words, from those who range from Chaucer to Beattie ; and the second traversing the Modern division, even down to Lady Flora Hastings.

When we add that a respectable essay on English poetry is prefixed to each volume, having a reference to the periods comprised ; and that brief biographical notices accompany each selection, we have said all that is in our power to induce others to examine the "Book of the Poets," and to judge for themselves.

ART. XXIII.—*Monaldi; a Tale.*

AN Italian tale of a tragic character. There is nothing very new in the story, unless love, jealousy, hatred, revenge and remorse be novelties in life and in literature. The whole, however, is well put together and adjusted. The composition is singularly correct.

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ART. XXIV.—*The Martyr of Erromanga, or the Philosophy of Missions.*

By JOHN CAMPBELL, D.D.

WE have experienced, down to almost the last day of the month, an extraordinary dearth of new works of any mark, or which called for more than short notices. The stagnation of trade, the prevailing distress, and the anxiety relative to the future, have no doubt affected the press. To be sure, there has been no lack of political pamphlets, suggestions about the Corn Laws, and speculations with regard to what Sir Robert Peel intended, and what he should do on the opening of Parliament. But publications of this kind do not very well suit the pages of a review which has for its object to keep a register and present an account of current literature, and therefore have been passed over. Along with this statement however, we regret that the "Martyr of Erromonga, or, the Philosophy of Missions, illustrated from the Labours, Death, and Character of the late Rev. John Williams," by Dr. Campbell, and recently published by Mr. Snow, had been mislaid, or somehow had not come to hand until the time was by far too short to do justice to a work so full of instruction, so abounding with incident, and altogether so valuable and affecting as to deserve a considerable space in our Journal, which will be devoted to it next month.

# THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

MARCH, 1842.

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ART. I.—*Remarks on Church Architecture, with Illustrations.* By the  
Rev. J. L. Petit. 2 vols. Burns.

SOME twenty years ago Dr. T. D. Whitaker, in his "History of Richmondshire," thus expressed himself in reference to Church Architecture: "What are the requirements for a new church? That it cover the smallest possible space, be constructed of the meanest materials, be consigned to the lowest bidder, and paid for by rates wrung out of the tenantry. Neither can this miserable necessity be avoided. Everything is now on the rack." "What lord of a parish has ready money to bestow on a work of disinterested bounty? It is anticipated in that emulation of luxury and expense which has now become universal. If he has no money, ask him for wood; but cast an eye over his domain, and see whether his ancestors' oaks, if yet surviving the opposite but united perils of rapacity and waste, do not bear the *nigrum theta* of a valuer's scrieve? If he have a quarry upon his estate, and the stone be unsaleable, perchance he may allow it to be used for the new fabric, on condition that an adequate compensation be paid for trespass. With respect, however, to conveyance, racers, and even coach-horses, are not to be strained by labour, to which their muscles are so little adapted. There is certainly a period of science and improvement in human society, too far advanced either for disinterestedness or imagination. At that period, by the unwearied exertions of the present generation, we have unhappily arrived. All abstract science, all the arts of life, have indeed reached a point of perfection beyond what could have been foreseen in any earlier age; but that point has been attained at an expense which makes the purchase dear. Calculation has rendered us cold, and selfish, and tasteless. But selfishness is often the handmaid of profusion; and that minute economy which modern habits have the peculiar felicity of uniting with great expense, leaves no heart for works of devotion and charity."

We are not going to assign motives or reasons for the neglect and callousness of which the Doctor complains. Neither shall we

take the trouble to inquire closely whether the allegation of selfishness, of the exclusive cultivation of the abstract sciences and of the arts of life, be justly and correctly advanced as petrifying or withering things to the heart in respect of works of devotion and charity. Facts, however, are more easily got at than principles; and one of them is, that since the time when the sentiments quoted were uttered, still greater eagerness has been manifested by society in the culture of science and the useful or economical arts—still greater triumphs witnessed; and yet, within these few years, new churches have been wonderfully on the increase, not only in crowded towns, but in rural districts, and secluded villages. We are informed that in the very county to which allusion has been particularly made, the churches already erected or in progress, will nearly double the number that existed at the period when the Doctor uttered his complaint, and spoke with such desponding bitterness.

It cannot be denied that many of these recent structures are creditable to the taste and skill of their architects, and to the spirit of their promoters. But this must not be said of the majority. There are, indeed, no proofs of a predominating national taste, not even of national character in the greater number. To be sure, the late erections, whether in the metropolis or beyond its suburbs, no longer present the nakedness of humble meeting-houses. There is some distinctive feature about or upon them; some sort of decoration without and within, were it but belonging to a cupola for a bell; showing that a certain degree of becoming sentiment animates the many—the non-professional as well as the professional—with regard to the architectural character of a house consecrated to the worship of God. Still, the criticism is just which denounces the larger number of new churches as nondescripts, and a jumble of incongruous forms. And yet the monstrosities or grotesque shapes which rear their turrets or spires in so many places display something like a character in them, and a reason for their oddities, consistently enough with the theory that every country has an architecture more or less peculiarly its own; formed like the manners and language of its inhabitants, although with the blending of various foreign ingredients, which have at different periods introduced themselves. It is true that this national character attaches itself more to domestic architecture than to that which is discovered in public buildings, civil or ecclesiastical. But still it may often be detected in the latter, and even to certain distinctions we might almost say, guided and modelled by the local habits and education of builders and people. How otherwise can we account for some of the cotton-mill-looking sacred edifices in the manufacturing districts, the towers bearing an evident relation to the shape and height of the factory chimneys? Without, however, pursuing the theory of assimilation thus far, we may safely assert that throughout



the country, urban and rural, the Gothic and Grecian—the Roman and Italian—the antique and the modern—the native and the foreign—are united most inharmoniously, and to the violation of all rule, unless it be that of allowing the untrained fancy to range among every kind of forms.

The blame is not altogether, nor perhaps chiefly, to be thrown upon the designers. When these are merely builders or masons, the authorities who choose them are answerable for the consequent deformity. But even when professed architects are the authors of a church which must ever offend the eye of taste, and do violence to sundry enviable associations, he frequently has just cause to complain of the manner in which he is hampered in respect of space and of site, but especially of funds. Again, when there may be no scantiness of any kind, the artist is liable to be thwarted and fettered by ignorant parties whose *dictum* is final; so that expensive ugliness or paltry extravagance is the result.

In country places it is not unusual for the squire, or his lady, or it may be the revered and good pastor, to be the untrammelled judge in a department and on an occasion most gratifying to any one who is desirous of leaving a memorial not merely of his skill and taste, but one in such close alliance with sanctity and immortality.

And this leads us to observe that the English gentry and educated classes have generally little taste for, and therefore little knowledge of, the architectural branch of the fine arts. They are great travellers, and enjoy, in consequence of their wealth and a liberal curiosity characteristic of our countrymen, the best opportunities of acquiring the very thing of which they are so remarkably destitute. Neither in any other country has there been such a demand for buildings, public and private. Yet almost everywhere is to be witnessed an injudicious application of the sums expended, in respect of purity of design, or harmony of parts, or the effects desired. Our success and our means, as compared with the continental nations, have been strangely at odds. We have no acknowledged maxims of architectural taste; no standard of generally understood excellence; not even any body of men sufficiently able and united to make their opinion be respected. There is also a want of liberal training in our great schools. Eustace has said, "No art deserves more attention than architecture, because no art is so often called into action, tends so much to the embellishment, or contributes more to the reputation of a country. It ought, therefore, to occupy some portion of time in a liberal education. Had such a method of instruction been adopted a century ago, the streets of London would not present so many shapeless buildings, raised at an enormous cost, as if designed for eternal monuments of the opulence and of the bad taste of the British nation." England

should have been another Italy in respect of the grand historical piles, for example, which, even of modern creation, distinguish the realm, if the fortunes which have been lavished are to be estimated. Our country should have been stored with noble structures, models of taste to the inhabitants and objects of national pride,—themes of admiration to foreigners, and bonds of home-bred patriotism.

But not to dwell upon such an ungrateful idea as national inferiority in any department of taste, it might be made a subject of important and interesting study to inquire what are the causes which have operated so as to keep us in the rear of foreigners whose institutions are not half so free. Undoubtedly one of these accompanies the sudden changes in social as well as political life which occur so much in this country; for how often does some partizan motive, or the elevation of an uneducated man to some civic office, give a strange shape to a public work which is to be undertaken. Again, a pertinacious feeling seems to have imbued the British mind that the architecture of the middle ages is not only best suited to our climate, but to the services of the temple, and to our sacred associations. We are a people who have a wonderful respect for antiquity, for feudalism, if you will. To be sure, our great edifices of that period ought to be reverently preserved, and, when necessary, restored to their original form and style. Independent of the deep interest which antiquity and religion shed around them, these venerable Gothic piles are always valuable records of the age in which they were built. They were intertwined with our attachments to the soil, as well as with our aspirations above it. There is about every magnificent building something which endears it to the hearts of those who live under its shadow. Such a work bears a closer resemblance to the individual features, the more striking works of God's creation, than any one of the other arts can furnish; and the soul pays it a relative homage, is inspired with a corresponding sentiment of greatness and endurance. Sir Christopher Wren remarks that, "The obstinate valour of the Jews awakened by the love of their temple was a cement that held together that people through the changes of a long succession of years;" and others have supposed that the supreme splendour of St. Peter's has aided in perpetuating the Romish Church. Therefore the magnificent cathedrals and minsters of the middle ages must ever inspire the people with emotions if not essentially religious, at least that operate as handmaids to the purifying of the heart and life.

But it may well be questioned whether the ecclesiastical architecture of the middle ages is to be imitated at the present day. One thing is certain, that all such attempts have been feeble, and have proved to be failures. A recent writer says, "The churches lately erected on this (the Gothic) model have been eminently infelicitous: we have never seen any that would entirely satisfy the

least fastidious critic; the wretched, ill-fated objects, testifying a total absence of the Gothic spirit in our builders, have no profile, no projection, and are as unlike the buildings which they profess to imitate, of the workmanship of better times, as the dry, colourless, shapeless specimens, pressed flat in a *hortus siccus*, are to the living plants." Our modern architects are necessarily destitute of the feelings which imbued a Gothic age; and hence the mystery of construction, the peculiar solemnity, and the numberless minute resources to the production of a magnificent whole, are all unapproachable by a mind in the nineteenth century.

Altogether independent of the fact that the Gothic art seems to be for ever lost, there is generally a variety of incongruities to be detected when a church according to this style is attempted, especially if perpetrated within a large town, and amid crowds of houses. The discrepancies are too great and obvious to be easily tolerated; and a sentiment of positive repugnance, instead of complacency and solemnity, is excited. No doubt Westminster in combination with its vicinity is not only enduring, but appropriate enough, according to the dictates of the mind, which loves to look back and pitch its associations on a period when fantastic gables, quaint chimney-stacks, and jutting oriels were in vogue. Besides, the Minster is too mighty and towering to be affected by the perishable things around, and which preserve something like a respectful distance. Just as in the greater number of cathedral towns the comparative magnitude and importance of the cathedral itself is sufficient to give the predominant character to the immediate environs; although it would be satisfactory did the inferior buildings follow the tone impressed upon the scene by that one edifice. But when a church is to be erected, and upon the limited scale which is now requisite, it is for the architect to follow, not to give the prevailing character of the scene. The genius of the place must be studied and felt, which can never be the case with a Gothic pile, however elegant the design, however pure the style, however perfect the execution, if it stands amid rows of modern Italianized dwellings. The harmony that has to be attended to in a single building must be observed in a combined and inseparable scene.

In the country, to be sure, old styles, especially what is called the *old English style*, as seen in some of its early varieties to this day, are exceedingly agreeable. We are partial to our native architecture in such localities, although the classical styles be more suited to large towns, and streets of recent date. But we are deferring too long any notice of the views entertained by the author of the work before us, some idea of which we now proceed to communicate.

Mr. Petit's "Remarks on Church Architecture," is a superior work, and as unaffected in its manner as its matter is excellent.

Clear intelligence and sound sense characterize the views entertained by him, while his tone is most becoming. Along with a high degree of classical culture and general accomplishment, his experience is manifestly ripe with regard to the particular subject he has here approached. But there is something beyond all this in these unpretending volumes upon a theme that has frequently been rendered repulsively dry, or the occasion of pompous dogmatism, as well as of vitiated fancy, and arrogant connoisseurship; for a rich and mellowed train of feeling, an enlightened warmth of religious sentiment and purpose, pervade the whole performance; so that the general reader will rise from the perusal of any one of its divisions with enlarged sympathies, at the same time that his understanding is improved. The work, in short, would do honour to any amateur, scholar, gentleman, or divine; and is destined to become not only popular wherever there is a tolerable share of literary acquirement, but wherever there is artistic taste. The student of architecture, and the professor of the art, will no doubt hail the "Remarks" as a real contribution to their department, both as regards the apprehension of broad principles, and the details in the way of practical observation and pertinent illustrative instances. We should say, indeed, at the close of these generalities of praise, that the great feature of Mr. Petit's volumes is the idea of *fitness*, in all the possible application of the term to his subject, which he inculcates; not less, for example, when he is addressing himself to points which more remotely depend upon architectural creations, upon the triumphs of the art, than when he is engaged with technicalities, is addressing himself to artists, and is learnedly discussing the principles and manner of the harmonies.

The foundation, and many of the details of the work, consist of notes taken by a person who knows how and what to observe, in the course of a tour through many of the more interesting parts of France, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland; the main object of the traveller having been, we presume, of an architectural nature, and especially as concerned with ecclesiastical purposes; or, in other words, as exhibited throughout the whole history of the Gothic, from the earliest use of its elements to its most ornate and florid development. The first volume, after an introduction, is divided into the following parts:—Classification of the Styles—Roman and Italian Architecture—Early Romanesque—Late Romanesque, or Norman—Transition Style—Early Complete Gothic—and Late complete Gothic. In the second volume will be found, under appropriate heads, striking and condensed views of the principles of the Church Architecture of the middle ages, and much that is practical as well as what belongs to the science of the subjects, about composition, proportion, arrangement, and form. Modern repairs and adaptations afford our author an opportunity to display

his judgment and knowledge to peculiar advantage. The work concludes with notices of a variety of specimens met with on the Continent. A number of illustrations, although mere rough outlines, combined with descriptions, enhance the value of the book; for the former convey, and in a spirited style, all that was intended; while the latter are not less distinct and discriminative, whether as regards presenting an idea of each particular specimen, or as to the appropriate and instructive character of the criticism. We now quote portions of the "Remarks" which, although perhaps not uniformly unobjectionable, or although sometimes opposed to accepted views, will bear out the eulogy bestowed upon the work. We begin with a variety of practical lessons which architects would do well to bear in mind when they undertake church-building. The difficulties which they have to encounter, when contemplating the adoption of certain styles, are calmly and clearly pointed out. Speaking of the Early English Style, Mr. Petit remarks as follows:—

In the present day, the architect selects for imitation this beautiful style, on account of its simplicity. Undoubtedly the cathedral at Salisbury does, from the consummate art of the designer, suggest the idea of extreme simplicity; but many who admire it for this excellence will, when they begin to imitate, be very liable to fall into vices from which it is totally free, those of poverty and meagreness. The Early English admits of, nay requires, beauties of a very complicated nature; many of them, both as regards contrivance and execution, far beyond the reach of the builder who adopts it as a convenient style for a plain village church. Its clustering and often detached shafts; its capitals of the most exquisite foliage; the deep hollows of its mouldings; its peculiar toothed ornament, demanding the most delicate and elaborate workmanship; its rich bands and cornices; and, above all, its bold and accurately turned vaultings, mark it as belonging rather to the splendid cathedral or costly chapel, than to the humble parish church. It is not because its ornaments are unobtrusive, that we are to think it allows any deficiency of ornament: and it should also be remembered, that the plainer the work, the more necessary it is to compensate for such plainness by a perfect accuracy of proportion, and an exact disposition of every component part.

It may be generally asserted that the early styles of church architecture which found favour in this country, not only require for their re-introduction a sympathy with causes which have long since passed away, but there can now be no such disregard of expense and of waste of labour as in former ages, when religious devotion, and a desire to have it palpably manifested, actuated the people high and low. Besides, how absurd is it to attempt a minute and detailed transcript of forms of which no understanding exists, and for which no favour is cherished. Nor is this all: a servile imitation will most probably be inconsistent with the exigencies of the

required building, rendering a copy unfit in a practical sense; while it may be impossible at best to command indispensable requisites of situation and space for the display of the necessary proportions, and when no beauty of detail will compensate. The early complete Gothic, for instance, we are told,—

Whether in the form of advanced Early English, or Geometrical Decorated, should be adopted by no architect who has not a full command of means, not only as regards expense, but also the choice of form, plan, and even situation. A building of this style, to speak generally, requires vaulting, deep and bold buttresses, and windows and elevations of the nicest design. The adoption of Early English, on the score of economy, I will contend, against general practice, to be wrong in principle; that it has already given rise to a class of very mean and meagre buildings, it is impossible to deny. The square tower, with battlements and pinnacles, whatever be the form of the latter, or of the belfry-windows, can scarcely be considered appropriate in this style. The Flowing Decorated, if worked in its purity, requires nearly the same nicety, and would probably be found very expensive. But all its beauties, not excepting even its tracery, may be retained in the Perpendicular style, which allows the greatest possible latitude to the architect both in outline and detail. And it is manifest, that by adopting a style at the latest period in which it flourished without debasement, we are taking the best ground; we have the free range of all that has been done, while the wide field of improvement is spread before us. We are restrained in neither direction. It is a self-evident truth, that in the advancement of an art, the later stages command and comprehend all the earlier; and this is most eminently the case with architecture. Let us take, for instance, the late Perpendicular. This admits the flat wooden roof, the obtuse gable, the four-centred arch, the square-headed window with foliated lights, and the fan-vaulting. It allows all these; but does it restrict us to their use? Far from it.

There are in these extracts matter for professional consideration, and perhaps hesitation, or at least modified acceptance. In what we now copy out there is a strong corroboration of the justice of some of the sentiments which we ventured to express in our opening remarks. The author is alluding to the adoption of the Gothic in cities or streets of modern construction:—

Besides the proportions of the structure itself, it is clear that our ancestors attended to its position, and the objects surrounding and likely to surround it. When Gothic churches were built, the houses also were in some style which harmonized with them. In most old towns we find numbers of Gothic doors, windows, and other details, scattered about, belonging to private dwellings: as in York, Chester, Glastonbury, Exeter, Rouen, Dijon, Avignon, Cologne, and almost every town in Holland and Belgium. The monastic buildings attached to churches were of a similar style, and these, in all probability, did not greatly differ from other houses of the same standard; while those of smaller consequence, though rude in their

materials and construction, still harmonized with the richest Gothic. Is this the case with our flat fronts, square windows, low roofs, and horizontal parapets? Would not the oldest and most perfect Gothic edifice, if it ranged in a line with these, appear to be out of character?

While many of the examples shown in the Illustrations are remarkable for their simplicity as well as picturesque effect, Mr. Petit recommends features and details belonging to some of them to the consideration of British architects, not merely on account of their appropriate beauties but their easy adoption. In the Romanesque and Italian specimens there appear to be elements highly deserving of modern study. We quote a few hints:—

Might not a style be matured upon the suggestions thrown out to us by these old buildings of Italy, France, and Germany?—a style admitting of great simplicity in point of workmanship, and at the same time capable of the most varied and beautiful combinations; that could be grounded and advanced upon clear and definite rules, and freed from every sort of inconsistency; that would harmonize with our modern domestic buildings, and yet be sufficiently distinct from them to mark the high purpose to which the fabric is dedicated? Might it not enable us to adopt with advantage forms of great convenience, but ill suited either to Italian or Gothic?

The following passage has a similar aim:—

If, from the study of the German Romanesque, and the simpler specimens of Italian, a pure round-arched style could be formed, it might, perhaps, be made to suit many kinds of arrangement to which no other is exactly adapted. To mature such a style, however, would require much skill and judgment: few buildings, if any, exist which could be taken as models without alteration, but many might furnish valuable hints. The architect should lean rather towards Italian than Norman, omitting, at the same time, many characteristics of the former. The external character might in great measure be formed from both German and Lombard buildings; the internal, chiefly from the former.

When a new church is to be built, in the metropolis, for instance, such suggestions and directions as these must be cordially hailed by the architect. Still, his taste and selection of style must in a great measure depend on circumstances,—on the amount of available funds in particular. What then is he to do when these are very limited? Mr. Petit gives this answer and advice,—taking it for granted that a building dedicated and consecrated to the Almighty should be the best of which circumstances will admit, in respect of beauty, propriety, and solemnity,—let it “have a certain dignity of appearance which shall distinguish it above all surrounding objects.” He adds, “This seems to be the real field for the genius of an architect, as he cannot, in such a case, disguise false principles or bad proportions by redundancy of ornament. If he would attack the main difficul-

ties of his art, let him study to produce a perfect model, with but little reference to any details of style, and at the least possible expense consistent with durability; having attained this, he will easily learn to add as much decoration as he pleases."

We may here observe that Mr. Petit, instead of indulging in a disparaging and contemptuous tone respecting the attainments and productions of British architects, tenders his opinions manfully and his advice without unbecoming assurance. He does not sneer: he is cordial.

Passing from new churches and the principles which should regulate their designs and styles, we go forward to a branch of our author's work which is scarcely less important, and which he has handled in his happiest manner; we mean that part of the "Remarks" which is devoted to the question of repairs and alterations of old fabrics. We may preface our extracts from this chapter of the book with lines which Mr. Petit himself has quoted. The fears so elegantly and pointedly expressed in the effusion in behalf of the interesting relic mentioned, have proved groundless, we are glad to learn, by the care and judgment of the restorers:—

*On the projected repairs of Barfreston Church. April, 1840.*

Delay the ruthless work awhile—O spare,  
Thou stern, un pitying demon of repair,  
This precious relic of an early age!  
More fatal is thy touch than the fell rage  
Of warring elements. Yon ancient wall—  
Better to see it tott'ring to its fall,  
Than deck'd in new attire with lavish cost,  
Form, dignity, proportion, grace, all lost!  
How many a sacred pile in this fair land,  
Touch'd and retouch'd by some unholy hand,  
A modern motley garb incongruous wears,  
Veiling the venerable form of years!

The chancel-arch—must it then sink at last  
Beneath the weight borne for long ages past?  
The graceful curve is broken, bent the wall.  
And the rich moulding crumbles—must it fall?  
Round and above the altar once were traced  
Paintings, of rude design perchance, yet graced  
With brilliant colours; o'er them time has spread  
A dim, mysterious curtain. Overhead,  
Above the narrow eastern lights, was hung  
A wheel of cunning workmanship; and 'mong  
The mouldings, quaint devices yet may show  
The sculptor's art: but the crush'd circle now  
Hath lost its rounded form—yes, all must soon lie low.

It were a pious work, I hear you say,  
To prop the falling ruin, and to stay



The work of desolation. It may be  
That ye say right; but, oh, work tenderly;  
Beware lest one worn feature ye efface—  
Seek not to add one touch of modern grace;  
Handle with reverence each crumbling stone,  
Respect the very lichens o'er it grown;  
And bid each ancient monument to stand,  
Supported e'en as with a filial hand.

Mid all the light a happier day has brought,  
Why work we not as our forefathers wrought?  
Years should have ripen'd the imperfect pow'rs  
Of art, and ev'ry grace should now be ours;  
Yet do the structures of our fathers' age  
Shame the weak efforts of art's latest stage,—  
Say, whence the skill which darker times possess?  
In those rude days men gave to God their best.

We now recur to Mr. Petit's prose. He thus proceeds:—

The architects of the later styles found it necessary both to rebuild, to repair, and to enlarge; and they almost always did this in the prevalent manner of the day; consequently a great number of our churches are a mixture of every kind of Gothic, and yet appear perfectly consistent,—as if their successive builders had been actuated by the same spirit, while they adopted different styles. Take almost any of our cathedrals as an example: Ely, perhaps, is the most striking. The nave and transepts are Norman. The western tower belongs to a very early stage of transition; its upper part being decorated, or perhaps flamboyant. The western porch and east end of the choir are of a finished early English; the octagon, and a few compartments near it, in the place of those destroyed by the fall of the old central tower, are richly decorated. Several insertions of windows and chapels are florid perpendicular. Each of these styles is boldly and strongly marked; none is either disguised or made to imitate its predecessor; the adaptation is merely sufficient to preserve a due regularity in the leading lines of the edifice; and yet the whole is in admirable keeping: a better effect could scarcely have been obtained by the most perfect uniformity. York Minster ranges from early English to advanced perpendicular. The transepts admit only the lancet arch; the front of the northern one, with its row of windows, called the five sisters, is among the finest specimens of the style. The complete Gothic, with geometrical tracery, occurs in the chapter-house, as well as other parts of the building. The flowing decorated, in its best form, pervades the west front, verging, however, towards perpendicular in the upper part of the towers; the choir is early perpendicular; and the central tower somewhat later. Yet there is no abruptness—all might have been the work of one hand. At Gloucester the massive Norman members of the choir are overlaid with a network of the finest florid Gothic, and crowned by a lofty clerestory of the same. The tower, certainly the richest in England, is supported by transepts which hardly attempt to disguise their Norman features. The long Norman nave of

Winchester is transformed into perpendicular, the tower and transepts remaining unaltered. Many of our country churches are actually heaps of chapels built at different periods; and such are generally the most striking and picturesque. And we even see the gables of fronts changed over and over again, to suit different successive repairs, and yet betraying in no one of their stages a want of due proportion: therefore he who is really acquainted with the principles of the art may repair, enlarge, and beautify, without fear. But alas for the building which falls into the hands of an ignorant or presumptuous restorer! I do not speak under the influence of any strong antiquarian feeling; I do not look upon the preservation of a quaint figure, or a curious moulding, as a matter of higher importance than the admission of hundreds of my fellow-Christians within the walls of their church; but it is truly grievous to see the proportions of a beautiful edifice needlessly defaced, or the character stamped upon it by artists, who worked upon rules nearly as unerring as those of instinct, swept away by persons who know such rules only as are dictated by their own caprice and fancy, or at best suggested by a very limited course of observation. How many a noble church, that for ages has preserved its beauty in spite of accident, violence, or decay, seems to writhe and struggle under the fantastic additions and incongruous ornaments of some architect who fancies he can supply what its original designer has omitted, or correct what he has planned! The buildings bequeathed to us by the piety of our ancestors, are not, indeed, objects of religious veneration, but undoubtedly they claim a deep respect; and this respect is, I verily believe, still paid them by the great mass of our countrymen, even including many whose persuasions debar them the use of these edifices as places of worship. But the same regard which prompts us to rescue them from decay, ought also to warn us against meddling with them rashly in the way of alteration and fancied improvement. That they admit of none, is what nobody would assert; but are we, in the present state of the art, competent to judge of either their defects or their capabilities? Far better were the incongruous additions of the last century, the Grecian porticos and Italian balustrades, which, after all, seldom destroyed the proportions of the building, than those insidious deformities, which, assuming the lineaments of true art, belie in the eyes of the world its very spirit and character.

The best general rule in restoration and renewal, says Mr. Petit, is to follow the old work accurately. He admits that the rule has been well observed in the repairs of many of our cathedrals; stating also that with the numerous models at command, there is seldom much difficulty in replacing broken details. But the adaptation of pinnacles is generally a most dangerous experiment. That which we now quote is more precise and particular:—

Whoever has studied the plans of the first Christian churches, as given by writers on ecclesiastical antiquities, will not fail to perceive that they differ materially, in many parts of their arrangement, from those of the middle ages which remain to us; and these latter, again, from such as would be most suitable to our present manner of conducting public wor-

ship. Neither of the first two descriptions seems to contemplate the performance of a general service in the face of a congregation large enough to fill the whole building. In both cases the area was divided into compartments, to a certain degree independent of each other; and this is often a source of inconvenience to ourselves. Yet the old models may often be adapted, either in the way of copy or alteration, to our own use, and, if properly treated, are as good as any we could devise. When a church has aisles, they generally extend merely the length of the nave, the chancel being without any, and separated from the rest by an arch; consequently, the altar is not seen by the greatest part of those who occupy the aisles. Now, let the plan be reversed. Let the chancel be provided with aisles, and the nave be without any; the altar is at once placed in sight of the whole congregation, wherever they may be disposed.

With regard to the enlargement of an old church, a process which must frequently be required, but which, our author also says, is usually a bungled operation, we have these suggestions:—

Take one of the commonest village churches we can meet with; a moderately sized western tower, a plain nave without aisles, and a chancel of smaller dimensions—both having a high pitched roof. This is usually enlarged by expanding the nave in either or both directions, or adding an aisle to it,—in short, some alteration is always made which utterly destroys the proportion of the tower. Let us begin at the other end. Instead of meddling with the nave, let us take down the chancel, and substitute one as much higher and wider than the nave, as the nave exceeds the old chancel, taking care to preserve the original proportions and form both of the gable and end-window. The chancel may be made of what length we please; and if its excess in width be not sufficient abutment for an arch the full breadth of the nave, an outer buttress may be added. Now this alteration, so far from impairing, actually improves the outline of the church, which becomes more varied. The tower, standing against the unaltered building to which it originally belonged, does not lose any of its importance; while the difference in height between the nave and the chancel, which now becomes in favour of the latter, breaks the length of the edifice in a pleasing manner. A reverse pyramidal outline, where the central point is the lowest, is just as favourable to beauty as the direct one, having its central point highest. As churches frequently occur whose chancel-roof is higher than that of the nave, it is easy to judge of the effect of this new arrangement; and the room of the congregation may be nearly doubled by it, every individual being placed within sight of the altar. If more room be still required, one or two similar chancels might be added as aisles, either terminating with gables, or sloping off at an angle; and in neither case will the beauty of the composition be found to suffer. Thus we obtain a rule for enlarging a church of the most common form, to almost any extent, without really injuring its proportions or character.

Mr. Petit inveighs against the practice of placing the pulpit in front of the altar, so as to make the former the principal object in the church. It would be better to follow the mode of some conti-

mental Protestants who exactly reverse the order. But the pulpit may be always, and perhaps generally with advantage as regards the voice, made to stand against a wall, or one of the pillars, or under the spring of the chancel-arch.

Enough has been quoted to exhibit the good sense, the matured knowledge, and the cultivated taste of our author. The critic and the Christian are conspicuous throughout the volumes. The perception of beauty and propriety is distinct, suggestive, and communicative; nor will any architect who has reflected and travelled less than Mr. Petit be blameless if he does not make himself fully acquainted with what is set down in these pages before the building or the repairing of any church is undertaken. It is hardly necessary to add that these remarks should often be in the hands of every member of the Church Building Commission. Our last extract of all presents some valuable and impressive hints with regard to the architectural education both of clergy and laity:—

It were desirable that every clergyman who feels an interest in matters relating to taste and art (and what person of liberal education does not?) should turn his mind to the subject of church-architecture. In some cases, both his local knowledge and his feelings might enable him to perform the part of architect to greater advantage than even those of more experience, and better acquainted with technicalities; in others he may prove an able and useful assistant. At all events, a general extension of this study will give its proper force both to criticism, advice, and encouragement. Who will treat a censure, however well grounded in itself, otherwise than with ridicule, when every word in which it is couched tends only to prove the utter ignorance of the objector? Or who will value approbation, except as a mere step to profit, from one who shows that he has no perception of real merit? That such an extension of knowledge upon the subject, whether among clergy or laity, would be most advantageous in every respect to professional architects, needs no argument to show; that it is earnestly wished for by themselves, their own publications abundantly prove, of which it is sufficient to name Mr. Rickman's invaluable treatise, which reduced our English Gothic to an intelligible and harmonious system. We have no reason to suppose that a spirit may not be easily awakened that shall lead to the highest excellence. But, above all, let the architect himself be prepared to sacrifice much. Let him not grudge his time and labour to a task of which he cannot hope to reap the honour and profit; let him be content to lay the foundations of an edifice which a future generation shall see completed; to toil for the recovery of hidden principles and lost harmonies, which the master-spirit of a succeeding age may awaken into life and perfection,—or else let him not seek to be entrusted with the humblest edifice dedicated to the service of the Almighty. To this self-devotion we owe the monuments of ancient piety; their builders were not led by ambition,—they sought not, and received not, the rewards of personal fame. Few of their names are known, while their works are the admiration of posterity.

ART. II.—*Agricultural Tour in the United States and Upper Canada ; with Miscellaneous Notices.* By Captain BARCLAY of Ury. Blackwood and Sons.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY, of pedestrian celebrity, has a daughter and a son-in-law, who wished to have his advice with regard to choosing between Canada and the United States for a country to settle in. He landed at Boston in the May of 1841, and made the best use of a short period in order to come to a decision ; the period thus spent, indeed, being too brief for any man to form a very deliberate and complete judgment, although an accustomed and a practical eye can arrive by short cuts at large facts, and perhaps sooner in the case of rural economy than in almost any other department of inquiry. Still, it must be that a few weeks spent only during one season or quarter of the year in a foreign country, will fail of affording a thorough idea of its climate and systems of agriculture. Pretty early in the course of the tour the Captain passed into Canada, where he drove hither and thither for nearly a fortnight. He returned to the States and crossed several of them almost at railroad speed, stationing himself at certain main points as the purpose of his inspection seemed to dictate ; penetrating even to the capital of Virginia, in order that he might judge for himself of the working of the American slavery system ; which he does as any stout old Tory might be expected to do, who has little sympathy with innovations or with popular harangues about the blessings of freedom. To be sure his residence in Richmond was very limited and his opportunities for forming an opinion equally so ; but still he pronounces a decision, declaring that he found slavery there to possess none of the horrors he had been accustomed to hear proclaimed of it at home. No doubt the domestic slaves in some families are treated with kindness and may appear content, and indeed be satisfied ; but we might contrast the agricultural tourist's testimony with what we but the other day heard given by a gentleman who has recently returned from the United States, and whose stay there had been protracted to a greater length. He told us, for example, of one housewife, who kept a black boy for the purpose of having an object to wreak her fury upon, and whom she had so savagely beaten as to break some of his bones to the disfiguring of his person. We presume that the Captain, who has friends of standing and influence in America, was more fortunately situated than to be under the roof of a tigress in human form. At any rate it is but a poor argument in extenuation of slavery to say, that the victims of an infamous system are happy under it, thus proving that they are unconscious of their degradation.

According to the Captain, the States are much to be preferred to Canada as a country for an agriculturist to settle in. He thus speaks of the latter:—

On entering Canada, I had been impressed with a marked difference between it and the United States. In the latter, the people were everywhere distinguished by that cheerfulness and appearance of contentment which attend activity and exertion in peaceful pursuits. In Canada, there prevailed an almost universal gloom, the consequence of recent internal commotion; of the still existing conflict and rancour of political feeling; or of the withered hopes of many who, having speculated largely in land, have received little or no return for their money. This was my early impression; and anything I have since observed, or by inquiry ascertained, has served to confirm it, and to satisfy me that of the two countries the States hold out for agricultural pursuits by far the greater advantages to persons possessed of any capital.

With the exceptions of portions of cleared land, varying from fifty acres in some situations to several hundreds in others, Upper Canada is an immense and trackless forest, forlorn and forbidding at best; and in many places rendered more gloomy and repulsive by the trees having been burnt preparatory to being cut down, and consequently now presenting to the eye nothing but bare and blackened poles.

And with regard to what is called cleared land, it consists of no more than a patch here and there, on which the huge pines that for ages had been tenants of the soil, have by the application of fire and axe been reduced to stumps four feet in height, so thick set as in many places to bid defiance to the plough, and to preclude any mode of cultivation except sowing and hand-raking the seed.

There are here no railways, and no interior water-carriage,—advantages so amply enjoyed in the States; and although there are roads, they are of such a description as to be nearly impassable, excepting in winter, when the sleigh is made use of.

Upper Canada, too, is comparatively destitute of local markets, or of any proper outlet for the surplus produce of the land; for the population is not only thin and widely scattered, but themselves chiefly agricultural, each family therefore raising sufficient for its own supply; and there are no towns of any magnitude to create any considerable demand for the surplus; nor if there were, are easy means of transport afforded.

He allows that there is one description of persons to whom a settlement in the Canadian forests may prove tolerable; viz. the labourer, and especially the hardy Highlander, who, glad to escape from privation at home, and delighted to roam at large, may with his own hands and assisted by a family of sons, erect a rude hovel of log, gradually clear a quantity of land sufficient for a subsistence, and in the course of time come to possess a small property, the height of his ambition. Still, our tourist's preference of the States does not end with the land; society, the servants who are free, and the general characteristics of the people, obtain a very favourable

testimony. In quitting New York he felt it incumbent on him to mention that in every family he visited he found the same comforts and correct domestic economy as in the first families in Britain; their servants equally respectful and well-bred, and certainly void of any approach to that vulgarity and improper freedom with accounts of which some travellers amuse their readers. Like several military men who have written concerning America, and described their experience while sojourning there, he pictures a superior state of manners:—

It may not be deemed foreign to my purpose in recommending a preference for the States to my emigrating countrymen, to devote a few words to the condition of American society.

I had long heard much of the impertinent curiosity, rudeness, vulgarity, and selfishness of the people of the States: but instead of any extraordinary signs of these repulsive qualities, I found good breeding, politeness, frank hospitality, and every generous feeling, prevailing among them in as great a degree and with as few exceptions as at home.

In the cities I saw none of the open displays of depravity which disfigure our large towns: and in all my journeying I never saw the face of a policeman, never met a beggar or any one in the garb of mendicity, never heard uttered an oath or imprecation, and never witnessed an instance of intoxication but one, and that I regret to say was furnished by a Scotchman. I observed, when at Albany, that the Americans are attentive to their religious duties; and this opinion has been confirmed by a further acquaintance with them.

One does not meet here with any pretension to the *high fashion* bred in courts and pervading their atmospheres; but exclude this from the comparison, and between the States and England, there will be found in private society such a resemblance of manners as for the moment makes a Briton forget he is not in his own country; or if that shall be called to his mind, it will probably be by a difference only in the personal appearance of the natives of the two countries.

But when the Captain comes to test the agricultural condition of the United States, and to try the general system of husbandry and rural economy there observed, the picture is not so flattering, nor such as to satisfy the Scotchman's taste and skill. There in fact appears to be no system at all, or uniform course, unless slovenly practices from their uniformity constitute an exception. We shall indicate a few things which are abundantly significant, and that will be traced to their distant bearings by any experienced farmer. There is little regard paid to a rotation of crops, so that one should prepare the soil for another and prevent it from being scourged. The Americans do not study the production or even the husbanding of manures with anything like adequate knowledge or care; nor do they appear to consider with attention the quantities or qualities of any particular seed which is to be thrown into the ground. As

breeders of stock they are more successful. But even in this respect matters seem to take their own natural course very much, whether as respects the selection of breeds, or the necessary care to be bestowed on the cattle in winter; and when we learn that this is with them a profitless branch of husbandry, we may be sure that with such tracts of rich soil at command there must be great neglect and gross mismanagement. The farm-steadings are deficient in respect of out-houses, and even of rick-yards. Generally there is an immense barn into which hay as well as corn is stuffed; while one of the most expressive drawbacks is the want of roads, a circumstance that is to be expected in a young country of unlimited scope. All things being taken into account, the Americans make but a poor thing even of their virgin lands, the grain which the acre yields being not above half of that which might be produced, and without wasting the land, or wearing it out. Very many of the farmers, every one knows, are proprietors of the fields which they cultivate, and they have an ample command of the necessaries of life. Therefore they are not forced by competition, or by the necessity of making up a large rent, to exert themselves to the utmost and make use of every method which science and experience can devise to perfect their operations. And even where there are tenants, these appear to be a sort of contractors, who agree to plough and crop a portion of land by the year, and to deliver, in way of rent, a certain portion of the crop in bulk; circumstances which we hold to be utterly incompatible with a flourishing system of rural economy. According to the plan described, "the land is robbed of the straw which ought to be converted into manure, and consequently, year by year, must become more and more deteriorated; and, at last, finding that it has been nearly worked out, and rendered no longer capable of making him a due return for his trouble, the contractor leaves it, and in the wide range of the States seeks and readily finds another lot, to be ploughed and cropped, and impoverished in its turn." Farmers being generally slow to perceive, understand, and adopt new and enlightened practices, and the scope as to lands being still very large, we can hardly expect that the United States will soon bear a comparison with the expensive and long-located lands in Europe; although the constant influx of British settlers must gradually carry agricultural habits, practices, and system nearer to perfection. We should think that an extensive introduction of the most improved breeds in the way of stock, would greatly hasten the progress of every department of rural economy in the United States. A tolerable notion may be formed of that economy in all its branches from the following extracts. First, we quote a favourable specimen:—

Mr. Wordsworth's property comprises about forty miles of country, the richness and picturesque appearance of which it is impossible in adequate



terms to describe. Of this property, Colonel Wordsworth occupies 1,600 acres; 1,000 of which, in the Genesee flats, are alluvial meadow-land equal to any in the vales of Aylesbury and Buckingham. This portion of land he keeps in old pasture, laid out in divisions of from sixty to one hundred acres each. The remainder of the farm is upland, and under a rotation of crops; affording the first specimen of anything approaching to systematic husbandry I had seen since I entered the States.

His stock comprehends 400 cattle, steers, heifers, and bulls, and about 2,000 sheep of the Merino breed; and I could not but regret seeing land so valuable covered with stock of so inferior a description.

The red breed of cattle, which I had seen all over the State of New York, Colonel Wordsworth informs me are considered to be Devons. If so, they are much degenerated; being of diminutive size, coarse, and evidently bad feeders, averaging not more than from twenty-five to thirty stone.

Colonel Wordsworth's young stock are partly bred by himself, or bought in at one year old, for about 25s. a head; they seem starved and stunted in their growth, and as miserable in appearance as the worst stock on the bleak sides of our Grampian Hills; and yet were depasturing land of a quality equal to what with us in Scotland might bring a rent of 5*l.* per acre.

He has two or three Durham bulls for crossing; but they are so low in condition, and so disfigured—appearing as if scalded with hot water—that it is impossible to judge of their properties. He also crosses with half-bred bulls; and the consequence is a heterogeneous mixture, which it would puzzle a Wetherell to analyze.

His system is to sell his cattle in the fall, when they are three or four years old, at the New York market, distant three hundred miles; where they fetch a price equal to 8*l.* or 10*l.* a head.

He raises no green crops, with the exception of a few acres of potatoes and mangel-wurzel. Turnips, he says, cannot be raised with them, being all cut off with the fly; but to the cultivation of that valuable root I could discover here no physical impediment which might not be overcome by skilful management.

He mows annually about five hundred acres of his meadow-land; and the hay made from it is the sole dependence of his stock throughout the winter. But his farm-buildings are not at all adequate to the requirements of such a farm; and his stock in winter is foddered in the open fields, where the animals must well nigh starve, there being neither hedge nor shelter of any kind to mitigate the severity of the cold. This practice, in which the Colonel is not singular, but which on the contrary is a very general one, may well account for their miserable appearance; as it is not easy otherwise to explain why cattle fed on good meadow-hay should at the end of the winter be found in such a condition: and this too happens in a country where timber is a drug, and hovels might be run up in every direction at little expense.

His flock, as mentioned, are all Merinos, or are so styled; and their value consists chiefly in their wool, little account being had of the carcase, which at three or four years old brings only from 8*s.* to 10*s.* The weight

of fleece is three pound, which sells at 2s. of our money per pound; each sheep thus yielding for wool 6s. per annum.

Colonel Wordsworth has also a dairy of sixty cows; which he lets out to a tenant who manages the establishment, making the cheese and butter, and paying to the Colonel 20s. for each cow, besides a proportion of the produce in kind. It need hardly be remarked, that the quantity of milk yielded by a cow left night and day to shiver in the open air in the rigour of an American winter, must be very trifling: not, certainly, one-third of what she might give under proper shelter.

The rotation of crops followed on the arable farm are wheat and clover alternately; that is, wheat is sown in autumn, and among it clover is sown in spring; the clover remaining until the second summer, neither mowed nor pastured, but ploughed in for manure, and then wheat is again sown in autumn. This is the only manuring the land receives; for as the cattle are all foddered in winter on the meadow, the straw is either burnt or piled up in large masses to rot and waste under the influence of the weather.

This is more general:—

The farms seldom exceed from one hundred to three hundred acres; and they are all occupied by the proprietors. The fields are small, and enclosed with rude stone dykes. From the opportunity I had I could not well judge of the quality of the soil, but the grass-lands were evidently only recovering from the effects of a severe winter, and vegetation seemed more backward than in Britain.

I could not discover any appearance of a regular system of farming. The implements of husbandry were clumsy and uncouth. Oxen, seemingly of the large red Sussex breed, appeared to be chiefly used in agriculture; but, from the lateness of the season and the want of keep, no stock was to be seen in the fields. In Boston they have an active well-bred sort of horse, chiefly used in buggies, which I was told is reared in New England, and fetches a price as high as forty or fifty guineas. I was assured the proprietor of a farm of the size I have noticed lives in a comfortable style, equal to that of a Scotch *laird* of from 500*l.* to 1,000*l.* a year; and from the appearance of the dwellings, I had no doubt of it.

No attention is paid to the roads, which are full of holes sufficient to shake any sort of carriage to pieces. There are no turnpikes nor any fund for maintaining the roads. This, it is obvious, must operate as a great drag in the business of agriculture; and one is surprised to find an enlightened people like that of Massachusetts not more alive to the fact that the value of land is incalculably enhanced by good roads of internal communication.

We have met with more of a horticultural description with regard to the islands now to be mentioned than is found in our next extract. There should be an importation of Scotch gardeners as well as farmers into Long Island and Staten Island:—

On the 11th May I crossed over to Long Island, where I walked several hours. This island is one hundred and sixty miles long and eighteen broad.

It is the garden of New York, rich in soil, highly cultivated, picturesquely diversified with hill and dale, and covered with villages, villas, and farm-houses; but I could not discover that the land is under any regular system of agriculture, or that, with all the advantages it possesses in the quality of soil and proximity to the New York market, any effort is used to make the most of them.

Next day I crossed over to Staten Island, distant from New York nine miles. This island, about forty miles in circumference, is, like Long Island, beautiful and picturesque. I drove over a considerable part of it, and found large tracts of rich meadow-land applied to comparatively little profitable use. They mow a considerable part of the meadows; but I saw very little stock, no sheep, and such cattle as were to be seen were of the most heterogeneous breeds—bad Lancashires, Scotch, and Welsh, no two bearing the least appearance of consanguinity. Wheat and Indian corn are grown in small patches. The farming-implements are of a rude and awkward description; and, in a word, here is a fine tract of land which as regards the matter of agriculture is almost neglected.

There are some lighter and less professional matters in Captain Barclay's Tour than pure agricultural. We have, for instance, a notice in its dedication to Lord Panmure, a Whig by the by, containing the following reminiscences:—

Forty years have revolved since I undertook a pedestrian task—one of the first in which I was engaged—on a match with the late Captain Fletcher of Balinshoe, in Forfarshire, for the large stake of 5,000 guineas a side. From my having been “young” enough to attempt it previously, for a small sum, without any preparation, and having consequently failed, the opinion of the knowing ones among the *Athletæ* of the day, was decidedly against me. On that occasion, you were not a disheartening doubter. I put myself in training under the celebrated *Jackey Smith* of Ouseton, near Easingwold in Yorkshire, recommended by you; and owing much to his skilful management, I easily performed the task of ninety miles in twenty successive hours.

Relative to American stage-coaches:—

The American stage-coach is a most ungainly vehicle, carrying nine insides, three on a front seat, three on a back seat, and three on a bench hung in the middle; instead of panels, it has oil-skin curtains to shut down at night; its body is something in the form of a boat, resting on strong leather slings instead of steel springs, which indeed would not stand a mile on their roads; it consequently dances in the air like a balloon, giving a certain kind of variety to the monotony of a journey. The coachman sits on a bench, considerably lower than the top of the coach, and lower even than the horses, and there being no pad-terrets, the reins dangle loose and afford no command of the horses; but then they are so admirably broken that, although fine high-spirited animals, they regulate their pace instantly *at his call*. Each man drives a twelve or fifteen mile stage, and what much surprised me, pulls up every four or five miles and gives his horses an *ad libitum* dose of water. Including the long delays in changing horses, dining, breakfasting &c., the average speed does not exceed four miles an

hour. The *coachees* are paid by the proprietors at the rate of twelve dollars per month, and receive no fee from passengers; and this latter is the rule also with all public servants in the States, as in hotels, steam-boats, and railways.

#### Houses of Representatives : President Tyler :—

I heard some speeches in the House of Representatives on the M'Leod affair; the orators delivered themselves fluently and clearly, and with considerable eloquence, and from what I heard, I should set them down as speakers superior to many who make a figure in our House of Commons.

After having been also in the Senate, I was taken by Mr. Greig to wait upon the President of the United States, Mr. Tyler, who rose from the office of Vice-President by the unlooked-for death of General Harrison. The President resides in a handsome house, provided by the nation, commanding a fine view of the Potomac river. Mr. Tyler is a man of slender figure, of middle age, plainly dressed, and of a keen, intelligent countenance; and I must say, speaking literally, that he received me 'very graciously.'

Ere concluding, we request the reader to bear in mind that independently of the infancy of many of the States in respect of agriculture,—independently too of the wide and outstretched surface, still but thinly inhabited, and tempting the settlers to break up new fields and virgin soils rather than to develop by the utmost skill lands which have been long under the plough,—there are other circumstances that must affect the rural economy of America, so as to arrest the eye of such a tourist as the Captain. It requires no inconsiderable amount of capital and a series of years, as well as an enlightened forecast, for a farmer to bring into a proper artificial condition any extent of soil which may either have been spoiled or neglected, or which may present itself in an untamed state. The climate and the teeming nature of America interpose, besides, peculiar difficulties; so that were the husbandman to do little or nothing more than prepare for a stock-farm, he would soon discover that in many regions he could only have spontaneous grasses at his command, coarse in fibre and deficient in respect of the nutriment which our select seeds and highly cultured lands yield. But above all, perhaps, he who possesses an arable farm in the United States will find himself hampered and fettered by the extremely high price of labour; so that although the land may only have cost him a few dollars per acre when purchased, or merely a small annual payment, if he be in the capacity of a tenant, he in reality cultivates crops at such a comparatively expensive rate, as to neutralize his other advantages, and which must operate as a check to great agricultural enterprize and bold speculation. When these things are taken into account there will perhaps be discovered satisfactory reasons for the want of system and of an advanced economy among the transatlantic farmers.

ART. III.—*Observations on the Present Condition of the Island of Trinidad, and the Actual State of the Experiment of Negro Emancipation.* By W. H. BURNLEY. Longman and Co.

THE slave-trade, slavery, the abolition of slavery, and the experiment of Negro Emancipation, are the subjects still of intense anxiety on the part of every philanthropist, of perplexity to the statesman, and of keen speculation to the merchant and economist,—subjects, we fear, which will, for a number of years to come, occupy and agitate the public mind. The distressing and disheartening fact is growing daily more apparent, that although this country has been endeavouring for many years, at a vast expenditure of money and of life, to accomplish the total removal of Negro bondage in nations calling themselves civilized, and to interdict for ever the traffic in human beings, yet that all our exertions have resulted in an increase of the slave-trade, slavery, and misery. We are not of those, however, that sneer at the efforts and plans of our Clarksons and Wilberforces; that denounce their principles, much less that brand their motives. For while it is true that all which these champions contemplated has not been realized; and that unforeseen difficulties and results have come to be experienced, yet we are convinced that the great question referred to could never be satisfactorily settled without not only a beginning being made far at a distance from the desired end, but that the period of transition, the interval for probation, must, in the nature of things, be full of alternations and retrogressions as well as advances in light and liberty. The discouragements which have occurred furnish no satisfactory grounds for contending that Christian men should not have lifted up their voices against the atrocities of slave-traffickers and slaveholders; the failures, and even the exasperations which are now proved to have followed the best intended measures, must not alone be quoted. The proper and pressing questions now to be entertained and discussed belong to the future: lessons must not only be taken from the past, avoiding discovered errors; but further and larger inquiries must be instituted,—not conducted by any one benevolent association, not by any joint-stock sort of company—but by a Parliamentary Committee, and going to the bottom of all the evidences and bearings of the subject, ere the country can fully expect that the appalling and, perhaps, almost insurmountable evils of the slave-trade and of Negro slavery shall be repressed and extirpated.

The present moment is particularly pressing, and this on many accounts, as regards the subjects mentioned. The Niger expedition, which was intended and expected to fulfil Sir Fowell Buxton's plan, has had a terribly disastrous issue, the news of which

has, for these few late weeks, been tolling in the public ear; so that the experiment is abandoned, we understand, by the Government as impracticable. Again, the question of the Right of Search has recently assumed, especially in relation to the United States, a formidable and most embarrassing aspect. And again, the condition and prospects of our West India Colonies present subjects of an importance, and surrounded with dangers, which are not surpassed in these respects by any thing which stares us in the face at home.

Yes, and the Queen has opened Parliament. Exeter Hall meetings are now clearly not equal to the exigencies; the majorities of the fair ones who usually assemble there, and who are guided by interesting sensibilities rather than by experience, reflection or forethought, must not be allowed to carry questions by their beauty or their tears,—questions on which hang the lives of the valiant, the generous and the accomplished. Nothing short of a broad and thorough investigation, undertaken and pursued steadily by the great national tribunal, according to its most comprehensive forms, can afford any reasonable promise of adjustment and practical advancement in regard to the mighty interests to which allusion is made. The investigation, which seems to us to be indispensable and most urgent, would have the benefit of the testimony of Captain Trotter and other officers of the late Niger expedition, who are now in England. All parties ought to be eager for inquiry; those who proposed and recommended the scheme, as well as those who opposed it. And should each member of the legislature set himself resolutely to search out the whole truth, unbiassed by any prejudice, or by any party feeling, the nation need not yet despair, we trust, of discovering such specific and such general remedies as will banish from Christendom, and also from Mahomedan lands, the sores of slavery; a main means to which paramount end will be the total abolition or prevention of the slave-trade.

Various are the testimonies and sources of evidence which a Parliamentary Committee can command; but, what is also to be borne in mind, some of the most valuable of these, both as relates to the colonies where Negro labourers are required, and to Africa, can only be brought before such a tribunal with effect. We refer to civil and military witnesses in office. While, however, our Parliament-men have great privileges and peculiar powers, they will not, of course, any more than the public, overlook such accessible means of information relative to particular localities or islands, and such suggestions as are contained in volumes of the kind before us. These sources of information accessible to all, may often be partial, or written to serve party and individual purposes,—to blazon the results of the emancipation-experiment, or to throw abuse upon it, and to predict the worst consequences to the blacks as well as to the

planters, and to the interests of England. Nevertheless, every publication can be tested by internal features, and by contemporaneous witnesses; and therefore it is desirable to have as many evidences as possible, especially if coming with the authority and originating in circumstances so creditable as those of the work drawn up by Mr. Burnley.

All know how suddenly and upon what a sweeping scale the emancipation experiment was introduced and carried into operation. While the measure amounted to a prompt and complete revolution, in some of the islands it was in reality a far swifter and unprovided-for change than in others, both as regards the preparative state of the labourers, and the circumstances which were instantly to open up to them. Trinidad, for example, according to our author's representation, was not merely unprepared for the experiment, but when it was introduced, no particular care was taken by the imperial Government to provide for peculiarities of condition, or to guard against obvious and inevitable evils. The proclamation of the sovereign was issued, containing a number of general but stringent clauses; leaving, however, the details to the military governor and his military assistants; so that while the former elements of a particularly constructed society were dissevered, no adequate and practical machinery was substituted. But before going into some of the specialities of the case, it is necessary to take up a few facts concerning the occasion of the present publication, and also to understand certain geographical, statistical, and social circumstances peculiar to Trinidad.

We believe it to be pretty generally understood that the condition of Trinidad has been very considerably deteriorated since the era of emancipation: that not only has adversity set in against the planters, both as regards extent of cultivation and of returns from the ground that is cultivated, but that to the negroes the revolution has proved injurious,—injurious to their habits, and threatening still greater evils for the future,—unless some remedies be speedily applied different from what occur in the working of the present system.

The condition of the colony having alarmed the planters, a committee of them undertook to examine into a great variety of facts, with the view of discovering the immediate causes of the adversity under which they were suffering; to ascertain what were the capabilities of the island; and to obtain the opinions of the more intelligent persons of the community. The committee accordingly perambulated the country, and instituted inquiries at sundry stations, seeking information not only from officials, but from private persons in several spheres of life. Having collected a mass of evidence they proceeded to form a string of resolutions embodying the principal facts elicited; the evidence and the resolutions, together with

a variety of concomitant and illustrative documents, being to be found in Mr. Burnley's volume. All these documents having been put into the hands of our author, who is chairman of the Agricultural Society of the colony, he prefaced them with certain observations, at times emanating obviously from the evidence, or consisting of his own views of the facts adduced; at others, of such as his personal experience yielded. But Mr. Burnley also speculates concerning not merely the most effectual means of benefiting Trinidad, and rendering it one of the most flourishing colonies in the world, but of laying the axe effectually to the roots of the traffic in slaves.

The geographical position of Trinidad is particularly favourable to commerce, not only with Europe, but with America, both North and South. Its soil is amazingly rich and prolific, surpassing, it is said, both that of Cuba and Brazil. Planters say that it will yield two tons and a half of sugar per acre without manure, and with only two weedings. But one of the most important features of the condition of the island is, that only about 43,265 acres are under cultivation, whereas the entire superficies amounts to about 1,300,000 acres; the whole being said to be fitted for sugar cultivation, even to the tops of the highest eminences in the interior; which at present, however, are only covered with primeval timber, and spontaneous vegetation. By far the greatest portion of the island therefore continues to be in a virgin state; while unquestionably the most unfavourable districts are capable of growing cotton, cocoa, and coffee. But the contrast between the actual and the capable condition of this wonderfully fertile island becomes more striking when one learns that the estimated amount of realized produce at present is only about twenty-five hundred-weight of sugar per acre,—thus, owing to imperfect cultivation, yielding something like one half of the calculated quantity,—that the plantations are almost all to be found in such vicinities with respect to sea or to rivers, as afford the easiest and speediest means of transit of goods which nature has furnished,—artificial roads being few and very limited in regard to extent; and that, in short, each plantation with its people resembles more, with respect to choice of locality, independence of one another, and limited intercommunication, the state of society in bygone ages, than what generally characterizes the present period of activity and enterprise, especially wherever Britain has her offshoots.

If such was the condition and aspect of Trinidad before emancipation, we are told that the retrogression has been manifest and continuous ever since, with respect to extent and manner of cultivation; so that were it not that a plantation would very soon, if allowed to sleep, become a wilderness, and return to its natural state,—so teeming is the soil and the climate with vegetating life,—



it would be better for capitalists to allow their lands to repose in hope of better times.

It appears that in a great measure this disheartening condition of the colony is attributable to the negroes; that the gloom, in an economical point of view, is owing to the civil liberty rashly or unguardedly conferred upon them, leading to indolence, insolent independence, and social disorganization.

The labourer being now able to earn in the course of one half or less of the week a sufficiency to maintain himself, he is tempted to waste the other half in idleness and dissipation. Again, there being a scarcity of labourers, these not only receive extravagant wages, but they are induced to be saucy—to do their work in a slovenly manner—to work pretty nearly just as they like, as well as when they like, sometimes to the peril or total loss of the crop: and hence the planters are ruined, or forced to cultivate at a great loss,—ruin and loss which, if unchecked, may latterly prove most disastrous to the negro population itself. We shall quote some statements and portions of the evidence collected by the committee bearing upon the conduct and character of the labourers since their complete emancipation.

What wages do you pay at present?—Sixty cents per day, generally, (2s. 6d. sterling,) to the people working about the mill and boiling-house; the same to the cart-men, with one cooked meal, two or three glasses of rum, and half a pound of dried cod-fish.

At what hour do you commence and end work?—The engine-mill is put about at five in the morning; at eleven or twelve we stop for one hour, and generally finish at half-past five.

How many days do you work in the week?—In general, six days.

Do the labourers, then, work steadily six days in the week?—Oh no! not more than three or four, generally; some work on one day, some on another.

How much do you pay for weeding canes?—Fifty cents (2s. 2d. sterling) for a square of sixty feet when the canes are foul, but seventy or eighty feet when in better order, with half a pound of fish and one glass of rum.

From your own practical experience, can you say whether two of these tasks can be done in a day by an ordinary well-disposed labourer, without fatiguing himself?—Two can easily be done from six in the morning by eleven o'clock. I have two women on the estate who do three tasks per day with ease.

Do many of them perform two tasks per day?—Very few; many do only three or four in the week, and some not more than one.

What is the cause of their doing so little work, as it appears to be so easily done?—They are idle and lazy, prefer living upon their more industrious friends, and the canes of the estate.

Do you lose much from the plunder of canes?—A great deal, without our being able to prevent it: when we detect them we sometimes stop

their wages, but this frequently occasions them to leave the estate and work elsewhere; but we cannot afford to lose the time necessary for carrying them before the magistrate.

How much can a labourer save per week who works industriously?—He can easily save six or seven dollars per week, if he will work steadily. The two women of whom I spoke save as much.

Can this be done at all seasons of the year?—By field-work, at any time; probably easier out of crop than in.

What do the women of whom you spoke intend to do with their money?—I believe they intend to buy a small piece of land; but the greater number squander what they make in drinking, gambling, and dissipation.

Do you consider them to be improving, or getting worse, in these respects?—Decidedly getting worse, as wages increase. The other day, in consequence of the drunkenness of one of my firemen, I was obliged to make fire for two hours myself.

Would it be possible to persuade any of the labourers to sign an agreement to work six days in succession, steadily, upon an estate?—I should not dare to attempt it. My only security now for working throughout the week is, that if one man will not work another will; and we have double the number upon the estate necessary to do the work performed.

This is from the evidence of Frederic Maxwell, the manager of an estate, the proprietor of which had emancipated him for good conduct. The testimony of the planters leads to the same conclusions, discloses corroborative facts, provided they are to be implicitly believed. Parties at home will balance the statements and weigh motives. We find one witness, for instance, saying that the three hundred labourers now upon his estate perform about the same proportion of field work that two hundred slaves formerly did; while about the *works*, and when taking off the crop, the labour is fully one-third less than it was before, and executed in a more slovenly manner. It is, however, for anti-slavery folks to inquire whether the bondage-labour was not cruelly severe; and also whether human liberty will not or ought not, at any time, to be dependent on a man's sense of duty and personal interests, these considerations having to be placed alongside of the question whether the Negroes were, at the time of their emancipation, in a state of enlightenment to apprehend what were their social and personal duties. The planter to whose evidence we are referring, states how, in a variety of ways, he and others have not only their work badly done, and at the times that suit the labourers, but that the irregularities and uncertainties of each one, in sundry ways, may paralyze the exertions of the steady and the willing; the latter not only having wages for full time, but the necessities of the planter forcing him to pay a whole day's wages frequently to the irregular comers rather than incur a greater loss.

Here are some of the distresses of the planters in detail; Mr. Darling, a planter, is the witness:—

As you were here during slavery and apprenticeship, please to state whether the expenses of cultivation have much increased since emancipation?—The expenses of cultivation have nearly doubled; the cash-wages alone, without allowances, being nearly one-half of the whole expenditure.

At what rate were wages fixed immediately after emancipation?—At thirty cents, (15*d.* sterling,) with some allowances per task.

What do you mean by a task?—A certain amount of labour which we agreed to take in lieu of a day's work.

Did it constitute in fact a good day's work?—Not at all; it was frequently and easily performed in four hours.

In hiring labourers by the day for work in the mill and boiling-house, at what hour do they turn out in the morning? It is very difficult to get the work fairly commenced before seven in the morning, and generally it ends between five and six. Great loss ensues from the present mode of proceeding, particularly in this island, where the dry weather, in which the crop is made, is more limited in time than in the old islands.

Would it not be possible to save the crops in our short dry season, by hiring additional hands to work in the mill and boiling house after half-past five and six o'clock in the evening for extra wages?—Quite out of the question. With our present limited population, it is difficult to induce them to work steadily during the hours which they themselves have selected.

You are not, then, always sure of their working during the hours you have mentioned?—Never, it depends entirely upon the will and pleasure of the labourers. You cannot tell on Saturday night whether your mill can be put about on Monday or not; and nothing insures its being done on any day, but having more labourers settled on the estate than is necessary to do the work. They do, in fact, as they please. On the Hermitage estate, a week or two since, we stopped the mill for the purpose of getting the canes wed; but they all refused to weed, and after attempting it for a week, we were obliged to desist and recommence grinding canes again.

Why do you not attempt to make fixed contracts with your labourers, before a magistrate, to work for the crop-season, or even a month or a week?—They invariably refuse to enter into any contracts, and can always find employment whenever they please without it. They even frequently throw up their work after it is commenced, from the most capricious motives. I have known a carter, directed to take canes from a particular part of the field, which being cut earliest were liable to become sour, declare that he would not be dictated to, and leave his cart in the field. They frequently refuse to work unless allowed to take some favourite animal in preference. On Retrench estate, in South Naparima, which in general is as well supplied with labour as those around it, some feast or holiday, about a month since, attracted the Spanish peons, who usually cut our canes, and the whole manufactory would have been stopped if other labourers were not procured to supply their places. The manager had the greatest difficulty in inducing the labourers previously engaged to weed, to cut canes in their

stead, and then only under the condition that they should be allowed to cut what piece they pleased on the estate ; and he was obliged to consent to their cutting a piece which had been reserved in the proper routine of the work until a later period, by which our whole plans are materially deranged.

One planter says, " It is impossible to enumerate the whole of the various ways in which additional expenses are incurred from the carelessness of the negroes, as it pervades every work they are put to ; and it can never be otherwise, until they are made to feel the effects of it themselves, which at present is not the case."

It is not denied that there is now greater propriety observed among the negroes with respect to the marriage ties ; neither is it alleged that all of them are inclined to be idle and insolent : it is the prevailing conduct of the race and of the majority that is complained of. But do they not feel the effects of this carelessness already, even as regards their domestic condition, leaving out the more distant evils threatening themselves, from the ruinous manner in which the planters have to cultivate their crops ? In order to supply some answer to this query, we quote the testimony of two witnesses who are speaking of the work which the labourers perform for themselves. Frederick Maxwell, to whose experience we have above referred, is thus questioned, and thus answers :—

Do you find that the raising of provisions and small stock has increased since emancipation ?—It has fallen off much ; they are so scarce now as hardly to be procured.

By whom were they raised before, and why do they not continue the practice ?—They were raised by the slaves and apprentices : but they get now such high wages that they are careless, and many who might be disposed to do so find that they lose by plunder and depredation.

Cannot you protect provision-grounds from plunder ?—You cannot find watchmen to protect them, at any price : they do not like to remain apart from the others, and very probably would steal themselves.

The Rev. J. J. Hamilton testifies as follows :—

The Committee understand, from your former replies, that a large number of labouring immigrants have arrived since emancipation in these districts ; and you say that they are encouraged to cultivate gardens. Have they, to your knowledge, assisted in any way to reduce the price of small stock and garden-stuffs by their labour ?—No, they have not ; on the contrary, I think that poultry and vegetables are now higher in price than ever they were.

Is it within your knowledge that labourers have generally a great deal of leisure-time which might be devoted to the raising of these articles ?—Yes, they have ; as I generally meet them in my pastoral visits to the estates, returning from their daily labour out of crop-season, between

eleven and twelve o'clock in the morning, having the remainder of the day to themselves.

If provisions and vegetables are then so scarce, and prices so high, to what circumstance do you ascribe their not furnishing a better supply to the market?—They generally consume themselves the poultry and vegetables they raise; and their wages are so ample that they find no necessity for any further exertion.

But what of the moral condition of the negroes?—

The Committee observe, that simultaneously with the appointment of the Stipendiary Magistrates, the Commandantships of quarters were annulled: have all the duties and functions, not directly connected with the institutions of slavery, performed by those officers, since devolved upon the Stipendiary Magistrates?—Their powers were much more extensive than ours; and everything relating to the roads devolves now upon the Road-Commissioners. \* \* \*

What is your opinion of the present practice of giving rum to the labourers, judging from the nature of the cases which come before you in the shape of assaults and batteries?—I think it a very bad practice; and the great majority of such cases which come before me result from drunken quarrels. The mischief is increasing every day: it is now becoming more prevalent than formerly among the women; and if the practice is continued for two or three years longer, it will demoralize the whole labouring population; and I have observed that the vice of gambling is increasing also every day. I thought it my duty to take the advice of the Attorney-General on the subject; who informed me that I could not interfere with it in private houses, although from the nature of our climate and construction of the houses, with all the doors and windows open, it is quite as public as in the streets. You can hear the dollars clinking, and see the parties playing as you pass along; and this occurs more frequently on the Sunday than on any other day.

Are you the owner of a sugar-estate, or interested in any agricultural property?—I own no sugar-estate, and am interested in no other property.

If we are to take Mr. Burnley's account with implicit reliance, these immoral results were not merely unforeseen or at least totally disregarded by the Whig Government, but the reckless proclamations and despatches, while dissolving the old and accustomed elements of society, were obviously calculated to encourage disorganization and dissipation, there being no adequate substitute provided for the practical good working of the new system; as if it had been deemed enough to destroy, without any attempt at rebuilding. We have heard, in our immediately preceding extract, something about the present Stipendiary Magistrates, as compared with the former Commandants. The latter, for example, had the authority to prevent vagrancy and irregular settlement,—*squatting* on the part of the labourer; a necessary adjunct of the authority which

forced the planter to provide for, and support his slave. What were some of the duties of the Commandant compared with those which have devolved to the stipendiary functionaries?—

He held a petty court for civil and criminal causes, superintended the repair of the roads, made the annual returns of population and cultivation, generally commanded the militia, and in a dignified and effective way represented the Government in the quarter over which he presided. This office was abolished at the extinction of slavery, and nothing has since been established to supply its place. A few of the duties have devolved upon a Stipendiary Magistrate, who administers civil and criminal justice in six or seven quarters, now consolidated into one "rural district," and commands the police. But the most material part of the executive functions of the Commandant, relating to a superintendence of the general conduct and movement of the free labouring population, remains now altogether unperformed, to the great risk and danger of the community; more particularly at a period when an additional population of strangers is coming in, rendering a watchful supervision more necessary than ever. It will be seen by the evidence, that one important duty of the Commandant was to overlook and restrain the application of fire as an agricultural operation. There is no law on the subject, the same having been annulled with the office of Commandant. Any stupid or drunken labourer, owning half an acre of land, may involve the whole district in flames; and the risk of it is imminent every crop-season. Another very material, and probably more necessary restraint upon the labouring population, was at the same time removed; the want of which has seriously increased the present tendency to a vagabond life, with all its accompanying evils. Every free labourer, formerly, when entering the colony, or removing his residence from one quarter to another, presented himself before the Commandant, stating his name, occupation, from whence he came, and intended abode: they now roam wherever they please, from one end of the island to the other, unknown to, and unquestioned by any authority.

Mr. Burnley accuses Queen Victoria's Whig Government of bungling and confounding their own measure by causing one proclamation to be issued on the heels of another of perfectly opposite tendency; to the violent irritation of the different classes in the colony, and more or less to the perplexity, distraction, and dismay of all:—

1838, 7th July.—The Lieutenant-Governor issued his proclamation, specially addressed to the labouring-classes, in which he states, "Information has reached me that the field-apprentices on some estates believe that their period of apprenticed labour for their employers is to cease on the 1st August next; and it has become my duty to undeceive them, and tell them the truth. The truth then is, that her Majesty the Queen and her Parliament have determined to continue the law—that the predial apprenticeship shall be observed until 1840. Those apprentices are therefore bound to serve their employers for two years after the 1st August next."

1838, 26th July.—The Lieutenant-Governor issued another proclamation, in which it is announced, "That all persons who, on the 1st day of August 1838, shall be in a state of apprenticeship as predial apprenticed labourers within the island and its dependencies, shall, upon, and from, and after the 1st day of August 1838, become and be to all intents and purposes whatsoever absolutely and for ever manumitted and set free."

Four days' preparation were thus allowed for this mighty change; and the period fixed for its commencement actually arrived in some of the distant quarters before the proclamation which effected it. The public mind was in a state of bewilderment, particularly the labouring-class. The Governor had told them as a truth, that the Queen and Parliament had determined they should serve two years longer; nevertheless, in nineteen days they were set free: who could tell what miracle the next nineteen days would produce—they might own the estates on which they resided! The feelings which this astounding event excited were mixed up in the minds of some of the most industrious and intelligent among them with bitter indignation; for numbers, on the strength of the Governor's truth that they must serve until the 1st August 1840, had, within the short period since elapsed, purchased and paid their employers for their exemption from service, the same being rigidly calculated at two years' duration; and suddenly, every idle careless person around them obtained the same boon for nothing.

The condition of the proprietor and planter was infinitely worse. No time had been allowed to consider of the rates of wages, or the nature of contracts of service by which labour should be performed; and during the jubilee which immediately ensued among the lower class, the fields lay untilled and the cattle unattended, and many respectable persons performed, for the first time in their lives, the duties of cook, chambermaid, butler, and groom. Many estates, besides, had been bought, sold, and leased, under the expectation of a command of apprenticed labour for two years longer. The purchasers and lessees saw only ruin before them, and talked of renouncing their contracts; so that, in addition to all other evils, the colony was threatened with a heavy mass of litigation and legal expenditure.

The state of the Colonial Government it is impossible to describe correctly. Not a single law which the change required had been previously prepared; for a fortnight the public remained without the legal machinery by which the peace and welfare of a free society are protected; and the ordinances then passed in a hurried way to meet the emergency of the case were necessarily so imperfect that the majority were disallowed; so that nearly twelve months elapsed before the community, so far as it depended on legal protection, was placed in a state of order and safety.

The new and abruptly introduced measure operated with particularly perilous effect, and even in the face of obvious difficulties and drawbacks, in Trinidad; for not merely was there such a scarcity of labourers that the planters were sure to be exposed to extortions in the shape of high wages for the work done, to every annoyance which an overpaid class of the community might think

proper to inflict, and to all the roving and vagabond habits to which unlimited territorial scope offered temptations; but being a Crown colony, there was no sort of local legislative body to meet sudden pressures and evils; and every one understands something of the delays and the perversions which have notoriously marked the Colonial Office at home, when required to interfere and to correct what was going on at a distance.

With regard to a prompt and effectual remedy, Mr. Burnley has a scheme of his own, that is to consist in stocking Trinidad with an adequate population; so that, in obedience to the capabilities of the island, its produce may become sufficiently abundant and low in price to keep that of Brazil and Cuba out of the market; a larger benefit being hence derived than that even of the prosperity of the colony, or of Britain as its mistress, viz., the extinction of the slave-trade. The mode of procedure which our author recommends for these grand ends is to establish a system of purchasing slaves on the African coasts, and to transport them in a liberated state to Trinidad and elsewhere.

If such a scheme should be set on foot, we trust, in accordance with our opening observations, it will not take place until the thorough inquiry has been gone into of which we there speak. As yet we certainly have no evidence that the scheme is practicable, or that it would meet the extremity of the existing evils. Nor does Mr. Burnley make due allowance for the suspicions and the clamour which the plan would assuredly meet with at home. Then, how long would it be ere Trinidad itself were cultivated, or peopled to the very interior, or even throughout the level and water-girt lands?

Immigration, in all probability, is one of the means which a Parliamentary inquiry would encourage, provide for, and guard. Already, indeed, Trinidad, and others of the West India colonies, are receiving in this way a continuous accession of labourers, Sierra Leone sending out a considerable portion. Mr. Hamilton, a gentleman who has been in office at this African station, says, that ten thousand persons could be immediately removed from it, and with advantage to themselves, and to those they would leave behind. He also states that he anticipates from the rise of wages at Sierra Leone, "a stream of immigration from the interior; so that, notwithstanding a continued and regular emigration of labourers from thence to the West Indies, I have every expectation that the population of Sierra Leone would gradually increase."

But while there is the most urgent necessity for a thorough examination by the national tribunal relative to the slave-trade, and for calmly concocted and large measures to arrest its atrocities, the planters and authorities of the island of Trinidad might perhaps combine in some practical measures to neutralize the immediate evils arising from the idleness, the unsteady habits, and the vagrancy



of the present body of labourers. The Government at home might, at any rate, confer some additional powers upon the magistracy to the repression perhaps of irregularities. The island is too precious to be neglected, or to be left in its almost self-helpless condition. If no very potent methods can with safety at once be adopted to induce more extensive cultivation, the soil that has already been brought under the hand of man, been made the object of large outlay, and to which civilization is bound, must not be allowed to return to its natural state, that is, to ruin. This would be one of the heaviest blows possible to our West India possessions, and that might result in their speedy annihilation to all intents and purposes, in as far as England's special good was concerned. We must have sugar; the planters must not be thrown overboard; and the twenty millions which have been paid to them will meet with only a ruinous return, if we are, after all, to depend on countries and colonies foreign to us for one of the chief necessities of life. On the other hand, there is reason to believe, and for asserting, that the unexampled prosperity of the West India Colonies is not merely compatible with, but inseparable from, amazingly enlarged benefits being conferred upon the African race. Emigration is a simple and perhaps the most effectual remedy that can be suggested.

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ART. IV.—*The Martyr of Erromanga; or the Philosophy of Missions Illustrated from the Labours, Death, and Character of the late Rev. John Williams.* By JOHN CAMPBELL, D.D. SNOW.

IN a short notice of this volume last month we intimated, from the hurried glance which we had taken of its contents, that it was a remarkable publication. After a more deliberate inspection we are prepared to abide by the general statement, but yet not with that full approval which the term, without further explanation, may be understood to convey. That there is much in the book that is extraordinary cannot be denied. John Williams was no common man; and his history was still more singular than his gifts would have led any person to anticipate; for even among the champions who have gone forth to proclaim the Gospel in the dark places of the earth, his career and his achievements have rarely found parallels. We refer our readers for proof of this to our review some four or five years ago of his *Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands*. It was not so much on account of any wonderful intellectual gifts that Williams, who had been bred a smith, and who, in consequence of convictions and conversion at the Tabernacle, dedicated himself to missionary labours in some of the Polynesian groups of islands, that he commanded notice. It was his truly apostolic zeal, perseverance, and untiring activity which we are

bound to admire ; while the success which attended his efforts, and the martyrdom which crowned them, point him out as one of the notable philanthropists in modern times. Sound practical sense, singleness of purpose, cheerfully sustained toil, resulting in the civilization and moral renovation of entire tribes, of the inhabitants of one island after another, are facts of far more significance than the promulgation of mere philosophical theories, or the brilliant speculations of students who waste the midnight oil in concocting schemes for achieving the perfectibility of human nature. But although John Williams was this and more than this, although he deserves a niche in the temple of fame, the most remarkable feature in the volume before us is the manner which Dr. Campbell has adopted to panegyryze his hero,—the principle of comparison and contrast which he has chosen. The system and the mode will be understood from the following notices and specimens.

The form adopted is not that of narrative, or of biography : on the contrary, it is that of unmeasured and often eloquent praise, consisting not merely of positive assertion heaped upon assertion, but carried to a climax by comparing Williams to the greatest characters in ancient and modern times, and testing him by every species of greatness, mental and moral, public and private,—the fields of war, as well as of art, science, and literature, being ransacked for examples ; in not one of which, however, can there be found a character who ought to be named on the same day with him. But the exaggeration does not end here ; for Dr. Campbell, who is a skilful writer, whose knowledge is extensive, who has talent as a portrait painter, who is well read in human history, has a forcible knack of over-colouring his examples, in order that he may the more loftily elevate the object of his unlimited eulogy, his extravagant encomium.

The way in which our author proceeds is to select some great living champion as the representative of a class, and to recount and characterize his achievements and those of the chief ones of the order ; uniformly to close, however, with a most thorough disparagement if thrown into the scale opposite the one in which the Martyr of Erromanga is weighed. Warriors from before the time of Cæsar down to Napoleon and Wellington are thus treated. The epistle addressed to the Great Captain, for instance, contains these words, “ Among all conquerors I have read of none who demand a tithe of the respect which I feel for your Grace. But truth compels me to say, that although I view you as the prince of captains, I am constrained to look upon you as immeasurably less than the least of all missionaries.” Philosophers, poets, scholars, nay divines, fare no better in Dr. Campbell’s pages ; even after having been raised to the skies they are all found wanting. Not only is this the case with Socrates and Homer,—with all that Greece and Rome have trans-

mitted to us,—with Burke and Johnson; but with Clarke, and Butler, and Paley, and Chalmers; for “Williams’s Missionary Enterprises alone is of more real value than all their writings.”

It is not perhaps the least remarkable circumstance belonging to the “Philosophy of Missions,” that the book, in spite of the uncalled for and often erroneous system of treatment adopted by the author, is not only a readable but a captivating work. It interests, and it also not seldom instructs; the Doctor’s earnestness and honest expression of sentiment forcing one to respect the man, while his information and appreciation of many extraordinary persons, ranging over the history of the world, are those of a superior mind largely cultivated. It is only when the method and the injudicious groundwork of the writer,—when the principles upon which his estimate is conducted lead him from the direct path and to institute comparisons where none in kind or degree can exist, that he is unjust to John Williams as well as to many of the great spirits of the present and former times. Where is the propriety, for instance, of placing in the same category military and missionary enterprises? Where is the sense in telling the Duke that “not one idea concerning the world of spirits can be gathered from your Grace’s Despatches, general orders or letters.” But perhaps the most ill-judged and the most unfair instance in the book is where Dr. Campbell goes out of his way to assail the religion of Dr. Johnson. We must quote from this part of the “Philosophy of Missions,” observing that there is much of force and graphic power in portions of the estimate,—

The greatest name of the following age is Johnson; whose intellectual vigour has become a proverb. In pure force, his understanding was never equalled. It would be difficult, I think, to cite from ancient or modern literature a name with which, in respect of this quality, it would be safe to compare his. Nor is it the least remarkable circumstance in the character of this extraordinary man, that the comprehensiveness of his mind was equal to its force. Never did mind uninspired so thoroughly sound the depths of morality, or so penetrate the recesses of human nature. His vision was bounded only by the limits of our world. He was not deceived by its summer suns and sylvan scenes: he was intimately conversant with its winter storms, its wastes, its wildernesses, and the wide dominion of its wretchedness, its distractions, its distress, its broken hearts, its sorrowful homes, and its thickening sepulchres. From the rising of the sun to its going down, all were spread out before him. His sentiments accorded with his knowledge. British soil never yielded to the footsteps of a man of greater mental independence, or more alive to the unsatisfying and unsubstantial nature of earthly good. Never did English scholar unite such poverty with such dignity! The accidents of penury and opulence were lost sight of amid the splendour of his powers; the former could not sink, the latter could not elevate him. His majestic mind, his lofty spirit, raised him far superior to the influence of the motives which ordinarily govern

even the more cultivated and reputable of mankind. Gold had no power to tempt him ; he was indifferent, if not absolutely dead to the praise of the world ; he never felt the fires of political ambition. He was, in a word, superior to most of the frailties of humanity. He was the greatest of mere moralists, and the undoubted chief of modern men of letters. Nor is this all ; he exhibited a vast amount of moral greatness, but it was of a mixed and imperfect character. The words of our Master in relation to the comparative merits of John the Baptist and the subjects of the new dispensation are remarkably appropriate to Johnson. Of those that were devoted to the study of morals, there had not arisen a greater than the author of "The Rambler ;" but the least among the Missionaries of the Cross is greater than he. His inferiority arose mainly from his ignorance of the Gospel doctrine. In your own published views respecting the anti-evangelical character of his writings and the "capital fault" of omission, I entirely concur. Oh, had his noble mind been duly enlightened by the Spirit of God, and his vigorous pages been pervaded by evangelical truth, what a contribution would have been rendered by his writings to our theological literature ! As it is, he could scarcely have been greater without becoming experimentally acquainted with the system of revealed truth, and cordially embracing it. Men and things are great, in the highest sense only as they partake of Christ, and promote his glory. Tried by this test, "Rasselas," "The Rambler," and the "Lives of the Poets," are comparatively worthless as writings, and powerless as organs of human reformation. Who has heard that they ever converted a soul, or that they ever comforted a mourner ? Those tiny tracts, Fuller's "Great Question Answered," and Scott's "Force of Truth," possess a value and a power infinitely superior to all the writings of the great moralist. His achievements in literature were, in their own line, prodigious, incomparable, matchless, immortal ; but compared with the infant Christian literature of the South Seas and other heathen lands, they are only as a taper before the sun.

This passage gives us pain ; it will grate on the feelings of persons who have a real regard for Christian truth, and who have derived benefit from the great moralist's writings. Nor do we find that the praise bestowed on the living is always that of modest eulogy,—of a pen that prefers truth to flattery. Our attention has been called to extravagance of this sort indicated in the estimate of Lord Brougham, he being the individual as a representative of a class to whom one of the fourteen epistles is directed. We are, he is, there told that—

As a politician and a moralist, as a man of letters and of science, as a lawyer and an orator, you have been acknowledged by the suffrages of millions to be the first man of your age. You have sat in each House of legislation, without an equal in either, the chief ornament and attraction of both. Your fame has filled the civilized world. Is this, then, enough, my Lord ? is the heart at ease and satisfied ? I venture to presume it answers—No ! Well, but there is still more in reserve. Your Lordship's

speeches and writings will go down to the latest ages, and live as long as the language whose rich resources they exemplify and exhaust. History, too, uninfluenced by party and envy, will do your Lordship justice. Posterity will indeed assign you a far higher place on "Fame's dread mountain" than even that which has been accorded by the bulk of your contemporaries. In speaking thus, I make no reference to your rank, my Lord: no man ever owed less to rank, than your Lordship; you descended when you entered the Upper House. You elevated the Peerage, not the Peerage you. The historian will chiefly delight in the patriotic Commoner. Even now the lord is lost in the man. Your simple name in after times will blaze in glory as the sun, while your coronet will be a tiny spec on its disc, scarcely visible. No living statesman has so much to hope and so little to fear from future generations, as your Lordship. The great points of your political creed will assuredly be at length embraced by all nations. The progress of reason, the voice of prophecy, the interests of earth, all unite to support your views of war, peace, slavery, education, and the surpassing glories of moral greatness. Every age will bring the mind of England more and more into unison with yours. Like prophecy, your Lordship's character will gain with the advance of time.

There is more than was called for even in this tribute. It is fulsome. But then what must not John Williams have been before whom Brougham must hide his diminished head,—whose character, like prophecy, will gain with the advance of time? We need not adduce more examples of the intent and style of a book that is so remarkable in sundry ways as cannot fail to obtain many readers: but yet not so as to protect the author, and what is more to be deplored, the Missionary cause, from some degree of ridicule.

ART. V.—1. *A Hand-book of the History of Painting.* By Dr. FRANZ KUGLER. Murray.

2. *A Hand-book to the Public Galleries of Art, &c. in and near London.* By Mrs. JAMESON. 2 Parts. Murray.

THESE works will be hailed perhaps as the most interesting and serviceable of the series of excellent Hand-books which have yet issued from Mr. Murray's house. To the artist and amateur they will be no less useful than to the unlearned reader, or general tourist. In the mean time, however, we have only the first Part of Kugler's history, which has been translated from the German by a lady; and which treats of the Italian schools of painting; and is edited, with notes, by C. L. Eastlake, R. A. The second Part, which is promised to appear under another editor, will relate to the Northern schools.

Kugler's reputation stands high in Germany as a critic and contributor to several esteemed works upon art; nor is it unworthy

of notice, especially in a department where dogmatism and pretension so often characterize books about subjects of a kindred nature, that modesty is as apparent in the manner and tone of performance as good sense, accomplished taste, and profound knowledge are in the matter. To be sure, the work is of the character of a compilation; nor does the author of it lay claim to higher merit. But it is a compilation which the man who is only a book-worm and skilled in the use of scissors and paste could never have produced. There are manifest proofs of a predominating mind throughout the whole of it; of a clear and steady perception of governing principles, and of a power to elicit from apparently confused and contradictory phenomena in the history of art, a consistent, a satisfying, and an enlightening order,—of a natural connexion of causes and consequences. The popular and condensed form into which the matter is thrown may at first lead to a notion that it is common-place and superficial; while, on the contrary, it is the result of perfect familiarity with the subjects handled, and of cordial sympathy with the progress of development from the ruder efforts in the infancy of art to its noblest and greatest triumphs in the sixteenth century.

Dr. Frantz Kugler, in tracing the development of Italian painting, points out the various stages of its progress, and the more remarkable epochs. He begins with its relation to Byzantine art,—the adoption but vigorous bending of a still lifeless form with which the young national mind had to deal. Speaking of certain works which have the history of John the Baptist for their subject, in the cupola of the Baptistery at Parma, and conjectured to have been painted before the middle of the thirteenth century, the following occurs in the account,—

In these we also find all the hardness of execution which characterizes the Byzantine style, united with a powerful and lively colouring, and an impassioned vehemence in the movements, which is carried even to exaggeration. The figure of an angel, which is frequently repeated, seems scarcely to touch the ground, so rapid is the action; the disciples going to see John in the wilderness baptizing, those of the imploring sick, of the disciples when their master is taken prisoner, of the soldier who acts as executioner, all appear to be the productions of a fancy which delighted in the most vehement and excited action.

The connexion of Byzantine art with the earliest developments in Italy soon began to be greatly modified not only by a rapid progress, but by the distinct courses which geniuses of different orders took, so as to form, and to be thereafter characterized as different schools,—viz., the intellectual and the sentimental. Mind distinguished the one, feeling the other; the one being called didactic, the other lyrical. Giotto may be taken as the representative of the former, and Cimabue of the latter, of both of whom

some things that are easily accessible have been recorded, especially by Dante. Of their contemporaries, and of the Italian masters, from their era down to the period of Leonardo, but little is known in England, not even the names of many of them. Now, however, in the pages before us, will be found a number of sketches and notices to supply the deficiency, both in respect of persons and of works; all the leading diversities of styles being pointed out and their gradual progress until the decline of Italian art, probably never to be restored.

We shall now quote a description of one of Giotto's most characteristic specimens, from the subject "Marriage," as found among the *incoronata sacraments* at Naples:—

In the centre of the composition stand a princely pair; the bridegroom is putting the ring on the bride's finger; a priest behind them joins their hands. According to an old tradition, they are the founders of the church—Queen Joanna I., and Louis of Tarento; he has something of the Vandal in his physiognomy, and a red, pointed beard: the queen has an extremely delicate, refined character of face, with light hair. Behind her stand a crowd of charming women, who are distinguished by their graceful heads and the pleasing *naïveté* of their attitudes. Behind the prince stand priests, etc.; behind these, some trumpeters blowing their trumpets, with most amusing energy. The princely pair stand under a canopy, the poles of which are borne by two knights, and over them on each side an angel hovers. In the foreground, on the left, are seen a violin-player—his head bent very feelingly over his instrument—and a merry hautboy-player. Near them, knights and ladies with elegant movements perform a dance.

Cimabue had a follower of the name of Duccio, of whom Kugler speaks in the warmest terms. He figured at Siena. What we now quote relates to his picture of Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.

The scene is laid near the gate; on the left, Jesus rides on the ass; beside it is the foal. Behind are the Apostles, whose countenances, young and old, are full of energy: John is particularly distinguished by his beauty: their looks, directed to the people, appear to say, "Behold, we bring you your king!" Jesus himself, with a dignified and serious expression, not unmixed with sadness, his right hand elevated, appears to utter his words of woe over the city. Above him men are plucking branches from the trees. From the battlements of Jerusalem, and the garden-walls beneath the city, a multitude of men, women, and children look on with serious faces, but evident sympathy. A crowd of people precede the Saviour: some look round, and, with an expression of the deepest reverence, spread their garments on the way; others bear branches before him; others, carried forward against their will, endeavour to look back at their king, as well as the pressure will permit. In short, such a crowd is depicted in so small a space, each figure acts its part so well, not merely in body but in sympathy of soul, that it would be difficult to find anything similar in the productions of painting. At the gates stand the Scribes and Pharisees,

some of whom are offended at the triumph of their adversary, and appear consumed with envy; others wonder, with uplifted hands, at his unheard-of temerity: on the countenances of others may be read a malicious confidence, as if they already believed him in their power.

The editor states that the influence of Duccio was great on the progress of art. And no one who is in the slightest degree acquainted with the state of British painting at the present time will question Mr. Eastlake's competency to pronounce a judgment concerning art; the more so when it is done with a remarkable moderation and candour, so as to render Dr. Kugler's History a still more valuable guide-book to the collections of paintings on the continent and in our own country, than in its original shape. We shall here introduce one sample of his Notes where he is illustrating the strange and exaggerated sources whence the early masters took their themes, and what were the shrines from which they drew their inspiration: the subject is found in one of the *Aurea Legenda* fables:—

Adam, being at the point of death, desires Seth to procure the oil of mercy (for the extreme unction) from the angels who guard Paradise. Seth, on applying for it, learns from the archangel Michael, that the oil can only be obtained after the lapse of ages (the period announced corresponding with the interval from the Fall to the Atonement). Seth receives from the angels, instead, a small branch of the tree of knowledge, and is told that when it shall bear fruit, Adam would recover. On his return he finds Adam dead, and plants the branch on his tomb. The sapling grew to a tree, which flourished till the time of Solomon, who had it hewn down for the purposes of building; the workmen, however, found such difficulty in adapting it, that it was thrown aside, and now served as a bridge over a lake. The Queen of Sheba (the type of the Gentiles), about to cross the bridge, sees in a vision the Saviour on the cross, and kneels in adoration. She informs Solomon that when a certain One shall be suspended on that tree, the fall of the Jewish nation would be near. Solomon, alarmed, buries the fatal wood deep in the earth; the same spot in process of time becomes the pool of Bethesda. Immediately before the crucifixion the tree rises, and floats on the surface of the water; it is then taken out and serves for the cross.

Two or three specimens more from the History itself will serve to enhance the reader's notion of Dr. Kugler's performance. This which first follows relates to "The Triumph of Death," but by whom is not fully ascertained. "The Last Judgment," and "Hell," by the same artist, and still to be seen on the walls of the cemetery of Pisa, prove that his genius was akin to that of Dante, during whose age he in fact flourished. He was of Giotto's school:—

On the right is a festive company of ladies and cavaliers, who, by their falcons and dogs, appear to be returned from the chase. They sit under orange trees, and are splendidly dressed; rich carpets are spread at their



feet. A troubadour and singing-girl amuse them with flattering songs; *amorini* flutter around them and wave their torches. All the pleasures and joys of earth are here united. On the left, Death approaches with rapid flight—a fearful-looking woman with wild streaming hair, claws instead of nails, large bat's-wings and indestructible wire-woven drapery. She swings a scythe in her hand, and is on the point of mowing down the joys of the company. A host of corpses closely pressed together lie at her feet; by their insignia they are almost all to be recognized as the former rulers of the world—kings, queens, cardinals, bishops, princes, warriors, etc. Their souls rise out of them in the form of new-born infants: angels and demons are ready to receive them; the souls of the pious fold their hands in prayer, those of the condemned shrink back in horror. The angels are almost like gay butterflies in appearance, the devils have the semblance of beasts of prey or of disgusting reptiles. They fight with each other; on the right, the angels ascend to heaven with those they have saved; while the demons drag their prey to a fiery mountain, visible on the left, and hurl the souls down into the flames. Next to these corpses is a crowd of beggars and cripples, who with outstretched arms call upon Death to end their sorrows; but she heeds not their prayer, and has already hastened away. A rock separates this scene from another, in which is a second hunting party, descending the mountain by a hollow path; here again are richly attired princes and dames on horses splendidly caparisoned, and a train of hunters with falcons and dogs. The path has led them to three open sepulchres in the left corner of the picture; in them lie the bodies of three princes, in different stages of decay. Close by, in extreme old age, and supported on crutches, stands a monk, who, turning to the princes, points down to this bitter 'memento mori.' They speak apparently with indifference of the circumstance, and one of them holds his nose from the horrible smell. One queenly lady alone, deeply moved, rests her head on her hand, her graceful countenance full of sorrow. On the mountain heights are several hermits, who, in contrast to the followers of the joys of the world, have attained, in a life of contemplation and abstinence, the highest term of human existence. One of them milks a doe, squirrels play about him; another sits and reads; and a third looks down into the valley, where the remains of the mighty are mouldering away.

Our next is a graphic sketch of a far less powerful and terrible artist, Fra Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole, a Dominican monk:—

His deep piety, to which his life and works equally bear testimony, obtained for him the surnames of the Blessed (*Beato*) and Angelic (*Angelico*). According to Vasari, he might have lived at ease and secured wealth as well as honour by his art, which he well understood even in his youth; but for the sake of his peace and tranquillity, and particularly for the benefit of his soul, he preferred to enter the order of St. Domenico. He never painted for money, but willingly satisfied any application for his works if his Superior permitted him; he was so humble, so little desirous of honours, that when Pope Nicholas V. wished to confer on him the archbishopric of Florence, on account of his holy life, he prayed the pontiff to

appoint another, as he did not feel himself called to a situation of authority. He never began his work without prayer, and so entirely did his subject fill his soul, that he was frequently interrupted by tears when representing the sufferings of the Redeemer. Hence he considered what he had painted as a special gift from heaven, and never ventured to improve it.

This of another monk, Fra Filippo Lippi:—

When a child he became a member of the Order, but it sent him back into the world; he left the convent in his seventeenth year. Amusing himself one day with some friends, on an excursion at sea, they were suddenly attacked by pirates, and carried as slaves to Barbary. During eighteen months Filippo bore his chains, when one day he drew so striking a likeness of his master with a coal upon the wall, that the Moor rewarded him with his freedom, and, after he had painted several pictures, gave him rich presents and sent him home. But his whole life was a romance: he carried off from the convent of St. Margherita, at Prato, Lucrezia Buti, with whom he afterwards lived; he died suddenly, and, as it was suspected, by poison, administered by the relations of Lucrezia. The Pope's dispensation for his marriage with her, obtained by the interest of his powerful patrons the Medici, arrived too late. A son, who was the fruit of this union, inherited his father's name and talents.

Having thus quoted some specimens of the sketches and illustrations that belong to the earlier conditions of Italian painting, and alluded to its more characteristic branches as developed not long after the reception of the Byzantine style, we have to state that Dr. Kugler discovers throughout its future stages a regular connexion with the distinct principles evolved in these branches, and as applied during the second era with extraordinary vigour to the sacred types which had been handed down as the legitimate realm for art. During the third era the mind and the feeling which had been so boldly and freely applied could not but call in the aid which nature and the beauty of external form lavishly presented, so that at the fourth stage,—the one of supreme excellence,—the grandeur and heavenly sacredness of the subjects were rendered perfect, to man's highest perception by truthful and profound sentiment,—by all the divine and creative poetry of the soul; the most suitable objects and images which the universe afforded being with the most exquisite skill introduced to sublimiate and to touch the immortal principles of our nature. This was the period during which reigned those transcendent masters whose names are familiar to every ear; but after whom, seeing there could be no higher development of their principles, there was necessarily a decadence; necessarily, we say, were it only that the followers had to tread in some one of the perfected paths. There were, to be sure, occasional revivals and marvellous efforts made to parallel the great masters of the sixteenth century, and to restore Italian art to as glorious and celebrated a

condition as ever it had attained. But these struggles may be said to have gone against certain laws in the nature of things, till at length "Italy, once blest with the noblest creative power, once gifted with the liveliest perception of the beautiful, now only dreams of past renown. The Arts have quitted her to seek a new home in other lands."

Whether our own country and these *other lands* are ever to become identified, we need not stop to conjecture. One thing however is certain,—no other land possesses richer collections of paintings, even of Italian paintings; and therefore most cordially ought we to welcome a Hand-book that contains "Catalogues of the Pictures, accompanied by Critical, Historical, and Biographical Notices, and copious Indexes to facilitate reference," in regard to our galleries of Art; especially when the name of Mrs. Jameson recommends the work, who, while merely appearing to compile a directory to public collections, has unobtrusively contrived not merely to throw into a small space a vast deal of useful although easily obtained information, but to combine it with pertinent instruction on a variety of points essential to every person who desires to appreciate the character of any work of art, or sensibly to express himself about subjects of the kind. For instance, we have in the Introduction, and expressed clearly as well as briefly, a number of artistic technicalities explained. Besides this initiatory matter there are received laws set down which must be understood before any one can give a reason for his preference of any picture; all this forming a happy preface to the guide, which conducts us in the course of the first volume or Part to the National Gallery and the collection at Windsor Castle. The second takes us to Hampton Court, to the gallery at Dulwich, and to some others.

We shall now cite a few sentences of a critical nature, which are as just as they are fearlessly uttered. The subject is the system, or rather the no-system observed in the mode adopted in the case of some of the royal collections with regard to the placing of pictures. Hampton Court furnishes the groundwork for the following strictures, Mrs. Jameson wishing to know "to what master-mind, accomplished in the knowledge of art, deep learned in the history and antiquities of our country, and enthusiastic for her honour, has been entrusted a task of such high and general importance as the distribution of the pictures in this royal palace." She requires and remarks further in the following terms:—

To whom are we to give praise for what has been done well? To whom are we to appeal against what has been done most ignorantly and carelessly, or not done at all? With proper management, this gallery, rich as it is in historical memorials, might have been made most interesting and instructive to the people, who now with vacant, weary, and perplexed looks, wander through the rooms, not knowing where to find what they seek, not know-

ing where to direct their attention; not knowing what relation exists between the various objects and personages represented, nor how far they might be made to illustrate each other.

Mrs. Jameson adduces illustrations of the stupidity that characterizes the mode of distribution:—

There are in the royal collections about thirty portraits of celebrated artists,—most of them old portraits from the life, others authentic copies: what a delightful series they would form if hung together, and in chronological order!—commencing with the curious old portrait of Gian *Bellini*, (which now hangs under Henry VIII.'s jester,) and ending with Sir *Joshua Reynolds*. At present they are scattered up and down, Peter Oliver in one of the first rooms, Michael Angelo in the last; what is there to render such an order of things necessary or inevitable? and unless inevitable, how is it to be excused? Some of these propinquities are so comical, so unlooked for, that we are half inclined to suspect some covert meaning in them—some sly satire:—as where we find Louis XIV. with nymphs and satyrs on one side, and a saint on the other! or Gentz, the *âme damnée* of Metternich, between two Scripture-pieces. In one room we find Pilate delivering up the Saviour, Margaret Countess of Lennox, the Death of Bayard, Peter the Great, Frederick of Prussia, and the Death of Epaminondas, all hanging together!

Again, and concerning some greater atrocities than ignorant arrangement:—

Besides the Cartoons of Raphael, and the historical pictures, we have here a collection of old Venetian portraits of wonderful beauty, by Titian, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Pordenone, and Sebastin del Piombo. I know of no gallery that in this respect can compete with Hampton Court, unless it be the Belvedere, at Vienna: where, indeed, the number and exquisite beauty of the female portraits by Titian and Palma eclipse us utterly. The present condition of some of these fine works is, however, pitiful to see; ruined by neglect, damp, dirt—and yet more by the picture-cleaners and restorers of the last century. The atrocious manner in which some exquisite pictures have been maltreated, patched, painted over, varnished, without shame and without mercy, is not to be described or believed. Many of these would be benefited by judicious and conscientious restoration.

We shall next copy out a specimen of Mrs. Jameson's well executed work, extending to a considerable length, and relating to the collection at Windsor Castle. A good deal more will be found in the book concerning this notable royal residence. But less is generally known about the pictures than some other of the remarkable features of the Castle:—

In the reign of Henry VII., somewhere about 1499, Jan Mabuse, one of the very best painters of his time, came over to England: he painted the portraits of the king's children, now at Hampton Court; and from his

hand—but not, as I presume, painted while in England—is the very remarkable picture or pictures, also at Hampton Court, representing James IV., of Scotland and his queen, Margaret, daughter of Henry VII.; and the St. Matthew, now in the Queen's gallery at Buckingham Palace. The date of his death is uncertain. The first of our monarchs who attempted to form a gallery of pictures was that magnificent ruffian, Henry VIII. He was not always the hateful and remorseless tyrant he afterwards became, and in the beginning of his reign showed a disposition to cultivate and patronize both art and literature. His encouragement of painting may possibly be traced to his rivalry of Francis I., who was throughout his life the object of his fear, admiration, and jealousy. Francis had found means to attract to his court four among the greatest artists in Italy,—Leonardo da Vinci, Benvenuto Cellini, Primaticcio, and Nicollo dell' Abbate. In emulation of Francis, Henry sent to invite Raphael and Primaticcio to England; and Wolsey, then his envoy at Rome, was not sparing in courteous persuasion and munificent promises; but we were not destined to be so honoured. Raphael declined the invitation, but he painted for Henry the small picture of St. George with the Order of the Garter round his knee, which is now at St. Petersburg; and some of his scholars were prevailed upon to try their fortune among the barbarian English—"quelli beste di quelli Inglesi," as Torrigiano had styled us. Among other painters employed by Henry, we find the names of Lucca Penni, Toto dell' Nunciata, and Girolamo da Trevigi (or Jerome de Trevisi) all mentioned by Lanzi as having attained some eminence in their own country previous to their coming here. Jerome de Trevisi came over about 1531, and remained here thirteen years, and to him the large paintings at Hampton Court of the Embarkation of Henry VIII. and the Champ de Drap d'Or are with reason attributed: he had a pension of 400 crowns from the king. Luca Penni also arrived here about 1531; he had been employed by Francis I., in conjunction with Primaticcio, to decorate the palace of Fontainebleau. Another painter much employed by Henry, and almost naturalized in England, was Lucas Cornelii, or Corneliz, to whom some of the old portraits now at Hampton Court may be ascribed. I find also in Vasari mention of two female artists, painters in miniature, Susanna Horneband, who was invited into the service of Henry VIII., and lived honourably in England to the end of her life; and Levina, daughter of Master Simon, of Bruges, who was nobly married by Henry, and much prized and honoured by Queen Mary, and after her death by Queen Elizabeth; but it is impossible to identify the works of these painters individually: most of them appear to have perished in the fire at Whitehall, or to have been lost or dispersed. Some half-obliterated paintings on the wall of a small room at Hampton Court, called the Confessionary, quite in the style of Raphael's school, existed so late as 1750: they are now quite effaced. But if Henry failed in attracting to his court the first-rate painters of Italy, he had some amends for his disappointment when he succeeded in fixing near his person that extraordinary genius Hans Holbein. The sturdy painter and the bluff monarch have in truth become so associated in the fancy, that we can seldom think of the one without a recollection of the other. Holbein was a native of Baale in

Switzerland, and born in the year 1498 : he was the son of a painter, and his genius was early fostered and developed ; but we are told that he led a dissipated life, and wasted in no creditable manner the money gained in his profession : we are also told that his wife was a shrew, like the wife of Albert Durer, and that her froward temper was one of the causes which drove him from his native place. Those who look upon the portraits of Holbein and his wife at Hampton Court may well doubt whether the former black-whiskered, bull-necked, resolute, almost fierce-looking personage could have had much to endure from the poor, broken-spirit, sad-visaged woman opposite to him, and may be inclined to put another construction on the story. With Albert Durer it is different : no contrast can be greater than between the coarse head of Holbein and that of Albert Durer, with his mild melancholy eyes and long fair hair. But be this as it may, there is ample evidence that Holbein was reduced to poverty, and was obliged to quit his native place to make some provision for his family. There is a picture still preserved in the Museum at Basle, painted about the time he left it, representing his wife and two children, half-length : she has a child in her lap, and one hand rests on the head of a boy who looks up sorrowfully in her face. It is many years since I saw this picture, and I may err in my recollection of attitude and detail, but I cannot forget that I never was so moved by any picture in my life as by this little bit of homely domestic tragedy : I cannot forget the anguish depicted in the countenance of the wife, nor the pathetic looks of the children. Holbein left them, and came over to England, recommended by Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, then Chancellor : he was honourably received, lodged for some time in the house of that distinguished man, and painted several portraits of his family and friends. The king, on seeing these works, was struck with admiration, and immediately took the painter into his own service. He allowed him a salary of 30*l.* a year, equal to ten times that sum in these days, and he was paid besides for each picture which he painted. Holbein's jovial character was in accordance with Henry's taste, and he soon became a favourite. Henry's rebuke to one of his courtiers who had insulted the painter is well-known—"You have not to do with Holbein, but with me. I tell you, that of seven peasants I can make seven lords, but not one Holbein!" He visited Basle when at the height of his reputation and prosperity, but soon returned to England, and died here in 1554, having survived his royal patron about eight years. Of the numerous pictures which Holbein painted for the king, but few remain. One of his best and largest pictures, representing Henry VII. and Henry VIII. and their queens, was painted on the wall of one of the chambers of the old palace of Whitehall, which was consumed by fire in 1698. Luckily a small and fine copy has been preserved, and is now at Hampton Court. In the same fire many other pictures, and some of his exquisite miniatures, were destroyed. In Charles I.'s catalogue I find only eleven works of Holbein's specified. In King James's, I find thirty-one pictures ascribed to him ; but not more than half the number are really his. About the year 1734, Queen Caroline discovered, in an old bureau in Kensington Palace, a collection of Holbein's original drawings for the portraits of the chief personages living in the court of Henry VIII. After Holbein's death they

had been sold into France, whence they were brought and presented to King Charles I. by M. de Liancourt. Charles exchanged them with the Earl of Pembroke for the St. George, by Raphael, once in the possession of Henry VIII. Lord Pembroke gave them to Lord Arundel, and, in the opinion of Mr. Dallaway, they were purchased for the crown in 1686; and then, as it appears, thrown into a drawer, where they might have rotted unknown, if the curiosity and intelligence of Queen Caroline had not brought them to light fifty years afterwards. They are eighty-nine in number, of which a few are duplicates, executed in black chalk on paper stained of a flesh colour, and most of them admirable for character and expression. Queen Caroline, who was much delighted with her discovery, ordered them to be framed and glazed; and they hung for some time in her closet at Kensington. George III. had them taken down, and carefully placed in portfolios; and they are at present deposited in her Majesty's library at Windsor. From the pictures by Holbein, remaining at Windsor and at Hampton Court, we may form some idea of his merit as a portrait-painter. The only picture from his hand in the imaginative and historical style is the "*Noli me tangere*," (Christ and Mary Magdalen in the Garden,) now at Hampton Court. But this conveys a most inadequate idea of the genius of the man who could paint such a picture as the family-piece at Basle already mentioned; the head, inscribed "*Lais Corinthiaca*, 1526," in the same collection: and, above all, the exquisite "*Madonna of the Meyer Family*," now in the Dresden Gallery, which is not only the finest of all his known pictures, but has been pronounced by an accomplished connoisseur the chef-d'œuvre of old German art. Speaking from my own judgment, I should say it was one of the finest pictures in the world. As a representation of "*Our Lady of Pity*," and for depth of feeling and refined contemplative tenderness of expression, it may divide suffrages with the divine *Madonna Sistina* of Raphael—all grace and majesty as she is! No one, I think, can justly appreciate the powers of Holbein who has not seen this picture; no one having seen it but must deeply regret the loss of those works which Holbein executed for the King's Chapel at Whitehall, and other pictures of sacred and historical subjects which he painted while in England: among which were the *Joseph of Arimathea* and the *Raising of Lazarus*, the *Triumph of Riches* and the *Triumph of Poverty*. Though always an admirer of Holbein, I never believed him capable of conceiving such a picture, so grandly simple, so divinely elevated in character, as the *Madonna of the Dresden gallery*, till I had looked upon it.

Dismissing the Hand-books, but before closing our paper, we beg to call attention for a few moments to certain highly important particulars that very nearly concern the prospects of art and the condition of a national gallery in this country: we allude to the noble and munificent bequest by Sir Francis Chantrey for the encouragement of British painting and sculpture. The following sketch presents the principal provisions of his will; an extraordinary document, and a remarkable event in the annals of art:—

After certain bequests to each of his executors, he empowers

them to destroy such of his drawings, models and casts as they may deem to be unworthy of preservation; and to engage Mr. Henry Weekes to complete such works as they shall decide upon favourably, under the superintendence of his "friend and assistant Allan Cunningham." To Mr. Cunningham he leaves 2000*l.*, and to Mr. Weekes 1000*l.*, payable on the completion of their respective tasks; during the execution of which they are to receive their usual stipends, and Mr. Weekes is to continue in the occupation, rent-free, of Sir Francis's residence: in the event of Mr. Weekes's death before the conclusion of his labours, his representatives are to have 500*l.*; and in a codicil, an annuity of 100*l.* per annum is settled on Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham. The whole of Sir Francis's effects, estates, and other real property, subject to the payment of debts, legacies, and duty thereon (all the bequests are free of legacy duty), and the expenses of completing his works, is left to Lady Chantrey, his widow, and her heirs; his money in the funds, Government and other securities, and other "pure personal property," being left to the executors, in trust, for the benefit of Lady Chantrey during her life, unless she shall marry again, in which case she is to receive an annuity of 1000*l.* per annum. At the death or the marriage of his widow the personal property is to become chargeable with certain annuities, one of which is the sum of 200*l.* to the resident clergyman of Norton in Derbyshire, "so long as my tomb shall last, and expressly with the view of having my said tomb preserved from destruction," this sum of 200*l.* yearly, being in trust and subject to certain annual payments for benevolent purposes in the parish, the clergyman retaining 50*l.* yearly for his trouble. But each of the payments shall be made only "so long as my tomb shall last." The remainder of the pure personal property is to be "devoted to the encouragement of British fine art, in painting and sculpture only," in the manner now to be stated:—

The trustees are to pay over the proceeds annually to the President and Treasurer of the Royal Academy, "or of any other society or association which, in the event of the title 'Royal' being withdrawn by the Crown, or of the Royal Academy being dissolved, or its denomination altered, may be formed by the persons who may be the last members of the Royal Academy of Arts in London, whatever may be the denomination assumed by such last members;" 300*l.* per annum to be retained by the President, and 50*l.* per annum by the Secretary, "on condition that such Secretary shall attend the meetings of my trustees, and keep in a book, to be preserved by them, a regular account of all the proceedings." The residue is to be laid out by the President and Council of the Academy "in the purchase of works of fine art of the highest merit in painting and sculpture that can be obtained, either already exe-



cuted, or which may hereafter be executed by artists of any nation, provided such artists shall have actually resided in Great Britain during the execution and completing of such works; it being my express direction that no work of art, whether executed by a deceased or living artist, shall be purchased, unless the same shall have been entirely executed within the shores of Great Britain." He further stipulates that the prices to be paid for such works "shall be liberal;" that the preference be given to works of the highest intrinsic merit; that no personal considerations for artists or their circumstances influence the choice; that no commissions or orders shall be given; that the works purchased be publicly exhibited for at least a month; and that the names of the members of the council who voted for or against the purchases be entered in a book for the inspection of the trustees. It is not made compulsory on the Academy to lay out the money annually: upon occasion it may be accumulated for a period not exceeding five years. The works purchased are to be "collected for the purpose of forming and establishing a Public National Collection of British Fine Art in Painting and Sculpture;" Sir Francis having expressed strong confidence that the Government or the country will provide a suitable building for their exhibition as the property of the nation; and this object the President and Council of the Academy are desired to carry into effect with all their endeavours. No portion of the bequest is to be applied to providing anything beyond a temporary place of security until a proper building is erected. In case of the dissolution of the Academy, or its representative body, the trustees are empowered to obtain the sanction of Parliament for some scheme for devoting the annual income "for ever" towards the encouragement of British fine art; and Lady Chantrey is earnestly requested to apply for an act of parliament for settling the real and mixed estate upon the same trusts, subject to her life-interest. At her death, the trustees are to be increased to five by the addition of the President and Treasurer of the Royal Academy for the time being; each trustee receiving on his appointment 100%.

The will is dated the 31st December, 1840; and the codicil the 3rd November, 1841—only three weeks previous to the death of Sir Francis. The value of the personal property is sworn to be under 90,000%.

Such are the principal provisions that occur in the celebrated sculptor's will; each of those we have noticed bearing more or less upon the interests of art, or the honour of artists. The reader of the sketch may, at first sight, suppose that the payments imposed are so numerous, and some of them so large, as will swallow up the greater part of the property left by Sir Francis. But the reverse will eventually be the case, seeing that he died

without issue. Indeed, the bulk of his large property will devolve to the nation, subject to the consent of his widow as regards his real estate. And for what purpose is this munificently and anxiously directed bequest made? For the encouragement of the arts of painting and sculpture; a bequest in amount and manner which entitles it to rank, as has been well said by a contemporary journalist, with the splendid act which Sir Thomas Gresham performed for commerce.

We are aware that some people look forward with distrust to the interference of the President and Council of the Royal Academy with this noble patriotic gift; arguing not merely from what has been very generally charged against that society, as regards unfairness and exclusiveness, but objecting on principle to the meddling of all institutions under Royal charter, or of a corporate character, with the dominion of art and the subjects of taste. According to the terms of the bequest, however, public opinion will constantly have an opportunity of asserting its authority, or at least of interposing a sufficient check to mal-administration respecting the Chantrey Gallery, which is professedly to be founded for public purposes. And when, along with this, it is considered that public taste is improving, and in a great measure as the result of ready access to great collections, we may look forward with confidence to the period when the Chantrey Gallery will not only begin to be realized, but to operate at the same time in purifying taste, and showing the million in what they should take the highest national pride.

Then what an example and excitement will the bequest of Sir Francis prove to British artists! How imposing does the idea grow when one contemplates the perpetuation of his name with art in his native land! The theme still swells: innumerable have been the complaints about the paltry building in Trafalgar Square, which passes at present under the name of the National Gallery. Ere long, however, no government will be able to resist taking advantage of the splendid opportunity of establishing, on an adequate footing, a national school by the erection of a superstructure worthy not only of Chantrey's bequest, but of this great country. Truly, therefore, may the will of the renowned sculptor be regarded as an event of magnitude in the history of England, and in the annals of art.

ART. VI.—*The Pleasant Comedie of Patient Grissill*. Reprinted from the Black-letter Edition of 1603. For the Shakspeare Society.

2. *Tracts relating to Ireland*. Printed for the Irish Archæological Society. Vol. I.

THE Shakspeare Society proceeds with spirit, and is contributing many and valuable pieces, hitherto scarce, to our already large stock of genuine literature; pieces belonging to the majestic days of England's authorship. "*The Pleasant Comedie of Patient Grissill*, as it hath beene sundrie times plaid before the Right Honorable the Earle of Nottingham (Lord High Admiral) his servants," with an Introduction and Notes, is one of the most acceptable of these contributions. Few but such erudite and enthusiastic explorers as Mr. Payne Collier, to whom the society is indebted for the opportunity of reprinting the drama, were aware that such a really pleasant production was in existence. In fact, we are told in the Introduction, that the play possesses almost the rarity of a manuscript. "There is no copy of it in the British Museum; none at Cambridge; the only public library that contains it is, we believe, the Bodleian; and the only private collection in which it is known to exist in a complete state is that of the Duke of Devonshire. Before his Grace was able to procure a perfect copy, he was obliged to be satisfied with an imperfect one, which he subsequently gave to the writer of the present notice; both have been of material service in the present re-impression." "The authors of it were three celebrated contemporaries of Shakspeare—Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton, as we learn from that curious and valuable theatrical record, Henslowe's Diary, which is about to be printed entire for the use of the members of the Shakspeare Society." The memorandum referring to it is in the handwriting of Chettle, and acknowledges the receipt, "in earnest of Patient Grissill," of the *magnificent* sum of three pounds "of good and lawful money," by the three contemporaries of Shakspeare,—a *pound a piece*. Ycs, these were the days of reward! Yet the reward did not lavishly flow from Henslowe's purse, but must have swelled from the robust and mighty bosoms of the authors of the great Elizabethan age, albeit some of them, like Dekker, struggled with penury and sad adversity; and were therefore more in need of indulging the promptings of genius in such creations as the present, especially when a pound was to be earned.

The story of Griselda found extraordinary favour in by-past times in Italy, France, and Germany, as well as in England. Witness the care bestowed on it by Boccaccio and Chaucer, not to mention a number of other minstrels; each of the great poets, of course,

making it a theme for the disportings and inculcations of his own peculiar genius. And yet in the main its outline, unless when the harsher points were greatly subdued or relieved, was an unnatural and offensive fable, particularly if tried by modern notions and usages. We need not repeat how terribly the lowly-born heroine was tried by her high-born husband; nor how submissive, pure, and forgiving was her bearing—how triumphant at last her victory. We rather would direct attention to the grand lessons and the magnanimous, the loveable, and the touching sentiments of which the three dramatists named made it the vehicle; the greatest of the three being Dekker, to whom must have fallen the portraiture of the patient wife, in all her beauty, simplicity, pathos, and heroism; the humorous parts of the piece, with its keen or laughable railery, which have been introduced into the original story, as a relief and an underplot, being understood to belong to the other two writers.

The great moral of the piece is healthy and true to nature,—noble and winning. It preaches the blessings, the excellence, the victories of patience—patience sweet, and endurance firm and settled; these being, along with spotless virtue and unsuspecting truth, the soul of peace.

“Patience! why, ’tis the soul of peace:  
Of all the virtues, ’tis nearest kin to heaven:  
It makes men look like gods. . . . The best of men  
That e’er wore earth about him was a Sufferer,  
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit.”

The version of the story is essentially that of Chaucer, with some additions as well as modifications suitable to the dramatic form, or at least to what was intended by the principal of the three writers. Certain new characters are introduced, and various contrasts are studied. But assuredly the greatest of the original conceptions, and which is with a fine skill worked out, is the character of the Marquess Saluzzo, the high-born husband, who is shorn of much of the wanton and remorseless cruelty which he continues to inflict; the poet not only ameliorating his character and motives by a number of nice touches, but making the man appear human after all, not merely in regard of sympathy, but of internal and personal suffering on account of the wrongs which a sort of destiny forces him to perpetrate. The consequence of this true dramatic skill and profound knowledge of the heart is that the Marquess is not utterly hateful to us; we pity him and half forgive him; while the grand divine lesson is still more exquisitely taught as illustrated in the patience of Grissill. We now present some passages from the serious and main plot of the play. Here is the scene which introduces Janiculo the basket-maker, the father of Grissill, and the heroine herself:—

*Jan.* Come, Grissill, work, sweet girl. Here the warm sun  
Will shine on us ; and, when his fires begin,  
We'll cool our sweating brows in yonder shade.

*Gri.* Father, methinks it doth not fit a maid,  
By sitting thus in view, to draw men's eyes  
To stare upon her : might it please your age,  
I could be more content to work within.

*Jan.* Indeed, my child, men's eye's do now-a-days  
Quickly take fire at the least spark of beauty ;  
And if those flames be quench'd by chaste disdain,  
Then their envenomed tongues, alack ! do strive  
To wound her fame whose beauty they did like.

*Gri.* I will avoid their darts, and work within.

*Jan.* Thou need'st not : in a painted coat goes sin,  
And loves those that love pride. None looks on thee ;  
Then keep me company. How much unlike  
Are thy desires to many of thy sex !  
How many wantons in Salucia  
Frown like the sullen night, when their fair faces  
Are hid within doors ; but, get once abroad,  
Like the proud sun they spread their staring beams :  
They shine out to be seen ; their loose eyes tell  
That in their bosoms wantonness doth dwell.  
Thou canst not do so, Grissill ; for thy sun  
Is but a star, thy star a spark of fire,  
Which hath no power t' inflame doating desire.  
Thy silks are threadbare russets ; all thy portion  
Is but an honest name ; that gone, thou art dead ;  
Though dead thou liv'st, that being unblemished.  
*Gri.* If to die free from shame be ne'er to die,  
Then I'll die crown'd with immortality.

The courtship, the marriage, and the early passages of Grissill's wedded life, we pass over in order to come to the trials and the manner of her patience. One tells her of the anger of the Marquess ; it is the first intimation :—

*Fu.* My lord is angry.

*Gri.* Angry ? the heavens forfend ! with whom ? for what ?  
Is it with me ?

*Fu.* Not me.

*Gri.* May I presume  
To touch the vein of that sad discontent,  
Which swells upon my dear lord's angry brow ?

*Mar.* Away, away !

*Gri.* Oh, chide me not away.  
Your handmaid Grissill, with unvexed thoughts,  
And with an unrepining soul, will bear  
The burden of all sorrows, of all woe,  
Before the smallest grief should wound you so.

Here is a specimen of the Marquess's cruel taunts and resolves, with her meek replies :—

*Gri.* My gracious lord—

*Mar.* Call not me gracious lord.

See, woman, here hangs up thine ancestry,  
The monuments of thy nobility :  
This is thy russet gentry, coat and crest :  
Thy earthen honours I will never hide,  
Because this bridle shall pull in thy pride.

*Gri.* Poor Grissill is not proud of these attires ;  
They are to me but as your livery.  
And from your humble servant, when you please,  
You may take all this outside, which, indeed,  
Is none of Grissill's : her best wealth is need.  
I'll cast this gayness off, and be content,  
To wear this russet bravery of my own,  
For that's more warm than this. I shall look old  
No sooner in coarse frieze than cloth of gold.

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] Spite of my soul, she'll triumph over me.

According to some versions of the tale she is sent back to her father's dwelling in a naked state ; but Dekker gives this touch to the tyrant's character,—he has cherished, till the fiend takes possession of him, the humble garb she wore ere his gay *bravery* ever clad her. He feels all along, too, that her meekness will triumph over him.

One of her greatest trials occurs when she is to be torn from her twin-children, the scene being rendered more poignant by overhearing the Marquess wish that they had a better nurse than Furio, his creature, to whose custody they have been consigned :—

[*Re*]-*Enter Grissill, stealingly.*

*Gri.* A better nurse ! seek'st thou a better nurse ?  
A better nurse than whom ?

*Fu.* Than you ; away !

*Gri.* I am their mother : I must not away.  
Look, look, good Furio ; look, they smile on me :  
I know, poor hearts, they fear to smile on thee.  
I prithee, let me have them.

*Fu.* Touch them not.

*Gri.* I prithee, let me touch them.

*Fu.* No : hands off !

*Gri.* I prithee, gentle Furio, let me kiss them.

*Fu.* Not one kiss for a king's crown.

*Gri.* Must I not kiss my babes ? must I not touch them ?  
Alas ! what sin so vile hath Grissill done,  
That thus she should be vexed ? not kiss my infants !  
Who taught thee to be cruel, gentle churl ?  
What must thou do with them ?

*Fu.* Get them a nurse.

*Gri.* A nurse? alack, what nurse? where must she dwell?

*Fu.* I must not tell you—till I know myself.

*Gri.* For God's sake, who must nurse them? do but name her,  
And I will swear those fiery eyes do smile,  
And I will swear that which none else will swear,  
That thy grim brows do mercy's livery wear.

*Fu.* Chuse you.

[*Re*]-Enter Marquess, standing aside.

*Gri.* Oh, God! oh, God! might Grissill have her choice,  
My babes should not be scar'd with thy devil's voice!  
Thou get a nurse for them? they can abide  
To taste no milk but mine. Come, come, I'll chide,  
In faith, you cruel man, I'll chide indeed,  
If I grow angry.

*Fu.* Do, do: I care not.

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] To chide and curse thy lord thou hast more need.

*Gri.* Wilt thou not tell me who shall be their nurse?

*Fu.* No.

*Gri.* Wilt thou not let me kiss them?

*Fu.* No, I say.

*Gri.* I prithee let my tears, my bow'd knees,  
Bend thy obdurate heart. See, here's a fountain  
Which heaven into this alabaster bowels  
Instill'd to nourish them: man, they'll cry,  
And blame thee that this runs so lavishly.  
Here's milk for both my babes—two breasts for two.

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] Poor babes! I weep to see what wrong I do.

*Gri.* I pray thee let them suck. I am almost meet  
To play their nurse; they'll smile, and say 'tis sweet  
Which streams from hence. If thou dost bear them hence,  
My angry breasts will swell, and as mine eyes  
Let fall salt drops, with these white nectar tears  
They will be mix'd, this sweet will then be brine.  
They'll cry; I'll chide, and say the sin is thine.

*Fu.* Mine arms ache mightily, and my heart aches.

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] And so doth mine. Sweet sounds this discord  
makes.

*Fu.* Here, Madam, take one: I am weary of both. Touch it, and  
kiss it too, it's a sweet child.—[*Aside.*] I would I were rid of my  
misery, for I shall drown my heart with my tears, that fall inward.

*Gri.* Oh, this is gently done! this is my boy,  
My first-born care; thy feet that ne'er felt ground,  
Have travell'd longest in this land of woe,  
This world's wilderness, and hast most need  
Of my most comfort. Oh, I thank thee, Furio:  
I knew I should transform thee with my tears,  
And melt thy adamant heart like wax.  
What wrong shall these have to be ta'en from me!

Mildly entreat their nurse to touch them mildly,  
 For my soul tells me, that my honoured lord  
 Does but to try poor Grissill's constancy.  
 He's full of mercy, justice, full of love.

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] My cheeks do glow with shame to hear her speak.  
 Should I not weep for joy, my heart would break,  
 And yet a little more I'll stretch my trial.

Accordingly the cruel and self-inflicting man stretches the trial:—

*Mar.* Away with her, I say.

*Gri.* Away, away?

Nothing but that cold comfort? we'll obey.  
 Heaven smile upon my Lord with gracious eye.

*Mar.* Drive her hence, Lepido.

*Lep.* Good madam, hence.

*Gri.* Thus tyranny oppresses innocence.  
 Thy looks seem heavy, but thy heart is light,  
 For villains laugh when wrong oppresses right.

[*She runs to the Marquess.*]

Must we be driven hence? Oh, see, my lord,  
 Sweet pretty fools, they both smiled at that word;  
 They smile, as who should say indeed, indeed,  
 Your tongue cries hence, but your heart's not agreed.  
 Can you thus part from them? in truth, I know,  
 Your true love cannot let these infants go.

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] She'll triumph over me, do what I can.

[*He turns from her.*]

*Mar.* Good madam, hence.

*Gri.* Oh, send one gracious smile  
 Before we leave this place: turn not away;  
 Do but look back; let us but once more see  
 Those eyes, whose beams shall breathe new souls in three.  
 It is enough: now we'll depart in joy.—  
 Nay, be not you so cruel: should you two  
 Be thus driven hence, trust me, I'd pity you.

Grissill has a brother, a poor scholar, Laureo by name, who thus characterises the Marquess, and is answered in turn by his father:—

*Lau.* Call him not merciful; his tyranny  
 Exceeds the most inhuman.

*Jan.* Peace, my son.

I thought by learning thou hadst been made wise;  
 But I perceive it puffeth up thy soul:  
 Thou tak'st a pleasure to be counted just;  
 And kick against the faults of mighty men.  
 Oh, 'tis in vain! the earth may even as well  
 Challenge the potter to be partial  
 For forming it to sundry offices.



Alas, the error of ambitious fools !  
 How frail are all their thoughts, how faint, how weak !  
 Those that do strive to jostle with the great,  
 Are certain to be bruise'd, or soon to break.  
 Come, come ; mell with our osiers : here let's rest ;  
 This is old homely home, and that's still best.

Let us now follow the heroine as she enters her father's lowly home :—

*Gri.* He gave me gentle language, kiss'd my cheek ;  
 For God's sake, therefore, speak not ill of him.  
 Tears trickling from his eyes, and sorrow's hand  
 Stopping his mouth, thus did he bid adieu,  
 Whilst many a deep-fetch'd sigh from his breast flew :  
 Therefore, for God's sake, speak not ill of him.  
 Good lord ! how many a kiss he gave my babes,  
 And with wet eyes bade me be patient ;  
 And, by my truth (if I have any truth)  
 I came from court more quiet and content,  
 By many a thousand part, than when I went ;  
 Therefore, for God's love, speak not ill of him.

*Lau.* Oh, vile dejection of too base a soul !  
 Hast thou beheld the paradise of court,  
 Fed of rich several meats, bath'd in sweet streams,  
 Slept on the bed of pleasure, sat enthron'd,  
 Whilst troops, as saint-like, have adored thee,  
 And being now thrown down by violence,  
 Dost thou not envy those that drive thee hence ?

*Gri.* Far be it from my heart from envying my lord  
 In thought, much less either in deed or word.

*Lau.* Then hast thou no true soul ; for I would curse,  
 From the sun's rising to his western fall,  
 The marquess and his flattering minions.

*Gri.* By day and night kind Heaven protect them all !  
 What wrong have they done me ? what hate to you ?  
 Have I not fed upon the prince's cost,  
 Been clothed in rich attires, liv'd on his charge ?  
 Look here : my russet gown is yet unworn,  
 And many a winter more may serve my turn,  
 By the preserving it so many months.  
 My pitcher is unhurt : see it is filled  
 With crystal water of the crisped spring.  
 If you remember, on my wedding day  
 You sent me with this pitcher to the well,  
 And I came empty home, because I met  
 The gracious marquess and his company :  
 Now hath he sent you this cup full of tears.  
 You'll say the comfort's cold : well, be it so,  
 Yet every little comfort helps in woe.

*Jan.* True model of true virtue ! welcome, child.  
 Thou and these tender babes to me are welcome :  
 We'll work to find them food. Come, kiss them soon,  
 And let's forget these wrongs as never done.

And how does she bear up and respond to the perverse tormentor when she is recalled on the pretence of witnessing his second marriage to a young girl, but in truth to be restored to her rights by a loving and admiring husband ? Let the following passage tell :—

*Mar.* How do you like my bride ?

*Gri.* I think her blest  
 To have the love of such a noble lord.

*Mar.* You flatter me.

*Gri.* Indeed, I speak the truth ;  
 Only I prostrately beseech your grace,  
 That you consider of her tender years,  
 Which, as a flower in spring, may soon be nipp'd  
 With the least frost of cold adversity.

*Mar.* Why are not you then nipp'd ? you still seem fresh,  
 As if adversity's cold icy hand  
 Had never laid his fingers on your heart.

*Gri.* IT NEVER TOUCH'D MY HEART : adversity  
 Dwells still with them that dwell with misery,  
 But mild content hath eas'd me of that yoke ;  
 Patience hath born the bruise, and I the stroke.

Such are specimens of a play of the age of Shakspeare and Elizabeth ; or, to speak precisely,—as informed by the date of the memorandum about the pound a piece paid by Henslowe to the three dramatists,—of the year 1599. And who will say that it was unworthy of the mind and the principles of the English drama at the most vigorous period of the muse, when she stepped forth at once full-grown and beautiful,—fresh, symmetrical, and majestic ? We may add that many passages in this right pleasant comedie, and several of the scenes, convey a lively image of the manners of the time ; the principal excellence of the piece, however, being its truthfulness in respect of genuine nature, sterling feeling, and exalted sentiment.

“Tracts relating to Ireland,” the second publication at the head of our paper, present the first transaction of a new Archæological Society, and one that promises to be of very considerable service to Irish history. Indeed we have lately had an opportunity of learning that competent judges belonging to the sister isle congratulate themselves and their country on the evidences of a progressive advance of literature amongst them within the last few years ; and the first fruits of the institution just mentioned give support to the opinion respecting a change so desirable ; which change however, and in no department more signally than that of antiquities, has had

to combat violent party feelings, most preposterous claims of antiquity, and long established prejudices; whereas there must be enough that is really ancient, valuable, and interesting in the archives of the country to satisfy any reasonable national expectations. Decay and ignorance, however, must, corresponding with the progress of time, be making rapid inroads upon such treasures; and therefore any society that cherishes an enlightened enthusiasm and possesses lore and funds adequate to the demand, will confer important benefits by rescuing the relics and embalming them in a form that will be imperishable and accessible. It is understood, indeed, that there repose in several foreign libraries, such as the Imperial Library of Vienna, the Vatican, and the Escorial, exceedingly valuable Irish MSS., carried thither by exiles during the numerous political troubles which have distracted the country; and therefore money, leisure, and talent will be required for the disinterment.

The care and ability displayed in the present volume augur well, and entitle us to look forward with confidence to the publication of a number of works so curious in themselves, and so characteristic, we may add, in regard to the spirit of the editors, as will constitute a striking class in the literature of the British empire. There are two tracts in this first part, and others of like rarity and worth are announced as being in course of preparation. The most rare and precious of the pair dates so far back as 942, being a poem descriptive of an expedition undertaken by a prince to seize or to obtain hostages from a number of the chiefs to be a security for his succession to the monarchy, he being the heir apparent to the kings of Ulster. The bard was attached to the prince's court, and sung his praises as well as recounted his proceedings in the original Irish, which is here published in that form, accompanied by a translation, and illustrated by means of notes and a map. Mr. O'Donovan's historical and local learning renders the edition one of the most informing and entertaining to be met with in the transactions of any antiquarian society; the publication altogether as it now stands conveying many clear and definite notions of the manners and condition of the Irish at a remote period, and when they were still more barbarous than as pictured by Nicander Nucius in his *Travels*, quoted towards the close of our present number.

The other tract is a reprint of a "Description of Ireland made in the year 1589."

This brief and general notice of the first publication of the Irish Archæological Society has been tacked to the "Pleasant Comedie," because the opportunity occurred of inviting attention to another of those clubs whose researches must correct many accepted points of history, enlarge the bounds of sympathy and knowledge, and yield crops of entertainment that will ever find peculiar favour, the mind naturally loving to find a lamp to guide its speculations throughout the past, to trace its union with all time and all former men.

ART. VII.—*On Rheumatism in its various forms ; and on the Affections of Internal Organs, more especially the Heart and Brain, to which it gives rise.* By RODERICK MACLEOD, M.D., Physician to St. George's Hospital. Longman.

A MODEL for medical literature ; enough and nothing more ; lucid, comprehensive, and condensed ; the result of extensive practice, of enlarged reading, and of common-sense corrected and guided by science ; a remarkable specimen of the statistics of medicine ; and enforced by select illustration. We did not expect, when the unassuming volume came to hand, to find a tithe of what it contains of useful and commanding reading. But we shall, before proceeding to notice several of the Doctor's principles and modes of treatment, present a specimen of the work, taking the first chapter for our example, and which will broadly open the path to our abstract of the succeeding sections :—

Rheumatism, in common with other inflammatory affections, is held to be most rife during the winter ; but this, although true in the main, is much less remarkable than with respect to most inflammatory diseases. Dr. Haygarth, who gave considerable attention to the subject, estimates the proportion of cases of rheumatism occurring in summer to those occurring in winter as five to seven ; and I may add, that the attacks during warm weather are frequently quite as severe as those which take place at more inclement seasons of the year. In fact, it would appear that the cause of acute rheumatism is not to be sought for so much in any abstract degree of cold, as in atmospheric vicissitudes ; so that exposure to the cool air of an evening which follows a hot day, is often sufficient to produce an attack of acute rheumatism, particularly if the atmosphere has become charged with moisture. Some, indeed, have supposed that other agents besides cold and moisture come into operation, and that malaria gives noxious energy to the influence of the air ; but when we consider that rheumatism occurs under almost every variety of situation,—often, certainly, where there is no reason to suppose any malaria to exist,—and when we see it immediately following the application of cold and moisture, without the concurrence of any other obvious circumstance, it appears to me quite unnecessary to have recourse to other causes, the very existence of which is in many cases entirely hypothetical.

But it has further been supposed that, in order to produce rheumatism, some peculiar state of the individual—some constitutional predisposition—was required. In reference to this we may say, that whatever considerably reduces the general tone and vigour of the body, renders the individual more liable to rheumatism, but not apparently to a greater degree than with respect to other inflammatory attacks ; the constitutional change being that of a diminished power of resisting disease in general—not rheumatism in particular. There are, however, two circumstances which enable us to know that one individual is more liable than another to rheumatism : the

first is, his being descended of parents who have suffered from the disease ; and the second is, he himself having had it before.

With regard to the hereditary peculiarity which causes this proneness to rheumatism, although we may be at a loss to point out in what it consists, its existence, I think, admits not of doubt : indeed, it is stated by Chomel, as the result of specific investigation on this point, that of a large number of patients treated by him at La Charité for rheumatism, not less than one-half were the offspring of rheumatic parents.

Having suffered from rheumatism once, gives but too great a probability of suffering from it again ; and it will rarely be found that an individual who has had rheumatic fever, lives many years without experiencing its recurrence : so that many persons suffer from the acute form of rheumatism several times in the course of a few years,—while with respect to the chronic form, we meet with some subjects in whom this disease in a greater or less degree is scarcely ever entirely absent. I know no certain indication of an individual having what may be called the rheumatic diathesis, except the disease having manifested itself ; nor is it easy to conjecture in what that peculiarity of his organization consists, which, in the first instance, gives to one man a greater liability than another to become affected with rheumatism. But after it has once displayed itself, it requires no great stretch of imagination to conceive such change to take place, either in the physical condition or in the mode of action in the part attacked, as shall leave behind it a permanent disposition to resume the rheumatic state,—just as we observe that one who has had cynanche tonsillaris, or almost any other inflammation, is prone to have a recurrence of such disease.

Rheumatism in its acute forms is more prevalent among men than women ; but I think the difference in this respect is not greater than the circumstance of the latter being less exposed to its exciting causes is sufficient to explain, without supposing any innate difference in the relative degrees of constitutional predisposition.

The early period of adult age is that at which the greatest number of cases of rheumatic fever present themselves ; and here also it is probable that the circumstances above alluded to,—I mean the greater exposure to the exciting causes,—may have some influence in producing the result. Probably two-thirds of the patients are between fifteen and thirty ; but it is also met with in infancy, and I have repeatedly seen it in children of five or six years of age ; while I have still oftener had patients with disease of the heart resulting from acute rheumatism, which had affected them in infancy. As we advance in life, the liability to the disease in the form of rheumatic fever diminishes ; and it is comparatively rare after fifty. There is, however, a considerable difference as to the frequency of different kinds of rheumatism at different periods of life ; and the preceding remarks are to be regarded as most applicable to rheumatic fever, and least so to arthritic rheumatism, which more frequently attacks those beyond the middle period of life than the younger and more robust.

Rheumatism is a disease which has its chief, and some have even supposed its exclusive, seat in the fibrous textures ; and there can be no doubt but that here, as in other cases, the organization of the part affected has great influence over the phenomena which result. The kind of tissue

alluded to occupies a very large extent of surface in the human body : it nearly sheathes the limbs,—it constitutes ligaments which knit the joints together,—it forms sacs, which envelop the brain, the heart, and many of the glands,—it is gathered into the cords called tendons, and these are continuous with the periosteum or fibrous covering of the bones.

It seems to be a favourite conceit with anatomists, that certain textures in one part of the body are in some manner dependent for their formation on a similar texture in some other part ; and in conformity with this idea they have endeavoured to trace some common source whence the fibrous tissues derive their origin. Bichat placed their common centre in the periosteum, while Clarus has more recently assumed it to reside in the membrane investing the muscles. Extended as is the "centre" adopted by each of these authorities, great difficulty is found in bringing all the fibrous tissues within the circle ; for example, it requires no inconsiderable faith to believe that the sclerotic coat of the eye is but a prolongation of the dura mater, or that the tunica albuginea is but an expansion of certain fibres reaching the testis in the sheathing of its vessels.

But as it has long been orthodox belief, that inflammation spreads by continuity of surface, so it has been thought of importance to ascertain the route by which external diseases of inflammatory nature sometimes affect internal parts—as rheumatism, for example, does the heart. Now the pericardium has been supposed to maintain its connexion with the external parts either by means of the diaphragm, with which it is continuous at its apex, or through a prolongation of fascia covering the great vessels of the neck. This last idea has been especially dwelt upon by Dr. Godman, of Philadelphia, who informs us, that "however singular it may appear that this arrangement should not have been discovered until this time, it is by no means as singular as that anatomists during so long a time should have remained contented to believe that a *serous* membrane like the pleura could form a strong *fibrous* membrane like the pericardium." From these expressions it is evident that the learned professor is perfectly "contented to believe" that the bag which contains the heart is dependent for its formation upon the fascia superficialis of the neck. It is curious to observe a very intelligent physician in this country (Dr. Brown, of Sunderland) quoting this supposed connexion as tending to explain the frequency of the affection of the pericardium in rheumatism ; although it be notorious to every practitioner who has attended to this disease, that the throat, whence the disease is assumed to spread, is but rarely affected with it, while pericarditis is of very frequent occurrence simultaneously with rheumatism of distant parts, and where all idea of its having spread by continuity of surface is entirely out of the question.

But although this attempt to establish the existence of an unity among all the analogous membranes of the body be little more than a mere exercise of the fancy, it is very different when we come to investigate the peculiarities which mark those structures in particular parts, and which give character to their diseases.

Fibrous membranes are simple or compound. The former division includes *ligaments* and *fascia*, *aponeurosis*, *periosteum*, and *perichondrium*,—varieties which differ in thickness and density, but possess the common

properties of being fibrous, resistant, white, more or less resplendent, insensible in their healthy state, having few vessels, and scarcely any nerves which can be demonstrated. Tendons and ligaments are made up of the same tissue, only modified by the arrangement of their fibres into bundles.

The compound fibrous membranes are those which are united with a different tissue—as the serous, examples of which are presented by the pericardium, the dura mater, and tunica albuginea, and which are therefore called *fibro-serous* membranes. In the nostrils and mouth, the fibrous and mucous tissues are compounded: and in the air-passages and the ear we find an union with cartilage. In the form of inflammation, however, to which I wish more particularly to direct attention, the textures most frequently affected are the fibrous and fibro-serous, the aponeurotic expansions which cover the muscles, the periosteum, and the fibrous covering of the nerves. But the disease undergoes important modifications, according as one or other of these textures happens to be its seat: and in fact rheumatism presents itself under such a variety of different forms, that it is difficult or impossible to give any definition which shall convey an idea of the disease at once comprehensive and correct.

The symptom most general and most dwelt upon is pain; but this may be absent when the case is chronic, and the part at rest. Nay, rheumatic inflammation of the most acute nature may be present without the part affected being complained of, and this, too, though it be constantly in motion; for when the disease attacks the heart, it sometimes runs on to a fatal termination, without any pain having been referred to the chest. In one the disease is transient, in another persistent; in one it endures long, without giving rise to any organic change; in another it speedily produces such change of structure as proves rapidly fatal, or leads to protracted suffering, and more distant but not less certain destruction.

Without for the present taking into account the forms of rheumatism which affect the internal organs, and without including some of the rarer external varieties, we may enumerate the following as well marked, generally distinguishable from each other, and requiring considerable differences in their modes of treatment.

1. The patient may be attacked with pain in one or more joints, with tumefaction and redness, spreading to a greater or less extent over the surrounding parts. The swelling is here external to the joint, the hollows and protuberances about which are obscured, apparently by effusion into the cellular tissue. In this form the disease rapidly shifts its seat, and it is accompanied by acute inflammatory fever.

2. In another case the joints likewise are affected, but in a different manner from the preceding. The pain is more limited, and the swelling evidently depends upon effusion into the capsule, which is seen to bulge at those points where the surrounding ligaments present least resistance. The bursæ of the tendons are also frequently implicated, and become distended by an increased effusion of their lubricating fluid. In this form of the disease there is less redness, and usually less violent fever, than in the preceding.

The great practical distinction between these two forms I believe to have

been first made by Dr. Chambers: certainly others, who have not always remembered the original source of their information, were, like myself, first taught to make the distinction systematically, when following his practice at St. George's Hospital.

3. In a third form of rheumatism the pain is chiefly referred to parts intermediate between the joints, and seems to be seated in the muscles or their aponeurotic coverings. Here the pain, though it may be exquisite on the slightest movement, is not unfrequently entirely absent when the parts are quiescent: and here, too, there is often little or no constitutional disturbance.

4. In a fourth variety the disease affects the coverings of certain bones, especially those which are but slightly protected by integument—such as the shin, the ulna, or the cranium: and under such circumstances there are often spots and patches more painful than the rest, tender to the touch, and elevated into nodes.

5. Lastly, the pain sometimes follows the course of particular nerves, more especially those of the lower extremities, and is occasionally confined to a narrow line, which the patient can trace with his finger. In such cases the power of moving the limb is occasionally affected to a greater or less extent.

Now although all these be usually classed together under the general appellation of rheumatism, they are affections so different in their phenomena and treatment, that it is impossible for them to be understood, either theoretically or practically, unless the distinctions alluded to be borne in mind; and without assuming that the textures specified are exclusively affected, or that the names are altogether free from objection, we shall proceed to speak of them as *Rheumatic Fever*, the *Arthritic* or *Capular*, the *Chronic* or *Muscular*, the *Neuralgic* and the *Periosteal* forms of rheumatism.

Perhaps the most striking feature in Dr. Macleod's system of treatment, amounting to methods if not quite original at least the reverse of vulgar, is to follow the plan which nature appears to point out, extending his trials over a wide field of experiment, keeping a minute and accurate record of each case, and having recourse to dissection in cases of death, in order to ascertain the morbid anatomical condition of parts affected, such as the joints, the heart, the brain, &c.

Our readers have already seen into what varieties Dr. Macleod divides the disease, there being a confusion in the arrangement, or a want of specific description in most medical works on the subject. Another feature in his work is the opinion expressed with regard to the origin of the malady, the Doctor attributing it to atmospheric vicissitudes, rather than to cold. Indeed, by some authorities it is said to occur more frequently in summer than in winter. The pain, which varies very much in degree, is most severe at night. Men are more subject to it than the other sex; and our author agrees with those who maintain that it very frequently arises from a pre-



disposition of a constitutional character. The poor are much afflicted by this disease ; and it prevails during youth.

Allusion has been made to the statistical character of Dr. Macleod's book. And yet he does not think that there is any disease presenting such ample opportunities for observing all its phenomena, with respect to which so much difference of treatment is pursued. His conviction is, that it has been too much separated from other inflammations : and that in its acute form it is amenable to the same laws as most inflammatory disorders. He recommends free blood-letting in the earlier stages of the acute form ; and he knows of no local remedies which afford any relief except the application of leeches, but with several cautions. It is for the professional reader, however, to attend to his remedial details ; our business is merely to point out a few of the more remarkable facts mentioned by the Doctor, or the opinions advanced by him. For example, he says that by far the most common, as well as the most important, complication of rheumatic fever is an affection of the heart ; a doctrine which has long obtained in this country, and yet but recently understood in France. The symptoms which mark an attack of the heart by rheumatic inflammation are divided by the Doctor into those immediately connected with the organ itself, and those manifested by other parts ; that is, into the local and general phenomena. Pain is the most common of the former kind ; and yet it may be the most fallacious test, because it is sometimes entirely absent in the most formidable cases ; or, it may be, a dull, heavy, burning uneasiness ; although more generally it is of a character intermediate between these,—that is, the pain is rather acute, but neither so sharp, nor so much aggravated by inspiration, as it is in pleuritis. Other local phenomena are particularized. With regard to the general symptoms which indicate that the heart has become implicated, the most striking is the aspect of the patient. " I venture," continues the Doctor, " to say there is no observant practitioner who has not had occasion, on going into the wards of an hospital, to stop at once on coming to a rheumatic patient whom he may have seen the day before apparently doing well, and proceed to examine the heart with the conviction on his mind, before he has asked a single question, or applied his stethoscope, that carditis has supervened in the interval. This is one of the many instances in which the eye can detect what the pen cannot express. The system has taken the alarm at the new inroad of the malady." But the Doctor observes that there is one peculiar train of phenomena which may tend to divert the attention from the real seat of mischief. The expression of the patient which attends rheumatism of the heart sometimes passes " into the anxiety of delirium, or the wildness of insanity ;" and in all the cases with which our author is acquainted, when rheumatism of the heart " has been attended by

symptoms of inflammation of the membranes of the brain, the patients have died, and the encephalon has been found intact, or at least without any unequivocal evidence of inflammation." A variety of cases are quoted in point; the illustrations being chiefly taken from what has occurred under the author's care in St. George's Hospital, and preserved in the public records of the institution, extending from March 1833 to October 1841. Indeed the tables of cases, and the inferences drawn from three hundred and eighty-seven of Fibrous, Capsular, and Muscular Rheumatism, and from fifty-two cases of Rheumatic Pericarditis, must recommend the present volume to every medical practitioner. Ere concluding, the Doctor states that he has described the different kinds of the disease according to the forms and characters which he has by far most frequently seen it assume. The last paragraph of the work regards the use of prophylactic means against the malady which are in the power of the patient himself; viz., to wear chamois leather next to the skin, and to apply the flesh-brush diligently night and morning. These preventive expedients, Dr. Macleod says, are the most efficient; presuming that the patient has the sagacity to avoid all unnecessary exposure to atmospheric vicissitudes. "Let his maxim be, to keep the feet dry, and the general surface warm without being overheated."

We have now, without pretending to be able to give a medical review of this unaffected and valuable volume, shown and said what we hope will add to its circulation among general as well as professional readers; seeing that it is one of the most satisfactory works, in regard of merit and manner, upon one of the most direful classes of ailments which flesh is heir to. It requires nothing beyond a popular knowledge to perceive that in respect of facts, arrangement, and conclusions, an abler treatise has seldom been written. We repeat, that it is a model in the department of medical literature.

ART. VIII.—1. *Henry De Pomeroy; or, the Eve of St. John; a Legend of Cornwall and Devon.* By MRS. BRAY. Bentley.

2. *Rambling Recollections of a Soldier of Fortune.* By W. H. MAXWELL Longman.

3. *Julian; or, Scenes in Judea.* Wiley and Putnam.

It would not be easy, even in the wide field for prose fiction, to point out three works that differ more in respect of subject, texture, and manner than these. Of course not one of them calls for any detailed criticism. A few slight introductory observations must suffice, with such samples as may suit our available space.

It will readily be believed by those who are acquainted with

Mrs. Bray's numerous works, that *Henry De Pomeroy*, being called a legend, is one of those romances which deals largely in local traditions, and is made the vehicle of numerous antiquarian sketches, sometimes rising to the importance of historical details.

It appears that in the vicinity of Totness, Devonshire, there are the ruins of a castle named *Berry Pomeroy*, which was possessed by a baron in the spirit-stirring times of Richard the First. This castle stood on the verge of a precipice, over which, according to a country-side tradition, he was dashed to pieces. There is also a tradition in Cornwall that a lady making her escape from a monastery on the Mount of St. Michael, was washed by the tide from her steed and perished. These two stories are combined in the way which the author considered most convenient for her purpose, which seems rather to have been for interweaving her antiquarian lore, and of exhausting her enthusiasm in ransacking an age long gone by, especially relative to the manners which then prevailed, and the events which took place in the districts most familiar to her, than to construct a romance. As a romantic tale, *Henry De Pomeroy* is not a favourite of ours. It is indeed questionable whether Mrs. Bray is capable of composing a cunningly contrived story of the regular length that will naturally, in the course of its development, tell us all that she wishes to make known. The legend in the present volumes, in fact, occupies but a minor portion of them, and therefore, as a romance, wants vitality, compactness, and fulness. Neither is the nature of the fiction, that is, its plot, to us agreeable. Much of it hinges upon an incestuous connexion, although the parties are unconscious of the fatal circumstance. On the other hand, the power displayed in developing the workings of the human mind in particular conditions and circumstances, the graceful ease and simplicity of the writing, like that of an expert chronicler, and the spirit thoroughly imbued with the customs which prevailed in the West of England at the period of crusading fanaticism, all unite to entertain and to instruct the reader. Whether the subject be the character of a bishop, or a baron, monastic or secular, feasting or fighting in feudal times, Mrs. Bray is equally at home. We now quote; and first present a touching account of a widow and her son:—

"Oh! there is no being brave with God, when he visits," said Wulfred; "for God it was, and no evil spirit, I am assured by what followed, who thus shook me when I thought upon my sins. Amongst the greatest was disobedience—disobedience to a poor, lone, widowed mother. She was a cotter of my Lord Oswy, and I was his serf. It was my duty to labour on my lord's land, and to work in the spot of ground that was beside her dwelling. I was all the world to her; and yet, without being forced to do so by my chief, I left her, and my peaceable way of life, to join the folk at the castle, as bearing a cross-bow seemed to me more manly than

to handle a spade. I thought not of my mother's grey hairs, nor of her loneliness, when I left her bereft of all comfort, to follow your grandsire."

"But she was well-cared for," said Cædmon. "I have heard that the generous Oswy never left his poor cotters to want bread. She must, then, have been cared for."

"Ay, that she was," said Wulfred; "and the last care was soon shown for her; for she never held up her head after I deserted her. She remained in the same poor cottage, mourning and pining, like a bird that droops rather than lives in the same nest, when its young ones have been carried away from it. She had, however, soon no more need of me, nor of anything else; for she broke her heart with sorrow—sighed herself out of life, and sunk down to her last sleep as quiet as a child to its rest; leaving to me to feel, in due season, as I deserved to feel, all the pangs of her dying. I am even now as I was when I lay sick on my straw, and thought upon these things." Wulfred wiped his sleeve across his eyes, whose tears showed how young the old could be in feeling, when looking back on past times. At length he recovered in some degree his resolution, and thus continued his tale:—"How I thought of my poor mother, and how I was punished for my disobedience to her, you may well suppose, gentle Cædmon, from what I have said of the sufferings of my prison. Hour after hour I lay on my straw, and thought of her till I could fancy I could see her; see her with the tears in her eyes, and hear her as, with words and tones that made my heart sick to recall them, she begged me to stay with her, and not to go as a cross-bowman to the castle, since my lord would not compel me to do so. And then I thought how hard-hearted I had been, and hated myself for it. And I could see her of an evening, in my fancy, as she used to sit at her cottage-door, plying her needles of bone, to make me, her thaukless son, a bonnet or hose. And I seemed, as I thus looked at her in my mind, to sit once more by her side, and to listen to her affectionate words, as she would call me the joy of her heart—a joy that broke her heart at the last; and I could see her, I thought, and the very woodbine and roses that grew round the door of her dwelling; and then would I weep to think that now no flower bloomed for her but what was on her grave."

This is on the marriages of the Romish clergy, and is curious:—

In the early part of the twelfth century, during the Archbishopric of Anselm, the severest canons had been made in the Councils of Westminster against the marriage of the clergy. But these were so indifferently observed, that others of a yet more severe nature were enacted, whereby all priests were enjoined to put away their wives, and never after to see or speak with them, except on occasions of great necessity, in the presence of two or more witnesses. These laws, however, being found insufficient to prevent the supposed offence, the Church turned her fury principally against the women, as the weaker party concerned in the crime, and therefore the more easily to be subdued; consequently, any woman who should be induced to commit the offence of marrying a secular priest became subject to punishment, the same as an adulteress; no difference was made, no mitigation. But feelings of natural affection were stronger than all the

canons instituted for their suppression ; and so much did the clergy continue to marry, that at last the Church, despairing by her own authority to prevent the evil, insisted on the King's putting in force the laws against it. The Monarch, however, who was expected to enforce these severe penalties, (Henry the Second,) was, perhaps, too conscious of his own frailties in respect to the weaker sex, to feel much interest in the matter of their chastisement. And not liking, may be, to be too hard upon those whom God had joined together in matrimony if holy or unholy, and at the same time not altogether wishing to be at cross-purposes with the Church, he went exactly half-way between both parties ; and thinking that a good sum paid down, as we now pay an impost on forbidden goods, would satisfy canonical justice and put the loves of husbands to the test, (as all priests were at liberty to put away their wives if they did not choose to pay for them,) he contented himself with laying a round sum on the head of every ecclesiastic who had a wife ; a tax which instantly made her, in the literal sense of the word, a very dear thing. And as Richard of the Lion Heart, the successor of Henry, by every possible exaction extorted from and oppressed his subjects to supply his necessities for the holy wars, he privately winked at the custom ; so that any priest, in his time, who could pay on what was called inquisition a good sum into the exchequer, of amercements and fines, was allowed to keep his spouse without fear of molestation ; and at no other rate of annoyance than that of being twitted by a stricter secular than himself, envied by the monks, and looked down upon with scorn by those self-satisfied persons who were righteous over-much, and who severely condemned all sins and affections for which they had in themselves not the slightest inclination ; a race of censurers quite as rife in the nineteenth as in the twelfth century.

Take as the last of our specimens of Mrs. Bray's pictures of the olden time her minute sketch of an abbot's feast :—

Baldwin entered the refectory bare-headed, his arms crossed upon his breast, with an air of modest dignity in his deportment, combined with the ease of one accustomed to high society, who is about to do the honours in his own house. He was attended by several of his chaplains, and four youths ; two were pages of the "digitus," and two of the "covered cup." As he entered, all present rose, and remained standing ; till, after having first saluted the cross, the abbot proceeded to the "digitus" at the side-table, where the pages whose duty it was ministered to him, whilst the prior poured from a silver ewer perfumed water into a basin of like material, and presented to him a napkin to dry his hands after the ceremony of ablution.

This done, he advanced to the head of his own separate table, to which he had invited the archdeacon and Sir Henry de Pomeroy. The prior and sub-prior presided at the long tables appropriated to the monks. On a signal being given, two of the singing chaplains advanced to the foot of the abbot's board, and sang the Latin grace. The grace was led off by a few notes struck by the precentor on an instrument he held in his hand, and used as the moderns do the pitch-pipe in a country-church. This instrument, called a *tabula*, was of bone, ornamented with gold and silver,

in form not unlike the ancient lyre: indeed, the office of precentor or chanter in the monasteries seemed to answer to that of the coryphæus or leader of the choruses in the ancient drama of the Greeks.

On the abbot's table were several loaves of wassal-bread; two of which only were allowed for use, the other four being allotted to the poor. There also stood the orthodox jug of single beer, and the modest half-sextary of small wine: but these humble liquors, though strictly enjoined by rule for an abbot's table, were, like the hundred hob-nails presented in our times to the Lord Mayor of London on the day of his inauguration, a mere ceremony of office, more for show than use. In earlier ages, the being able to count the century of nails proclaimed that the individual chosen for the civic lordship was possessed of sufficient education to enable him to perform the duties of his place; as an alderman who could not tell that two and two made four would never have been deemed efficient to calculate what might be due to the account of justice, when fines, amercements, and penalties, paid down in hard coin, constituted the laws of reparation as well as of punishment in most cases of ordinary offence, and even in some of a criminal nature. But notwithstanding, by the progress of time, the constitution of the realm and the entire state of education have changed in this country, the custom of the hob-nails, though no longer necessary, is still duly observed in the ceremony of making a Lord Mayor. Even so was the jug of weak beer and of still weaker wine retained, as the ancient and ordained potations befitting a lord abbot: but as the indulgence to partake of better things depended solely on his own will, our abbot was content with the mere presence of the humbler liquors, without drawing upon them for use.

Mr. Maxwell's "Rambling Recollections" are much after the manner of his "Stories of Waterloo," and his "Wild Sports of the West;" that is, a series of tales containing spirited narratives of what has had some foundation in his experience, directly or reported,—sometimes tragical, and sometimes amusing. Thus we have the Outcast—the Unknown—the First Steeple-Chase—M'Dermot's Story, which is in the Soldier of Fortune's best Irish manner. There is one considerable drawback to the entertainment which might be derived from these tales, viz., the strong party-feeling which some of them evince. Besides, the sort of frame-work in which they are set,—this being the accidental meeting of several travellers who are storm-bound, and who amuse themselves with spinning long yarns,—is old, and pretty nearly worn out. However, we copy out a specimen, selecting part of the history of Mr. M'Dermot:—

When the militia were disembodied, a number of meritorious soldiers like myself were permitted to exchange the sword for the ploughshare, and become members of that respectable portion of the Connaught community, usually designated "walking gentlemen." My campaign in the gallant Galway had unfitted me for any honest calling—and now, "my occupation gone"—after the hunting-season ended, I tired of the monotony of Kilty-cormack, and the *ennui* of a life of idleness heavily oppressed me. My

father, as a panacea for my complaint, recommended farming ; my mother proposed matrimony ! and the domestic confessor, as in duty bound, averred upon his conscience, that there was no cure for a case like mine but "rum and true religion." To the use of all and every of these remedies, I felt disinclined ; when the opportune arrival of my maternal uncle, Captain O'Flagherty, to spend the Easter holidays, decided my fate. It was after dinner, and I had strolled out into the garden, leaving my honoured parents, their worthy guest, and Father Dennis Boyle, in close divan. My father extracted a fresh cork. "Dick," he said, addressing the gallant captain, "I don't know what the devil to do with Frank. It's a mortal sin to see a strapping fellow like him idling about the stables. I offered him the farm of Durneenin, and to stock it into the bargain—but he won't have it."

"And I wanted him," said my lady-mother, "to marry Judith O'Brien. He can have Judy for the asking : and she has two thousand pounds, and that ready."

"Two hundred a-year when her grandfather hops the twig," added the commander.

"And the devil a soul her uncle has to give a rap to, as every body knows, but her own four bones—and Father Bradley will leave a churnfull of half-crowns behind him," quoth the confessor.

"And what objection can the boy have to the match ?" inquired Captain O'Flagherty.

"He can't abide poor Judy," replied my mamma, "because she has a turn in her left eye."

"Nonsense," said the captain ; "let him always look at her steadily in the right one."

"The family is objectionable," rejoined my sire.

"Her grandfather was a brogue-maker—and her aunt went off with a recruiting sergeant."

"Well, you know that Frank would have no fancy to claim kindred with Father Bradley ; and there's a prejudice against priest's nieces in general. It will never do," observed the captain. "But I have it ; send him to England. He's a tearing-looking fellow—let him but play his cards decently, and he'll bring home an heiress in half a year. Nothing goes down there but an Irishman—and the more brogue the better."

After what is termed in parliamentary language "an animated debate," it was decided that I should proceed directly to the British metropolis, put myself in the way of fortune, and conquest was a matter of course ; while my mother, honest gentlewoman, lost half her night's rest in determining which of "the best bed-rooms her daughter-in-law should occupy—the blue or the buff one." On this excellent errand of fortune-hunting I bade adieu to home, and reached London safely. All was strange to me in that

"Mighty mass of brick, and stone, and shipping."

I took lodgings in a private street near Russell-square ; and spent—as fresh ones generally do—a whole week in looking for and at "the lions." Before I had occupied my quarters many days, I could not avoid noticing the marked attention with which my movements were observed by a stout

gentlewoman, my opposite neighbour. I inquired from my hostess who was the person under whose *surveillance* I found myself; and learned that she was the widow of a tradesman, and had been left extremely wealthy, to the great annoyance of his kindred, even to the third and fourth generations. They had disputed the validity of the will; failed in the attempt; incurred the eternal displeasure of the dowager; and lost every hope of inheriting a sixpence from the irritated relict of the departed sugar-boiler. A month passed: no heiress presented herself; and all I had to comfort me was the increased admiration of my fat friend and neighbour, Mrs. Green. The Ascot meeting came, and thither, of course, I hastened; for there beauty would be found—and to one so deep in the arcana of the turf as I, the trip, no doubt, would prove as profitable as pleasant. The week passed over on which I made my *début*; and its history shall be a brief one. Of my favourites one fell—the other was hounded; and on the wind-up, I found myself a “cleaned-out man,” and master of a solitary guinea! Never was an Irish gentleman in more uncharitable temper with the human race than myself, as I crossed Russell-square on the way to my own domicile. It was evening, and I remarked a young lady issue from a house, leading a Blenheim spaniel in a ribbon leash. She was scarcely twenty yards before me, when a vulgar, over-dressed fellow accosted her, to her evident annoyance. The lady quickened her pace, and so did her persecutor. He whispered something, and she averted her head; but with intolerable impudence, the fellow seized the ribbon and took possession of the favourite. I hurried up. The girl, with tears running down her pretty face, was vainly remonstrating with the scoundrel; but I took a shorter and more successful method,—kicked him off the pathway, restored the spaniel to his mistress, and offered my protection, which was promptly and gratefully accepted. We traversed several streets, and stopped at a handsome residence, which the lady informed me was her father's. She thanked me, and bade me good evening. A footman admitted her; the door closed,—I lingered for a minute—ascertained the number of the house,—and read upon a brass plate the name of “Mr. Selwyn.” As I walked home, my head was in a whirlwind—one while brooding over my losses, at another dreaming of the pretty girl and her dog. I threw myself on the sofa, and commenced castle-building, when my reveries were broken by the maid, who handed me a sealed note. I opened it. For the life of me I could not but laugh—it was an invitation to tea, from Mrs. Green, the stout gentlewoman opposite. Should I accept it? Pshaw! the thing was too ridiculous. She was older than my mother. I hesitated—that evening I had nothing to do—hang it! it would kill time for an hour. I took my hat, crossed the street, and found myself in the presence of the sugar-boiler's widow. Mrs. Green was a comely dowager, now falling rapidly into flesh and years, but who no doubt some twenty summers since was of that class of vulgar beauty that one so frequently meets within the sound of Bow bells. She was as much over-dressed as her drawing-room was over-furnished. I was introduced by a piquant and pretty looking spider-brusher to her presence; and, for some minutes, I never saw a hostess and her guest more grievously embarrassed than the widow and myself. I shall abridge the interview. Mrs. Green recovered her



self-possession first, and came at once to business. She had four hundred pounds a year; ten thousand pounds in the three per cents; her house was freehold; and all was in her own power, to dispose of as she pleased. "She was a lone woman, God help her! her relatives were worthless and undutiful—she wanted a husband and an heir—and the *finale* was, that her hand and fortune were at my disposal." Odds wrinkles! here was a confession! What the devil was I to say or do? I stammered out my thanks, told the old story, not a marrying man—but of course, eternally obliged by the preference—took a polite leave of the dowager, and kissed the maid as she let me out. When I found myself in my own apartments, I could not but smile at the singularity of the matrimonial proposition I had received. Here, indeed, were a wife and fortune, and both unconditionally offered. I fancied the astonishment that the production of such a consort would create at home; smiled at its gross absurdity; and yet, before three suns set, Mrs. Green had legally become Mrs. M'Dermot.

Julian; or, Scenes in Judea, is by the author of Letters from Palmyra and Rome, an American writer. He has fallen upon the not unhappy idea of depicting interesting periods in ancient history by means of imaginary characters and fancied occurrences; both kinds of machinery, however, being kept as closely as possible in accordance with what we read in authentic narratives, whether this belongs to epochs in national annals and revolutions, or what relates to social condition and manners. The author of Julian manages all this with very considerable verisimilitude as regards character, modes of thought, scenery, costume, and other significant features of the period selected. In the present instance, with a degree of probability he has introduced the era of John the Baptist and of a Greater than he; carrying us not only to Rome but through Palestine; bringing before us historical personages, the intrigues of the enemies of truth and the haters of divinely commissioned beings; attempting to portray the speculations that occurred with regard to the miracles which were worked and the doctrines taught; and describing the conversions as well as the enmities which resulted. We are conducted to the more prominent events in our Saviour's life; there being a hint with regard to the Resurrection to be used for a sequel to the two volumes before us, which bring us to Passion Week.

We do not at all enter upon the question whether the life of Christ can safely and reverently be made the theme of fiction—of romance; but we may state that the author of Julian has generally shown not only an intimate knowledge of the narratives in the New Testament, availing himself also of profane sources of information, but has with better success than we could have anticipated impressed solemn and lofty ideas of the Saviour. It is impossible by any fragments of the work to illustrate the manner in which this has been

accomplished. We shall merely therefore, after this vague notice of a remarkable fiction, present a sample of the author's pencil delineations, Jerusalem being the scene:—

Mount Moriah, crowned with its Temple, rising from the vast supporting walls that form a part of the hill on which it stands, Mount Sion with its shining palaces, Acra and Bazetha, the heavy walls of the city girding it about, with their gate-ways and frequent towers—all lay before me, a vision of greatness and beauty not surpassed by any other I had ever beheld. The vast assemblage of temple, palace, and dwelling, with the swarming populace and all the thousand signs of overflowing and active life, struck the mind the more impressively too from standing, as it all did, in the midst of surrounding hills, whose bare and rugged tops and sides gave no token of aught but sterility and death. The eye beheld nothing upon them but flocks of sheep among the grey rocks, hardly to be distinguished from the rocks themselves, and so only adding one more to the other features of desolation. Another scene was, however, presented by fertile valleys at their feet thickly inhabited, their olive orchards, and their vineyards creeping a little way up the barren hill-sides. At the roots of the hill we were upon, and all along upon the banks of the Kedron, the white, pointed tents of strangers and travellers were visible, who had, like ourselves, come thus early to witness the events that should ensue, while the roads leading to the gates of the city, and crossing the plains in all directions, were filled with crowds of those who on horse and on foot, or in vehicles of every various kind, were arriving or departing. Clouds of dust, converted by the rays of the setting sun to a gaudy purple hue, rose and hovered over the whole scene, through which glittered the shining points of polished harness, or the steel trappings of troops of Roman horse as they shot swiftly along.

ART. IX.—*The Local Historian's Table Book.* By M. A. RICHARDSON.  
Groombridge.

WHETHER an expert and erudite antiquary, or not, there is no person, unless he be utterly spoiled by selfishness and morbid affections, but who takes delight in antiquities. It is a love which belongs to human nature,—it is a feature of the romance which is in man. We therefore always hail with cordiality any contribution to our stock of learning in ancient walks, and not the less when it may be among ruins, especially if under the pilotage of any one well read in the locality; and this partiality must account for our returning to Mr. Richardson's *Table Book* of "Remarkable Occurrences, Historical Facts, Traditions, Legendary and Descriptive Ballads, &c. &c., connected with the counties of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, and Durham;" seeing that a very considerable increase of the parts of the work has occurred since we bestowed upon it a short notice.

All the world knows that the Border counties of England and

Scotland must be rich in whatever confers interest upon history. Architecture, poetry, and song; wild adventure and daring exploits; magnanimous character and wonderful devotion; the fate of princes and of realms, are things that must be intimately combined with these districts, the whole having at this day such a halo of antiquity shed around them as renders the region particularly attractive, and only requiring a diligent, enthusiastic, and otherwise competent chronicler or collector to recommend it to the study of all, be they foreigners or natives. By following the history not only chronologically, and giving a compendious series of events from the earliest period at which dates begin, but by alighting at a great variety of places, and culling from every known source, a work of the present kind forcibly instructs with respect to the changes and the developments which have occurred in one of the sections of the world most fertile of facts and indexes. Every spot of the counties in question may be said to teem with historical archives as well as with romantic associations. We proceed to note a few of the facts and also of the feelings that have characterized the sphere traversed by the compiler of the Table Book.

The founding of religious houses will always supply an abundant crop of events and traditions; as will also the erection and fortifying of feudal strongholds. The granting of corporate privileges by royalty for signal services done, and hospitable reception in *progresses*; the legends and ensigns of armorial bearings; together with many other distinctions, are multitudinous in the history of the Border districts. Thus, in the year 1235—"King Henry III. granted a special liberty to the men of Newcastle that no Jew should reside amongst them." It is added that an hundred marks appear to have been paid for this privilege.

Again, the dates when particular articles came to be manufactured, and their prices, are often mentioned, as well as of the produce and working of mines, &c. Wherever records have been found in parish and county registers of remarkable domestic occurrences, of crimes, and the like, these are quoted by Mr. Richardson. There are many entries of people living to an extreme old age. We find amongst a great diversity of curious facts the following, belonging to the years 1684-5. "For carrying 26 quakers to Durham, £2 17s." "Departed this life, John Borrow, (of Durham,) and 'twas reported y' he see a cotch drawn by 6 swine, all black, and a black man satt upon cotch box; he fell sick upon't and dyed, and of his death severall apparitions appeared after." This record naturally directs attention to the superstitions which were wont to be current on the Borders. There were haunted houses, stories about ghosts, and other themes of fear which the custom of both young and old upheld when assembling to watch the dead at night, and to relate anecdotes of terror.

Such stories take local shapes. A headless woman at a particular turn of the road, very probably at the end of a plantation, would jump up behind a rider returning from market, especially if John Barleycorn inspired the farmer or butcher. Though among the Northumbrian peasantry the number is not great of persons who profess to testify, from their own experience of the appearances of ghosts, wraiths—that is, the apparition of a person before death—death-hearses and the like, yet, we are told there are many who continue to believe that such things not only have been, but may still exist. “The troubled spirits which most frequently vexed the upper air, and made night hideous, were those of persons who had been murdered, and of misers who had hidden treasures and failed to discover it before their decease. Persons who mourned with inordinate grief the death of parent, child, husband, wife, or friend, were sometimes visited by the spirit of the departed, and solemnly warned not to disturb the repose of the dead by their unavailing lamentations.” When a person dies amongst the middle classes, it is customary to remove the looking-glass, or to cover it with a white cloth. “The imagination being excited, shadows might in the glass assume the appearance of unearthly forms.”

Some of these customs and fancies may have a local complexion: others of them extend far beyond the north of England; and indeed may be said to have an abode wherever the population is thinly scattered and the country mountainous. One of the most extraordinary superstitious traditions before us is described in verse, namely “The Laidley (a northern corruption for loathly, i. e. loathsome) Worm of Spindleston-heugh. A song about 500 years old, made by the old mountain-bard, Duncan Fraiser, living on Cheviot, A.D. 1270. First printed from an ancient manuscript. By the Rev. Robert Lambe, Vicar of Norham:”—

The king is gone from Bambrough castle,  
 Long may the princess mourn,  
 Long may she stand on the castle wall,  
 Looking for his return.  
 She has knotted the keys upon a string,  
 And with her she has them ta'en,  
 She has cast them o'er her left shoulder,  
 And to the gate she is gane.  
 She tripped out, she tripped in,  
 She tript into the yard;  
 But it was more for the king's sake,  
 Than for the queen's regard.  
 It fell out on a day, the king  
 Brought the queen with him home;  
 And all the lords, in our country,  
 To welcome them did come.

Oh ! welcome father, the lady cries,  
Upon your halls and bowers ;  
And so are you, my step-mother,  
For all that's here is yours.

A lord said, wondering while she spake ;  
This princess of the North  
Surpasses all of female kind  
In beauty, and in worth.

The envious queen replied, at last,  
You might have excepted me ;  
In a few hours I will her bring  
Down to a low degree.

I will her liken to a Laidley worm,  
That warps about the stone,  
And not till Childy Wynd comes back,  
Shall she again be one.

The princess stood at the bower door  
Laughing, who could her blame ?  
But e'er the next day's sun went down,  
A long worm she became.

For seven miles east, and seven miles west,  
And seven miles north, and south,  
No blade of grass or corn could grow,  
So venomous was her mouth.

The milk of seven stately cows,  
(It was costly her to keep,)  
Was brought her daily, which she drank  
Before she went to sleep.

At this day may be seen the cave,  
Which held her folded up,  
And the stone trough, the very same  
Out of which she did sup.

Word went east, and word went west,  
And word is gone over the sea,  
That a Laidley worm in Spindlestone-Heughs  
Would ruin the North Country.

Word went east, and word went west,  
And over the sea did go ;  
The Child of Wynd got wit of it,  
Which filled his heart with woe.

He called straight his merry men all,  
They thirty were and three :  
I wish I were at Spindlestone,  
This desperate worm to see.

Having fallen upon verse, we extract a dirge, with an introductory notice :—

The following beautiful fragment was taken down by the late R. Surtees, of Mainsworth, from the recitation of Anne Douglas, an old woman, who weeded in his garden. It is imperfect, and the words within brackets were inserted by Mr. Surtees, to supply such stanzas as the chantress's memory left defective. The hero of the ditty, if the reciter be correct, was shot to death by nine brothers, whose sister he had seduced, but was afterwards buried, at her request, near their usual place of meeting; which may account for his being laid, not in holy ground, but beside the burn. The name of Barthram, or Bertram, would argue a Northumbrian origin, and there is, or was, a Headless Cross, among many so named, near Elsdon in Northumberland. But the mention of the Nine-Stane Burn, and Nine-Stane Rig, seems to refer to those places in the vicinity of Hermitage Castle, which is countenanced by the mentioning our Lady's Chapel. Perhaps the hero may have been an Englishman, and the Lady a native of Scotland, which renders the catastrophe even more probable.

#### BARTHRAM'S DIRGE.

They shot him dead at the Nine-Stone Rig,  
Besides the Headless Cross,  
And they left him lying in his blood,  
Upon the moor and moss.

\* \* \* \*

They made a bier of the broken bough,  
The sauch of the aspin grey,  
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,  
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,  
And threw her robes aside,  
She tore her ling [long] yellow hair,  
And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bathed him in the Lady-Well  
His wounds so deep and sair,  
And she plaited a garland for his breast,  
And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily-sheet,  
And bare him to his earth,  
[And the Gray Friars sung the dead man's mass,  
As they pass'd the Chapel Garth.]

They buried him at [the mirk] midnight,  
[When the dew fell cold and still.  
When the aspin grey forgot to play,  
And the mist clung to the hill.]

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,  
 By the edge of the Ninestone Burn,  
 And they covered him [o'er with the heather-flower,]  
 The moss and the [Lady] fern.

A Gray Friar staid upon the grave,  
 And sang till the morning tide,  
 And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,  
 While the Headless Cross shall bide.

It is hardly necessary to mention that the English Border counties are full of reminiscences of Scottish invasions; and that the records take every shape,—of lament and triumph,—of rancour and ridicule. We close with "Jockie's Lamentation,"—whose seditious works was the loss of his country and his kirk,—to a stately new Scottish tune. From a Black Letter folio in the British Museum. Contributed by Frederic R. Surtees, Esq., of the Inner Temple:—

These singularly quaint lines though "evil apparelled in the dust cobweb of an uncivil age," are antique and interesting. They allude to the treacherous conduct of the Scottish nation, during the early part of the civil wars of Charles I. and II., and particularly refer to the vengeance taken upon them by Cromwell at the battle of Dunbar, when, having previously profited by their rebellion, he then invaded their country and reduced them to subjection. In that action, which took place in 1650, a full measure of retaliation was given, and it is the pitiful figure of the Scotch there and subsequently, that elicits Jockie's Lamentation, when contrasted with their rapacity in sacking Newcastle, after having stormed it at the conclusion of a two years' siege under Lesley Lord Leven, A. D. 1644. The style of the pasquinade somewhat resembles that of the well known song:—

"Bonny Scot all witness can  
 England has made thee a gentleman," &c.

It may be observed, there is a strong coincidence between the "Lamentation" and the statements of historians, in several little incidents connected with the siege of Newcastle and the battle of Dunbar.

The pilfering of "the suits and silks," for instance, described in the former, exactly tallies with the following extract from Lithgow's inflated account of the storm and siege of Newcastle, published in the "Newcastle Reprints." "Then begun the whole Armie, commanded, and uncommanded (observing king David's ancient rule, that they who stayd with the Baggage, and they that fought in the field, should share the booties alike) to plunder, I say, for twenty-four hours time, being an act of permission although to no great purpose. And why? because the common souldiers being onely able to plunder the common people (although they might have justly stretched their hands further) had for the greatest part of them but small benefite, excepting only household stuff, as bed-cloaths, linnings, Tanned leather, calve skins, men and womens apparell, pans,

pots, and plates, and such like common things." Advert too, to Echard's account of the battle of Dunbar, in his History of England. Cromwell, the night before the action, "having refreshed his men in the Town, and above all things secured his matchlocks against the weather, while his enemies were careless of theirs; early in the morning, being Tuesday the third of Sept., drew out a strong party of horse, and falling on the horse guards made them retire; and if his design was formerly but to have made his way, he now altered it, by this opportunity of the supine security of his enemies. So immediately his bodies both of horse and foot advanced, and without any considerable resistance took the Scots cannon, and entered their camp, where presently there was nothing but noise, tumult and confusion, men running always they knew not whither, the cries and groans of dying men, shouts and loud acclamations of the conquerors, flying, blood and slaughter. All the general officers fled in time, and most of the foot souldiers left their poor souldiers to the mercy of Cromwell; and most of the horse, with the committee and ministers saved themselves, though several of the latter suffered. Three thousand were killed, and nine thousand taken prisoners; fifteen thousand arms, all the artillery and ammunition, with above two hundred colours, fell into the hands of the conquerors, and all with the loss of scarce three hundred English—The prisoners, after the wounded, weak, and those of no value, were set at liberty, were driven like turkeys to Newcastle in England, where about sixteen hundred of them were starved, having nothing to eat but green cabbage leaves and oats in small proportion: the stronger persons, that outlived this diet, were condemned to the sugar mills, and by the English planters transported to the West Indies. So much kindness had Cromwell for his brethren in Scotland."

#### JOCKIE'S LAMENTATION.

When first the Scottish wars began,  
The Englishman did lead the van  
With musket and pike;  
The bonny, blyth, and cunning Scot  
Had laid a plot, but we could not  
Smell out the like.

Although he could neither write nor read,  
Yet general Lesly past the Tweed,  
With his gay gang of blew caps tall,  
Along we march't with our general;  
Newcastle we took all in a trice,  
And thought for to make it our Paradise;  
And then we were gallant and gay,  
For why? we took their pillage away.

Then straight to plundering we did fall  
Of great and small, for we were all  
Most valiant that day;  
And Jenny in her silken gown,  
The best in town from foot to crown,  
Was bonny and gay.



Our suits and our silks did make such a smother,  
That hardly next day we knew one another ;  
For Jockie he was wondrous fine,  
And Jenny in her silks did shine ;  
For there I'se did get me a beaver then,  
But now it is bent to a cap again ;  
For a red coat got every rag,  
That Jockie now and Jenny must bag.

The English raised an army straight,  
With meikle state, and we did wait  
To charge them all :  
Then every valiant musket man  
Put fire in pan, that we began  
Apace to fall.

For when that the powder was touched by the coal,  
Then every man did pay for his poll :  
For the red coat the battle won,  
And Jockie fast to Scotland did run :  
And at Dunbar fight, a weel and a neer,  
For there we were put to a meikle fear :  
They took our guns and silver all,  
And hung up our silks in Westminster Hall.

Full well I wot in Lancashire,  
Our brethren dear did plunder there,  
Both rich and poor :  
Which caused the fury of the north,  
When we set forth to be in wroth,  
And were as sore ;

For when that the red coats had knocked us down,  
The country people in every town  
Did beat Jockie over the face ;  
And was not this a pitiful case ?  
They bid us remember our plundering tricks,  
And thumpt us, and beat us with cudgels and sticks :  
But the deil burn my body and wame,  
If ever I'se gang to England agen.

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- ART. X.—1. *Journal of a Tour in Greece and the Ionian Islands.* By  
WILLIAM MURE, of Caldwell. 2 vols. Blackwood and Sons.  
2. *Excursions in Albania, &c.* By Captain J. BEST, Thirty-fourth Regi-  
ment. Allen.

MR. MURE, a Scotchman, and we believe a member of a distin-  
guished family, appears to have a profound acquaintanceship with  
the ancient classics, and to cherish a particular enthusiasm for those  
of Greece. His volumes not merely prove that he can fluently trans-

late the poets in forcible verse, but that he can give such illustrations as Pope, and even Cowper, entirely overlooked. This he has been enabled to perform in consequence of his classical education, study of Greek antiquities in the works of the principal topographers, and of his own personal investigations during a tour in 1838. He proceeded from Ancona to Corfu; thence he directed his course to Ithaca, which he explored with the *Odyssey* and other guides in his hand or lively recollection. Afterwards he visited the most noted sites and towns of Greece, as well as many of less importance; not only identifying, as he believes, many localities celebrated by Homer and others, but pointing out numerous customs and circumstances alluded to or described by the writers of the heroic age, which are observed to this day, as things inseparable from the country.

It will not be expected that even as a classical tourist our author can communicate much that is really new, after Greece has been so often and minutely explored by scholars and artists. But we are not aware of the existence of any work which gives such a full and instructive view of the intimate relation between the ancient and the modern eras, impressed as his distinct and unaffected account is by plans and graphic illustrations; so that the modesty of the journal matches with the sound ability which it displays. Throughout Mr. Mure has exhibited skill as well as anxiety in comparing present forms and habits with the usages that obtained thousands of years ago; having the manliness and the liberal curiosity to conduct many of his travelling studies while mingling freely with the people; so that his survey, both of the past and the present, may be very generally taken as correct. He has not studied effect by giving bold and broad strokes; preferring accuracy and the exercise of a calm judgment.

But although there be much even in the present condition of Greece which reminded our author of what he had often loved to ponder over in works composed at a heroic period of the country's history, yet there is such decay and demoralization to be almost everywhere and in everything detected, that his view is far from flattering or promising. In many districts the people are regardless of the laws; and the administration is also so imperfect, as seems to indicate that the Bavarian sway will be but of short continuance. Robberies and deeds of sanguinary violence are quite common, to the hindrance, in a great measure, of travelling and commerce. Assassination and plunder sometimes occur in the face of day, and in the presence of numerous witnesses. Nor are such deeds confined to professional brigands altogether. The peasantry in many cases carry on the trade of robbery; thus demonstrating not only how deep is the national degradation, but how wretched the condition of the people. These observations may serve to introduce a few extracts.

With regard to roads, and even a species of railway in ancient Greece Mr. Mure affords some striking notices:—

It is generally supposed, and to a certain extent perhaps with justice, that the Greeks, amid all their advance in abstract science, were comparatively backward in some of the most important and practical arts of civilized life, more especially in all that relates to interior communication by means of roads, bridges, &c. This was indeed in some measure a natural consequence of certain peculiar features, both of the geography of their native land and of their social system. In a country intersected in every direction by the sea, and inhabited by a people partial to a maritime life, the facilities of water-communication would in some degree supersede the necessity of roads on a grand scale, while the lofty mountain-ridges of the interior offered formidable obstacles to their construction. Other difficulties arose from the political subdivision of the Hellenic territory. Even under more favourable circumstances, the combination of numerous small bodies politic, for the purpose of great national undertakings, must always be attended with difficulty. But the interests and prejudices of the petty states into which Greece was separated by these very mountain-ridges, disposed them, perhaps, rather to impede than to facilitate the regular traffic across them. Convenient roads for wheel-carriages through such a country could only be the work of a powerful empire; and even the great undertakings of the Romans seem to have been limited to comparatively level districts. Such routes as those which now lead across the Alps were reserved for the accumulated necessities and more extensive resources of modern civilization.

There are, however, many strong evidences, both of a practical and a speculative nature, that under all these disadvantages this branch of internal economy was, according to the use and fashion of the age, carried, even at the remotest period of antiquity, to a much higher degree of perfection in Greece than has usually been supposed. Travellers have long been in the habit of remarking the frequent occurrence of wheel-ruts in every part of that country, often in the remotest and least frequented mountain-passes, where a horse or mule can now with difficulty find a track. The term *rut* must not here be understood in the sense of a hole or inequality worn by long use and neglect in a level road, but of a groove or channel purposely scooped out at distances adapted to the ordinary span of a carriage, for the purpose of steadying and directing the course of the wheels, and lightening the weight of the draught, on rocky or precipitous ground, in the same manner as the sockets of our railroads. Some of these tracts of stone railway, for such they may in fact be called, are in a good state of preservation, chiefly where excavated in strata of solid rock. Where the nature of the soil was not equally favourable, the level was probably obtained by the addition of flags filling up the inequalities. It seems now to be generally admitted by persons who have turned their attention to the subject, that this was the principle on which the ancient Greek carriage-roads were constructed on ground of this nature.

The next extracts afford an idea of what travelling is in Greece, and of the company as well as the accommodation met with in their

khans; Mr. Mure never losing an occasion to mark those illustrations and vestiges of ancient manners and customs which the classics have made familiar to him:—

The night was chill, and the flames were soon increased by an accumulation of dry pine and olive-branches from the neighbouring forest, to a furnace of terrific heat and power, crackling and blazing most furiously to the very roof-tree of the hovel. This at first afforded much childish diversion to the rest of the circle; but great discomfort to myself, from the excessive heat and dazzling of the flames. I was, besides, in momentary expectation of the khan taking fire, when it would certainly have been burned to the ground—a catastrophe which, with its consequences, would at least have supplied my journal-book with an important adventure. The khanjee, however, with several of his other guests, also soon became alarmed, and took effectual measures to reduce the flames. Each man now pulled out his supper from his wallet, consisting of brown bread, garlic, leeks, preserved olives, and other dried vegetables, with abundance of wine. Every traveller or party carries his supply of liquor, in one or more large round wooden bottles, with flat sides, in form not unlike a lady's flat-sided smelling-bottle, with a short neck or spout at one end, and four little pegs or feet at the other, to admit of its standing upright. Glasses or mugs are dispensed with. The bottle, when common to a party, is handed round, and each sucks his fill from the spout in his turn.

Drunkard, and “bibber of unmixed wine,” which were nearly synonymous terms with the ancient Greeks, appear no longer to be convertible. The practice of diluting with water is now quite obsolete. The narrative proceeds:—

The khanjee is expected to furnish little more than shelter, fireplace, and fuel. The remainder of the entertainment, for either man or horse, forms part of the traveller's baggage. Mine host has, however, generally a limited stock of the customary fare for a case of emergency. The dried olives chiefly belonged to his store; and I seldom failed in obtaining plenty of fresh eggs, or even a fowl from his hen-roost. On the present occasion, as there appeared a deficiency of bread, he set about providing a supply, in a mode which realised to the letter the Scripture account of Sarah's baking. He “took quickly a measure of meal, kneaded it, and made a cake on the hearth.” The loaf he produced was in fact a large round flat cake, or bannock, of about twenty inches in breadth, and three in thickness. When properly kneaded and shaped, it was laid upon the hearth, completely imbedded in a nest of fine embers deadened with ash, and was very soon ready for consumption. This was a common kind of loaf among the ancients, called *Encryphas*, or *Pyriates*, and by other varieties of name in different provinces and dialects.

The conversation became exceedingly animated, although Mr. Mure could not follow it out sufficiently to take part in it:—

Each man had his tale of predatory adventure to relate, in which, doubtless, not a few had been actors, as well as sufferers. From hence they

proceeded to politics at large, and the state and prospects of the country. The principal orators were the barber and his fellow-traveller; the former, more especially, who harangued with surpassing grace and fluency, and with all that air of conceit and authority which both his profession and nation entitled him to assume. His eloquence, though addressed to his antagonist or the company at large, I plainly observed, from his occasional side-glances in my direction, at the moment of his most pompous periods, was chiefly intended to produce an effect on myself. He was a short, slight, compactly built figure, with lively black eyes, a swarthy complexion, and somewhat oriental cast of countenance; dressed, not, like his neighbours, in the white fustanella or philibeg, but in loose jacket and levant trowsers of a dingy olive colour, fastened at the knee round a stocking of the same hue; and as he sat, with his body bolt upright, his head crowned with his little conical skull-cap, and his legs tucked under him, sawing the air with his arms in energetic action, he put one very much in mind of an Indian juggler, or of one of those little squatting bronze idols, representing, I believe, the god Budha, which became common in our mythological cabinets after the last great Birmese war. The Chimariote warrior and Nicóla, who resembled each other a good deal in temper and manner, occasionally hazarded a few laconic or sarcastic remarks, indicating the mixture of amusement and of contempt excited by the garrulity of the Athenian; but scarcely any one of the party ventured formally to enter the lists with the two Attic orators. My Bœotian attendants said little or nothing; but with the characteristic phlegm of their race, turned their eyes from the one speaker to the other, as each took the lead in the argument, with looks, whether of indifference, or of admiration at their eloquence, it was not easy to distinguish; and during the heat of the discussion, their physical wants having been satisfied, they lay down and composed themselves to sleep. As the debate began to flag, their example was followed by the rest of the company. The bed-accommodation consisted partly of rush mats, of which the khan supplied a certain number, its only domestic furniture—partly of their own shaggy goat-skin capotes; while those who affected the luxury of a pillow, used their wallets, corn-sacks, or other articles of luggage best adapted to the purpose.

The mention of each man having his tale of predatory adventure to relate, may be followed up with an account of the systematic practices of the regular banditti of Greece:—

Several curious details respecting the habits of the Greek brigands in their more organized state, were supplied me by some veteran Philhellenes at Argos, from experience furnished in the course of their own military career. Their system of organization is very complete. Each band is distributed into three, or at the most four classes. The first comprehends the chief alone, the second his officers, or more accomplished marauders, the third the remainder of the gang. The booty is distributed into a corresponding number of shares. The chief is entitled to one for himself, and each subdivision of his force to another respectively. As the number of each rank is in the inverse ratio of their merit, the emoluments of the

various members are thus in the proportion of their services. When acting in detached parties, for the more ready communication with each other or with head-quarters, they have a system of signals ; which consists in piling stones in small cairns or pillars, conveying, according to their variety of form and arrangement, or the number of stones employed like the ciphers of our telegraphs, each a different signification to the initiated. When on the march and anxious to observe secrecy in their movements, they are careful never to follow the beaten track for more than a certain distance at a time ; but every two or three miles the whole party strike off at separate tangents into the mountains, and remuster at a preconcerted point on a more advanced stage of their journey. While on the road, they travel in single file, one in front of the other ; and the last two or three of each party drag a bush behind them to efface the mark of their footsteps in the dust. Similar precautions are taken at their bivouacs to destroy all trace of their movements. Their fires they manage in such a manner as to leave no black spot on the ground, by placing a thick layer of green wood below on which the dry is piled and lighted, as upon a hearth : and before leaving the place, they lift the lower stratum in one mass, with the ashes on the top of it, carry it to some distance, and strew it in the recesses of the forest.

In laying their ambush, their tactic is to entrap their victims into the very centre of their body, and then, starting suddenly out upon them from their lurking-places, to hem them in on every side with a chevaux-de-frise of muskets pointed at their breasts, so as to prevent the possibility of either resistance or escape. The travellers receive at the same moment (unless the object is to kill or make prisoners, rather than mere plunder) the order to lie on their faces ; when a portion of the gang stands guard over them while the remainder dispose of their baggage. The art they possess of concealing their persons on such occasions, is said to be most extraordinary : doubling themselves up behind stones or bushes, often to all appearance scarcely large enough to cover their bodies, studying the form and colour of the surface of the ground, and adapting it to that of their own clothes, so that an inexperienced person might even cast his eye over them, and yet pass them unobserved like a hare or rabbit in its form. One of my informants assured me that he had in one instance suddenly found himself encompassed by a body of a dozen or fifteen armed men, on ground where he could scarcely before have thought it possible a single one could have found a hiding-place ; so that, on looking around afterwards, it appeared almost as if his enemies had sprung up, like the Cadmean heroes of old, from the bowels of the earth. Skill and boldness in the conduct of an ambush were as essential in the tactics of the ancient heroes as of the modern Kelphts ; and there can be little doubt that these very arts were as carefully studied and as successfully practised by a Diomed as a Kolokotroni. The best precaution against this danger is a little dog trained to range the ground in front of his master, and whose instinct will effectually baffle the utmost perfection of Klephtic wisdom or ingenuity.

Still these regularly organized robbers are said to be diminishing in point of numbers since the close of the Turkish sway, the present

government having enlisted many of them into its service upon the principle, we suppose, of 'set a thief to catch a thief.' Of the existing worthies of the brigand calling, Mr. Mure could speak from something else than hearsay, having been in imminent danger of an attack from a party of them "within little more than a mile of a station of gendarmes, who had assured me not half an hour before that the country was perfectly secure." In connexion with the event mentioned, he observes that he had practical evidence of what had often been told him, viz. concerning the high perfection in which the Greek and the Albanian mountaineers possess the physical senses. In these respects, he says, this hardy race "enjoy the same advantages as that which occupied their native country three thousand years ago, and which, whether descended from it or no, they in many respects so closely resemble." He further observes that "besides a piercing eye and a delicate ear, swiftness of foot is to this day, as in those of Achilles, considered as one of the most valuable qualities of a soldier, and one in which the hero of Troy might perhaps have found his match among those of the late Turkish war."

We have already stated that there could not be many novelties for Mr. Mure to discover in the character of ruins or monuments of the heroic periods. He appears, however, to deserve credit for at least one important contribution to antiquarian knowledge: we allude to an examination and a description of hitherto an unnoticed arched bridge, which he feels confident must have been erected long before the time when, as has been generally supposed, the Romans communicated the secret of this architectural form. After a diligent and tiresome search, in consequence of certain statements made to him, he found what he considers a complete confirmation of his previously entertained opinion with regard to the arch of concentric layers or blocks, as witnessed in the construction of a bridge of Cyclopian masonry, not far from Sparta, the arch being in a perfect state of preservation. We quote his details concerning this monument and then dismiss the volumes:—

On emerging from a thick grove of olives, and turning up a ravine to the right, the object of our pursuit presented itself full in front; and, with the exception perhaps of the Lion-gate of Mycenæ, I scarcely know a monument the first view of which produced so powerful an impression on my mind. No entire ancient bridge of any kind, still less an arched bridge of a genuine Hellenic period, had hitherto been known to exist within the limits of Greece; and even the ability of the Greek masons to throw an arch had been very generally questioned. Here I saw an arched bridge of considerable size and finished structure, and in a style of masonry which guarantees it a work of the remotest antiquity—probably of the heroic age itself. This monument, therefore, while it tangibly connects us with a period of society separated from our own by so wide a blank in the

page of history, realises to our senses a state of art to all appearance proper and peculiar to itself, and which, but for the existence of this and a few other venerable remains of the same class, might be considered (as the men by whom they were constructed have been, by some modern schools of sceptics) to be but the unreal visions of a poetical fancy. The beauty of its situation adds much to its general effect. It is built just where the stream it traverses, a respectable tributary of the Eurotas, issues from one of the deepest and darkest gorges of Taygetus. I could learn no other name for this river than that of the neighbouring village on its banks, which is called Xerókampo (Dry-field.) It brings down a considerable body of water, dammed up immediately below the bridge for the supply of the village-fountain. The masonry of the arch, the piers, and the portions of wall immediately connected with either, are ancient, and in good preservation. The parapet is modern, of poor rubble-work; and where the outer Cyclopiian facing of the retaining wall at the extremity of each flank has fallen away, traces are also visible of Turkish repairs. The span of the arch is about twenty-seven feet; the breadth of the causeway between the parapets from six to seven. Each parapet is about one foot three inches in thickness, giving nine or ten feet for the whole breadth of the arch. There are no visible remains of pavement. Although the precipitous nature of the ground rendered it impossible to obtain any full view of the upper or western front of this monument, I was yet enabled to ascertain that the masonry is at least as well preserved on that side. The largest stones are those of the arch; some of them may be from four to five feet long, from two to three in breadth, and between one and two in thickness. In size and proportions they are nearly similar to those which form the interior lining of the Heroic sepulchres of Mycenæ; and the whole character of the work leads to the impression of its being a structure of the same epoch that produced those monuments. Even those who may not be willing to acquiesce in this view will scarcely venture to dispute its genuine Hellenic, or rather Spartan antiquity. Apart from the style of the masonry, it is hardly in a situation to admit of its being a work either of the Macedonian or Roman periods, lying as it does in this remote corner of the peninsula, where in later times it is little likely there could have been a thoroughfare of sufficient importance to warrant such expensive undertakings. Its existence, therefore, seems sufficient in itself to establish the use of the arch in Greece at a very remote epoch.

Captain Best's "*Excursions in Albania; comprising a description of the wild boar, deer, and woodcock-shooting in that country; and a Journey from thence to Thessalonica and Constantinople, and up the Danube to Pest,*" is a performance quite as becoming a military man, as Mr. Mure's is worthy of the scholarly character. The gallant officer, being on the staff of the governor of the Ionian Islands, along with others, frequently made sporting excursions to Albania, where there is an amazing abundance of woodcocks, and sometimes the wild boar, as well as the deer, is to be met with. The country, however, is in such a wasteful or rather uncultivated and untamed condition,—swamps, forests, and underwood predomi-



nating, and being thinly inhabited,—that the sportsman's amusement has to be purchased at the expense of great fatigue and bad shelter. Nor are the Albanians much more scrupulous in the way of helping themselves, should they fall in with a single fowler, than some of the bands described by Mr. Mure. One prominent feature, therefore, in the Captain's Journal, consists of sketches of the sport obtained day after day, and of the manner of life which the sportsmen led.

But his tours were of a more extensive nature than one who shoulders a fowling-piece necessarily contemplates; embracing a very considerable amount of travel, as the title of the book informs the reader, and in a variety of directions. While pursuing these erratic courses he made the best use of his time, his information, and his ability, to describe not merely scenery and the incidents of travel, but manners and the prospects of nations, as well as their present condition. All this is done in a straight-forward style, whatever may be thought of the sagacity or political philosophy of the author; the narrative throughout being spirited, and not without a picturesque power, enabling the reader to see and to feel pretty much as the Captain did himself; which is rather a rare result.

Much of the ground over which he sped was not merely in an anomalous state as regards culture, but the people were, as might be expected, correspondingly barbarous. The customs, as well as the soil, were very generally indicative of a low standing on the ladder of civilization; and even the paucity of inhabitants, over lands which once had supported vast multitudes, been the theatre of grand achievements, and an asylum for art, furnished proofs of ignorance and degeneracy as well as of misgovernment. With regard to the anomalous condition of soil and of property, Thessaly afforded an illustration:—

Occasionally we passed a piece of magnificent rye, in full ear at that early season, with straw the longest I ever saw in my life; while the number of wild pigeons that kept constantly rising out of these and other fields of corn, as we rode past them, was positively marvellous. The plain must be marshy in winter; but the whole of it might be easily kept dry enough for cultivation by a few cross-dikes, the parts which are cultivated being drained effectually in that manner.

On passing one very magnificent piece of wheat, I observed incidentally to the surrigger, that it was in fine condition; and asked if he knew to whom it belonged.

"How could he tell?" was his reply; "any one that can afford to watch and guard it may sow wherever he pleases; and when the time of harvest comes he may reap it if it has not been stolen before that; and then some one perhaps sows there the next year, and the man who has had the crop sows somewhere else."

"Then am I to understand that the land belongs to no one, and that any one may plough or sow where he pleases?" said I, somewhat surprised.

"How can the land belong to any one?" asked in reply the equally astonished Albanian. "If I sow corn there, the corn is mine; if you sow, it is yours; if I see good grass there, I feed my horses, or sheep, or oxen, if I have any; and any other person may do the same: but the land is not mine."

"But to whom then does the land belong? May I come and turn out your flocks, or sow seeds where you want to sow?"

"Of course you may, *if you can*; but if I sow corn there, or feed my flocks there, I take good care to guard it, and not let you."

Besides plains, Thessaly presents singularly shaped pinnacles—sugar-loaf like rocks where many persons have fixed their dwellings, beyond the reach of unwelcome visitors. We thus read of these inaccessible abodes:—

We continued to follow the course of the Peneus through a magnificently-wooded country for about four hours more; when we found ourselves in the midst of those huge conglomerate rocks, which seem quite alive with convents. Some are built on the summits of sugar-loaf like rocks, others about half-way up the faces; but all most carefully constructed in situations apparently inaccessible, and in which they seem to have been placed by enchantment, for it is difficult to conceive how the materials requisite for their construction could have been carried up the sides of almost perpendicular rocks several hundred feet high, or how a sufficient footing could have been gained at the summits of the almost pointed ones, on which some of the convents stand, to place the machinery for raising up the foundation-stones.

These huge rocks cover a space of about one mile and a half in length, and of a variable width. They are a kind of soft conglomerate, with sea-pebbles and shells in great quantities; but they show evident marks of the effects of time and weather on a not very solid kind of stone. Besides the convents, there are houses in all directions in and under these rocks; to all of which the access is, as to the convents, by a rope-ladder, which can be drawn up at pleasure, or by some most impracticable steps cut in the solid rock.

The convent we were about to visit was the Agios Stephanos, which is one of the highest. Leaving our horses at the foot of the hill, we reached, after about a quarter of an hour's hard climbing, a spot where, on looking up, we saw, about one hundred and eighty feet perpendicularly over our heads, a projecting wooden building, to which a basket, which was on the ground close to us, was attached by a cord, and which basket appeared to be used as a means of conveyance for provisions, &c., from the spot where we stood to the monks residing in the regions above. We had thus arrived at the back of the rock on the summit of which the Agios Stephanos stands; its height above us being one hundred and eighty feet, whilst its height above the plain on its front and two side faces must be three or four hundred feet. On hailing the monks to admit us, they told us to mount

by a series of strong but very disagreeable and rickety ladders, in joints, which ran up one sloping side of the rock, and entered a covered kind of gallery about one hundred feet above the ground where we stood, but two hundred feet perpendicularly above the nearest point of the ground immediately below it. We considered this mode of ascent as impracticable to any but a sailor, and so declined attempting it.

They then called to us to wait; and in a few minutes we saw descending from the building above a sort of strong cabbage-net with very large meshes, and capable of holding two persons at a time. The net is spread open upon the ground, and one or two persons sit down upon it cross-legged; the upper meshes of the net are then collected together over his or their heads, and hung on an iron hook attached to the rope. The monks above then turn a capstan, and in two minutes and a half the traveller finds himself in their exalted abode, about one hundred and eighty feet above the level of the ground from which he started. I shall not easily forget the extraordinary appearance of S—— and our servant Giovanni, who came down together, their legs hanging out of the net through the very large meshes on opposite sides. They swung about a good deal as they slowly descended, and turned round like a joint of meat roasting over a slow fire.

The usual mode of ascent, however, appeared to be by the ladders; and the monks seemed a good deal surprised at our asking for the net.

Our concluding extract illustrates a round-about way of mediation :—

I remember well having on one occasion a long conversation with the chief of a convent in the island of Corfu. He was describing to me the number of miracles which had been performed in the church of his convent by a miraculous picture of the Virgin Mary; in attestation of which miracles, each sick person who had been cured by performing a pilgrimage to that convent, had suspended some token in commemoration of his cure about the painting itself, which is a very small and not well-painted bust. "But who do you consider performs these miracles?" I asked, more from inadvertency than from any intention of provoking a religious dispute with the good-natured old monk. "Who?" he replied; "why *she* does," pointing to the picture. "You have no idea," he continued, "how good she is to us; e' una eccellente persona, Signore."

I chanced to turn my eyes towards a picture of our Saviour, which appeared to be quite in the background compared to the position of that of the Virgin, with all her candles, nosegays, and decorations in the shape of small pieces of silver and tin, with eyes, legs, arms, &c. stamped upon them, in commemoration of the cures on those members performed by this miraculous picture: and I asked if they prayed to him as much as to the Virgin. "I will explain it to you," he said: "you, Signore, are his Excellency's Aide-de-camp: well, I want to ask a favour of his Excellency: I am a poor ignorant man, who do not know how to address myself to so great a person, nor to explain to him my wants; so I go to you first, tell you my whole story, and then on one word from you to his Excellency I get what I want."

ART. XI.—*Rapport fait au Nom de la Commission, chargée d'examiner le Projet de Loi sur les Sucres*; par M. DUMON, Député de Lot-et-Garonne. Séance du 8 Mai, 1837.

THE commercial and economical importance of sugar is of modern date. It was known to the Greeks and Romans, as a medicinal substance, but not as a food or a condiment. Herodotus informs us, that the Zygantes, a people of Africa, had, "besides honey of bees, a much greater quantity made by men." This was probably sugar, but not brought to a state of crystallization. Nearchus, the admiral of Alexander, "discovered concerning canes, that they make honey without bees." Megasthenes, quoted by Strabo, speaks, 300 B.C., of "India stone, sweeter than figs and honey." Theophrastus, in a fragment preserved by Photius, describes sugar as "a honey contained in reeds." Eratosthenes, also cited by Strabo, and after him, Terentius Varro, are supposed to have meant sugar-canes by "roots of large reeds growing in India, sweet to the taste, both when raw and when boiled, and affording, by pressure, a juice incomparably sweeter than honey."

Near the commencement of the Christian era, sugar was first mentioned under an appropriate name and form. "In India and Arabia Felix," writes Dioscorides, "a kind of concrete honey is called *saccharon*. It is found in reeds, and resembles salt in solidity, and in friableness betwixt the teeth." After this, so learned a man as Seneca fell into fable on this subject. His account is this, "It is said that in India honey is found on the leaves of reeds, either deposited there by the dews of heaven, or generated in the sweet juice and fatness of the reed itself." Pliny, whose special study led him to look more carefully into the matter, gives all that the ancients knew about it, and a little more. "Arabia," he observes, "produces *saccharum*, but not so good as India. It is a honey, collected on reeds, like the gums. It is white, crumbles in the teeth, and when largest is of the size of a hazel-nut. It is used in medicine only." Afterwards Archigenes mentioned it, as "India salt, resembling common salt in colour and consistency, but, in taste and flavour, honey." Galen calls it *sacchar*, and says it was "a production of India and Arabia the Blest." The author of the "Periplus of the Erythræan Sea" includes it, under the name of *sacchari*, in a list of articles, constituting the commerce between hither India, and the ports of that sea.

If the assertion, that sugar was used in antiquity as a medicament only, needed confirmation, we might find it in the fact, that the subject is not mentioned except by physicians and men of universal learning, nor with tolerable precision except by the former. None of them allude to any artificial process in the preparation of it.

Ælian, about the middle of the second century, is the first who mentions the use of mechanical art in the extraction of the juice of the cane, and he is likewise the first who attempts to fix the seat of its culture. He tells us, that sugar is "honey pressed from reeds, which are cultivated by the Prasii, a people dwelling near the mouth of the Ganges."

The Jewish histories make no mention of sugar. The only sweet condiment used by the Hebrews was honey. But it may have been in part "honey made by men;" for the Rabbins understand thereby not only the honey of bees, but also sirups made from the fruit of the palm-tree.

During several centuries succeeding the Augustan age, no extension of the knowledge or use of sugar appears to have taken place. It is occasionally spoken of, but to the same effect as by the Greek physicians of that age. So late as the seventh century, Paul of Ægina calls it "India salt," and borrows the description of Archigenes.

At this time a new power appeared on the theatre of nations. The Saracens conquered and occupied western Asia, northern Africa, and southern Europe. Their empire was scarcely inferior to that of Rome, in the period of her greatest prosperity and rapacity. They pushed their conquests to the Garonne and the Rhone, to Amalfi, and the islands of the Levant and the Ægean sea.

To these ingenious barbarians the world is indebted for the modern manufacture and commerce of sugar. It is not known at what time they themselves became acquainted with it. Some authors have asserted, that it was not until the thirteenth century, and that the sugar-cane and the art of extracting and elaborating the juice were conferred upon the Europeans by the crusaders, or by the merchant adventurers, who penetrated the Indies after the return of Marco Polo. Each of these assertions has been vaguely received; but a little attention will satisfy every inquirer, that neither of them is true.

We have seen that several of the ancients, best acquainted with the subject, couple Arabia Felix with India as a source of *saccharum*. Arabian writers of the ninth and tenth centuries speak of sugar as common in their times. In the year 906, the sugar-cane was cultivated, and sugar manufactured, at Ormuz, in Carmania, a province of the eastern Caliphate. An Arabian author of the Western Caliphate, who composed a treatise on agriculture about the year 1140, and who quotes another writer of his nation of the year 1073, gives full and precise directions for raising canes and manufacturing sugar. From all which Loudon concludes, that sugar has been cultivated in Spain upwards of seven hundred years, and probably as much as one thousand years. Salmasius declares, in 1660, that the Arabs had made our modern sugar more than eight hundred years.

One of the Christian historians of the Crusades, in the year 1100, states, that "the soldiers of the Cross found in Syria certain reeds, called *canamèles*, of which it was reported that a kind of wild honey was made." Another, in 1108, says, "The crusaders found honey reeds, in great quantity, in the meadows of Tripoli, in Syria, which reeds were called *sucra*. These they sucked, and were much pleased with the taste thereof, and could hardly be satisfied with it. This plant is cultivated with great labour of the husbandman every year. At the time of the harvest they bruise it, when ripe, in mortars, and set by the strained juice in vessels until it is concreted in the form of snow or salt." The same historian relates, that eleven camels laden with sugar were captured by the Christians. A similar adventure happened to Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in the second crusade. A third writer, in 1124, tells us, that "in Syria reeds grow that are full of honey; by which is meant a sweet juice, which, by pressure of a screw engine, and concreted by fire, becomes sugar." These are the earliest notices of the method of making sugar; and they refer to an apparatus and to processes used in the Saracen empire, and not known at that time, so far as European records show, to be used anywhere else. At the same time sugar was made at Tyre in Syria, then subject to the Saracens; and, in 1169, that city is mentioned as "famous for excellent sugar.

The island of Sicily was the first spot upon which the sugar-cane is known to have been planted in Europe, though it is altogether likely that it was planted by the Moors full as early, if not earlier, in Spain and Portugal. That island was conquered by the Saracens in the early part of the ninth century, and was retaken by the Normans at the close of the eleventh. Immediately after that event we find that large quantities of sugar were made there. According to records still extant, William, the second king of Sicily, in 1166, made a donation to the convent of St. Benedict of "a sugar-mill, with all the workmen, privileges, and appurtenances thereto belonging."

If it was the crusaders who brought the sugar culture to Europe, how happened it, seeing that they were collected from all Europe, that no other part of that continent except Spain in the hands of the Arabs, and no other island of the Mediterranean except Crete, captured in the year 823, by an expedition from Spain, were favoured with that invaluable donation? It was not until three hundred years later, that it found its way into Cyprus, Rhodes, and the Morea; and this extension was not owing to rural tastes, or the spirit of improvement among the feudal barbarians, but to the commercial enterprise of the Venetians, who had for a long time carried on a lucrative trade in the article with India, Syria, Egypt, and Sicily, and were now, by conquest or purchase, the possessors of Crete, and the later seats of the sugar culture above mentioned.

It may be further remarked, that the most important and profitable of the manufacturing arts have never been propagated except by conquest or emigration. The woollen business was established in England by the weavers, fullers, and dyers, whom the frantic tyranny of the Counts of Flanders and their French allies drove, and the wise policy of the Henrys and Edwards welcomed, to England. The cotton manufacture, derived to the Arabians from Hindostan, was by them diffused over Africa, and fixed in Europe; and thence brought by an enterprising operative to the United States. It seems scarcely credible that those half-naked, hard-riding demons, who are so often employed in stripping unfortunate Christians, to the skin, are the identical people to whom Christendom is indebted for the comfort of a shirt. Such, however, is the fact. The Arabs conferred upon us that grateful, and now ornamental garment.

It was not until the time of Justinian, five hundred years after silks was known and purchased at enormous prices at Rome, that the silk culture was brought into the Eastern Empire by two Persian monks, who had pursued it in China. It was established in Italy by a colony of Greek captives, and carried from Milan to Lyons by a company of Italian workmen, engaged by Francis the First. Finally, the Huguenots fled from treachery and intolerance to impart their skill to Spitalfields. The silk manufacture is more simple and cheap than that of sugar has hitherto been, and yet it required twelve hundred years to travel from Constantinople to London; and it has but just reached our shores after two hundred years more.

It may help us to form some adequate notion of the difficulty with which manufacturing arts are propagated, if we reflect how hard it was to naturalize the cotton and woollen manufactures in the United States, and how far they still are from that fineness and finish, to which they attain in the workshops of Europe.

The use of alkalies, in the clarification of the juice of the cane, was an invention of the Arabs. The original raw sugar of the East was debased by a mixture of mucilaginous matter, which opposed itself to the crystallization of the sugar, and determined it to a speedy decomposition after it was crystallized. To this day the Eastern sugar, except where the manufacture is directed by Europeans, or where the product has been converted by the Chinese into what we commonly call "rock candy," is much inferior to that of the West in purity, and in strength of grain. The only clarification, which the liquor appears to have undergone in the hands of the Eastern manipulators, was by skimming during the processes of evaporation and boiling. And, if we may judge from the imperfect and loose descriptions of modern travellers, this is the extent of their knowledge at the present day. They seem to

know no other method of clarification in making sugar, and no art of refining except that of making candy.

How the Arabs came to adopt a different method, it is perhaps impossible at this day to determine. Discoveries of this nature do not readily obtain publicity in any country. They are usually involved in as much mystery, and kept under a monopoly as long, as possible. Another characteristic of the Arabian method was the use of earthen moulds, of a conical form, for crystallizing and curing the sugar. In the East, broad earthen dishes were used for those purposes. These two characteristics of the Arabian method have come to us through the Spanish and Portuguese: and whence should they have derived them, except from the Arabs, Moors, or Saracens?—different names given to the same people from the relations to places and to people, which they successively sustained. *Arabs* (according to a probable etymology of the word) means *westerns*, because this people inhabited the *west* of Asia. When they had spread over the north of Africa, and occupied the remotest Hesperia of the ancient world, the body of their nation was, in respect to the emigrants, *eastern*, and that is the signification of *Saracen*. *Moors* was a name given to them by the Spaniards and other Europeans, from the circumstance of their having conquered and converted the inhabitants of Mauritania or Morocco, incorporated them with their army, and issued immediately from their territory to take possession of Spain, Portugal, part of France and of Italy, Sicily, and the islands of the *Ægean* Sea.

We have seen that the Arabs had the art of cultivating the cane, and converting it into sugar. We know that sugar-canes, called "the chief ornament of Moorish husbandry," are still cultivated in Spain, and the manufacture of sugar carried on. It is likewise made in large quantities on the river Suz, in Morocco; and at Teycut or Tattah constitutes a leading article of traffic with caravans, which traverse the great desert, and vend it in Timbuctoo and other markets of Central Africa. Sugar is still a production of considerable importance in Egypt, particularly in the district of Fayoum, and, until lately, the Seraglio at Constantinople was furnished thence with the nicest refined sugar. In 1560, sugar was imported at Antwerp from Portugal and Barbary. At the same period it was an article of extensive manufacture and traffic at Thebes, Darotta, and Dongola in Nubia and Upper Egypt. All these are undoubtedly the remains of the Arabian plantations.

The Spanish and Portuguese word for sugar is *azucar*, *açucar*, or *assucar*, and the Arabic *assokar* or *shuker*. This was derived from the Sanscrit *sharkara* or *sarkara*, meaning, in the primitives, *sweet salt*, and giving rise in antiquity to the terms *saccharon*, *sacchar*, *sacchhari*, *saccharum*, and "India salt." The Arabic *shuker* is, with slight modifications, a universal term, except in China and



the Malayan archipelago; proof enough that we received this commodity, and the art of preparing it, from neither of them, and that we and all the western nations are indebted for it to the Arabs, and through them to the Hindoos. The difference between the Spanish and Portuguese word, and other European names, is owing to the circumstance, that the two nations in close contact with the Arabs, incorporated the article *a* or *al* with the substantive, before which they head it, as they did in a great many other instances, *algodon*, for example, which is properly *godon*, *goton*, or *koton*. The etymology of *molasses* will further illustrate our position, that we derived the art of sugar-making from the Spaniards and Portuguese, and through them from the Arabians. *Melasses*, more frequently but incorrectly spelt *molasses*, is an abbreviation of *mel de assucar*, signifying, in Spanish and Portuguese, *the honey of sugar*.

The Portuguese, under the auspices of Dom Henry, transplanted the sugar-cane from Sicily, as it is commonly supposed, though it might be from Portugal itself, to the islands of Madeira and St. Thomas. Herrera has raised great doubt of the historical correctness of the idea, that Sicily was resorted to at that time for sugar-canes. He declares positively that they were carried to the Africo-Atlantic islands "from Granada, where they had been planted by the Moors."

It has been much disputed whether the sugar-cane was introduced into America from Europe, Asia, or Africa, or whether it be indigenous there. The former is the opinion of all the historians of the old world, the latter of all the explorers of the new. Edwards reconciles them by supposing that both are true, which seems to be the most reasonable conclusion. It would be as absurd to suppose that the early European settlers of America would fail to carry that plant, with whose great value and agreeable uses they had just become well acquainted, to their new abode, especially when they were growing and were worked up in great quantities in the Canaries, whence all the adventurers were accustomed to take their departure, as it would to question the authority of the writers who positively affirm this fact. On the other hand, it would be an extravagant stretch of incredulity to doubt the clear testimony of the many eye-witnesses who declare that they found native sugar-canes in Guadaloupe, St. Vincent, Brazil, on the La Plata, and on the Mississippi; or the demonstration of Cook and Bourgainville, who brought a native and valuable variety from the Friendly Islands to the British and French West Indies.

It is asserted by some that the plant was carried from Brazil to St. Domingo, having been previously brought to the former from the Portuguese kingdom of Angola, where it is still cultivated, or from the Portuguese possessions in Asia, where Vasco de Gama

and his successors, the conquerors of a great part of India, found sugar in abundance. Whencesoever the sugar-cane came to St. Domingo, or whether it came at all, it is certain that a company of sugar-makers were carried from Palm Island, one of the Canaries, to establish the manufacture in that oldest, except Brazil, of the American settlements.

It is an interesting fact, that the art of sugar-making, propagated, we must conclude, both *east* and *west* from Asia, now completed, in opposite directions, the circumnavigation of the globe; for, a few years after this establishment in St. Domingo, Cortez found that both sirup and sugar were made from the stalks of maize, by the natives of Mexico, and sold in their markets. The aborigines of Virginia, and probably of all North America, had the knowledge of making sugar from the juice of the maple. From them the Anglo-American settlers undoubtedly derived it.

In 1643, the English began the sugar business in Barbadoes, and in 1648 the French in Guadaloupe. The Dutch, expelled from Brazil, where they manufactured sugar in the sixteenth century, took refuge in Curaçoa, St. Eustatia, and other islands, and finally, upon the exchange of New Amsterdam for English Guiana, in Surinam. To all these they transferred a considerable branch of industry which they had learned to practise, and knew how to appreciate.

It is not known at what time the use of sugar began in England. It was probably as late as the fourteenth century. At that time it begins to take, in trope and verse, the place which honey had occupied, without a rival, since Moses and Homer. Chaucer uses the epithet "sugreed over." The chamberlain of Scotland, in 1329, speaks of loaves of sugar sold in that country at one ounce of silver, equal to sixteen shillings of our money, per pound. In 1333, white sugar appears among the household expenses of Humbert, a nobleman of Vienne, and it is mentioned by Eustace Deschamps as among the heaviest expenses of housekeeping. George Peale tells us that sugar with wine was a common drink in the sixteenth century. It did not become an article of ordinary consumption until the beginning of the seventeenth century. At that period, the Venetians imported it from Sicily and Egypt, and probably produced it in Cyprus, Crete, and the Morea. One of their countrymen, about two centuries before, had invented the art of refining, for which he received the sum of one hundred thousand ducats, nearly equal to one hundred thousand pounds at the present time. Previously to this they had pursued the Chinese method, and made candy only. This inventor adopted the cones from the Arabians, and probably obtained from their manner of clarification the idea, upon which he so far improved as to effect at last the complete purification of his product. It was from the Venetian refineries,

that France and England procured their small and high-priced supplies in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

By the creation of sugar plantations in the Portuguese and Spanish islands of Madeira, St. Thomas, and the Canaries, the stock was considerably increased. We begin then, for the first time, to have accounts of the number of sugar-mills, and the quantities manufactured. Thus we are told that in the island of St. Thomas there were, in 1524, seventy mills, making on an average 66,428 lbs. each, and upwards of two thousand tons in all. It was from those islands that Europe was for half a century mainly supplied. But the rapid exhaustion of the soil seems inseparable from the cultivation of the cane with the labour of slaves and serfs. It is reasonable to suppose that this was the great cause of the successive migrations of this business westward, and its early decline in Sicily, Spain, and the Africo-Atlantic islands.

In St. Domingo there were, in 1518, twenty-eight sugar presses. In about half a century this island succeeded to the inheritance of the markets of Europe, which it monopolized and enlarged during a century and a half, exporting sixty-five thousand tons in one year, being about 100,000,000 lbs. surplus, after supplying the demand of the mother country. In any possible situation of that island, it could not have maintained until this time that monopoly, and that rate of production. At the beginning of the present century, the entire exportation from the West Indies and American settlements of every description was 440,800,000 lbs.; now it is about 400,000,000 lbs. from the British West Indies alone, and 700,000,000 lbs. more from Brazil and the Spanish, French, Dutch, and Danish colonies. In 1750, only 80,000,000 lbs. were exported from the British West Indies, one fifth of the present export.

Of course the consumption of sugar has greatly increased during the last half-century; and it seems destined to an indefinite extension. It is so nutritive, wholesome, and agreeable, that there can never be a limit to its use except in a prohibition or an inability to buy it. Men and nations differ widely in their tastes and habits in respect to most kinds of food, sauce, and drinks. Neither wheat, rice, flesh, nor potatoes can command unanimous favour. No article of housekeeping, save sugar, can be named which is universally acceptable to the infant and the aged, the civilized and the savage.

The population of the British West Indies is equal to that of Cuba; but their consumption of sugar was, in 1827, only 13,000,000 lbs., eighteen pounds to an inhabitant, while that of Cuba was, in the same year, 44,000,000 lbs., or sixty-three pounds to an inhabitant. This difference is presumed to be owing to the predominance of the free over the slave population in the latter island.

The ratio of the free population of Cuba to the slave, is three to one ; but in the British West Indies one to three. This proportion would give the difference of the quantities of sugar consumed with almost entire accuracy.

The population of all the sugar-growing countries in the world is about 468,000,000. It is not to be presumed that each individual of this number consumes as much as the luxurious West Indian ; but it will not be extravagant to suppose that they all consume as largely as the Mexicans. Mexico, by the lowness of wages, and the ignorance and poverty of the mass, may be considered as a fair representative of the nations inhabiting that belt of the earth which produces sugar-canes. She consumes, according to M. Humboldt, ten pounds to an inhabitant, all of domestic production. We thus determine proximately that the consumption of the other Hispano-American nations, and of the swarms which people the East, is 5,000,000,000 lbs. per annum, nearly four times as much as is used in Europe and the United States. Great Britain consumes 400,000,000 lbs., about twenty-four pounds to each inhabitant ; the United States 200,000,000 lbs., sixteen pounds to an inhabitant. In Ireland, the consumption is 40,000,000 lbs., five pounds to an individual. In Russia, it is much less, being but a little more than one pound to a person, and 60,000,000 in the whole, unless the article be introduced inland from China, by way of Kiachta, as to some extent it probably is. Of the quantity consumed in Russia, we suppose 8,000,000 lbs. to be beet sugar. Belgium consumes only 30,000,000 lbs., or seven pounds to an inhabitant, of which 5,000,000 lbs. are beet ; and Prussia, Austria, and the rest of Germany, 200,000,000 lbs. of which 20,000,000 lbs. may be beet. This is four pounds and a half to an inhabitant. Holland consumes 50,000,000 lbs., sixteen pounds to an inhabitant ; Spain, the same, which is but four pounds to an inhabitant ; France, 230,304,549 lbs., seven pounds to each inhabitant. Of this, 107,905,785 lbs. were, in 1836, made from beet-roots. With the exception of a few manufactories in Italy, the above figures show the extent of the beet-sugar culture. Thus we have for the total consumption of sugar in Europe 1,267,000,000 lbs. of which 140,000,000, or 62,500 tons, are beet sugar ; and, for the total consumption throughout the world, 6,267,000,000 lbs.

The cost of the production of cane-sugar varies. It depends mainly on the price of labour. In the East, where labour is from 3*d.* to 5*d.* a day, sugar costs to the manufacturer about 1*d.* a pound. In the Americas, where, with the exception of the Hispano-American republics, no wages, until very recently, have been paid to the labourer, the cost is 1½*d.* a pound. The price for exportation will average 1¾*d.* in the East Indies, and 2¼*d.* in the West Indies and other sugar-growing portions of America. These prices include

the profits of the native or resident merchant. In France, the duty on brown sugar is about  $2d.$ ; in England, about  $2\frac{1}{4}d.$  The grocers put on  $1d.$  more, so that the article costs to the consumer,

In France . . . . .	$5\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $6d.$
England . . . . .	$6d.$ to $6\frac{1}{2}d.$
Hamburgh ( <i>a free port</i> ) . .	$3\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $4d.$

Thus sugar costs the consumer in France and England four times the price at the place of growth. In Prussia, the duty is the same as in Great Britain; but in Russia, according to the price the article bears there, it cannot be less than  $3\frac{1}{4}d.$  per pound.

The sugar-cane appears to have been, in all ages, a source of beverage in some form. Lucan describes the Eastern recruits of Pompey's army thus,

—" *quique bibunt tenerâ ab arundine succos.*"

The Jews had an inebriating liquor which they called *sacar*, from which some etymologists in fact derive *saccharum*, but we think erroneously; because it is certain that the ancient sugar, with its name *saccharon*, came from India, and equally certain that the Jews knew not sugar. It is not improbable, however, that some relationship exists between the Hebrew *sacar*, and the Hindoo *sharkara*, or *sarkara*, inasmuch as the drink, expressed by the former, was the juice of a reed, and, before fermentation, sweet. Bruce found the cane used in Egypt and Nubia for making a drink, by concocting it in water. The inhabitants of Angola have made a similar use of it from time immemorial; so too did the ancient Ethiopians. The people of all countries are fond of chewing and sucking sugar-canes. The labourers everywhere grow fat towards the maturity, and during the cropping, of the canes. The Arabian horses were observed to grow fat in Spain by feeding on the pulp, after the juice was expressed. Sugar, eaten in considerable quantities, has the same effect. The king of Cochin-China causes his body-guard, consisting of a hundred men, to feed mostly on sugar and sugar-canes, in order that they may appear more stout and handsome than other troops. Many aged persons have found great benefit from the free use of sugar. It tends to render the skin and cartilages soft and supple. It might be excellent nourishment for patients submitting to experiments upon distorted limbs or spine. It is slightly laxative, and was valued on that account by the ancient practitioners. Dissolved in water, it is an antidote against arsenic, corrosive sublimate, verdigris, blue vitriol, and other mineral poisons, and also those of fish, as lobster, dolphin, conger-eel, &c. Sugar seems to be the first support of vegetable life, and is well known to be the principal food of young animals. It perhaps yields more chyle than any other constituent of plants. Sugar, like common salt, is useful after

excess in eating. It precipitates digestion, particularly with or after fruits; it excites the secretions of the digestive organs, and is good for old and inactive stomachs. There are many successful examples of aged persons taking it as their principal food during many years.

ART. XII.—*General History of the World.* By CH. VON ROTTECK, LL.D.  
Longman. 4 vols.

DR. ROTTECK is a Professor in the University of Freiburg, with many *etceteras*; and has written this General History, extending "from the earliest times until the year 1831," and which has now been translated from the German, "and continued to 1840." If, as we are informed, above 100,000 copies of it, in the original, have been sold within a few years, surely it was high time to have it *done* into our vernacular; the translation, so far as we can judge from internal evidence, being faithful, even frequently to the unnecessary use of a foreign idiom and neglect of expressive English.

Of the merits of the work itself, we feel assured that no such high estimate will be formed in this country as has distinguished it in Germany. Various reasons may be assigned for a far less degree of popularity. There is not such a general tone here among purchasers of large works of that philosophic liberalism, or even of dogmatic radicalism among the poorer classes, as prevails in many foreign parts, and where the press is nevertheless gagged. Besides, the liberalism of the extremest sort which is publicly advocated in England, is of a practical and direct nature; whereas that which finds supporters on the continent, especially in Germany, among Professors and Doctors of Laws, appears to us to be essentially speculative,—often dreamy, even to the coinage of a mystic phraseology; all which is alien to our modes of thinking, speaking, and acting. Dr. Rotteck stands pre-eminent, we believe, in the estimation of his countrymen among the learned speculators alluded to, as the sale of many large editions of his General History proves.

Again, we have in one compiled, abridged, or translated shape or another, epitomes of Universal History which are more accordant in their style and purpose to the British mind than the elaborate work under notice. No doubt it supplies, in a condensed shape, a comprehensive view of mankind, presenting as if in a panorama, what may be held to be not merely the distinct epochs in human history, but the various types, in their chronological order, of these epochs,—the characteristics of the periods as well as the connexion of the development. The Professor may at times be in error and fanciful with regard to the nature of the development, and also as

relates to its course and progress. Still, according to his plan, we have not only many great events and illustrious characters placed before us, but a number of expressive features, social and political, intellectual and moral, that will be of service to the student of history as finger-posts in future researches, and also as signals to recall, at something like its due time and place, that which he knew before. But, on the other hand, the German Doctor of Laws, when he comes down to recent periods, is too dogmatic and rhetorical to command sober attention; while his survey is so brief as sometimes not to be easily understood, or so general as to leave the reader not one whit the wiser; or, what is worse, so partial as to create utter distrust.

To be sure the field to be traversed and cultivated, named in the title of the work, especially when it has, by a mapping and a modelling process, to be brought within the boards of four octavo volumes, must severely try the best read and the most reflecting author; so that large allowance must be made for the neglect or the mismanagement of some of its least tractable ridges and soils. And yet we think that something better might have been done within the bounds of the present work, had he more carefully selected his indexes, more warily subordinated the features of each period, and more plainly adduced his illustrations. Had he closely attended to systematic rules of the kind mentioned, we think that not only would the result have been more philosophic and intelligible, but that the earlier periods might have occupied much less space than they here do, and consequently that the demands of the latter would have been much more adequately answered.

Going over the entire history of the human family, and dividing it into periods, the Professor adheres pretty closely to the generally received opinions, with regard, for example, to the account of the Creation, and indeed throughout the *coup d'œil* of the early epochs. We have already referred to the manner in which he fails to do equal justice to the modern eras. His subdivision is ninefold. We quote the parts:—

1. Ancient history. From the commencement of the historical world to the great migration of nations; *i. e.* from the first year of the world to the fifth century after the birth of Christ (4400 years in round numbers). First period: from Adam to Cyrus, the founder of the first empire of the world that is clearly known. From the year of the world 1 to 3425. Second period: from Cyrus to Augustus, or to the overthrow of the Roman republic. From 3425 to 3953 (528 years). Third period: from Augustus to Theodosius the Great, or from the battle of Actium to the great migration of nations. From 3953 to 395 after the birth of Christ (425 years). 2. Middle history. From the great migration of nations to the discovery of the two Indies. From the year of Christ 400 to 1500 (1100 years in round numbers). Fourth period: from Theodosius to

Charles the Great, the restorer of the Western Empire. From 395 to 800 (400 years in round numbers). Fifth period: from Charles the Great until the end of the Crusades and the restoration of civilization in Europe. From the year 800 until 1300 (500 years in round numbers). Sixth period: from the close of the Crusades to Columbus. From 1300 to 1492 (200 years in round numbers). 3. Modern history. From the discovery of America to our own times (a little more than three centuries). Seventh period: from Columbus to the peace of Westphalia and the establishment of the new European system of states. From 1492 to 1648 (156 years). Eighth period: from the peace of Westphalia to the French revolution. From 1648 to 1789 (141 years). Ninth period: from the commencement of the French Revolution and the new order of things to the present time (from 1789 to 1840). It appears that the ages of the world, as well as their periods, diminish as they approach us; and that in later times the history of the world becomes chiefly a European history. Both are founded in the nature of things. What is nearer to us appears to us greater, more intelligible, more important; and the generality of the history of the world may be commended in reference to knowledge; but a history of the world, which is composed for Germans, will never be suitable for the Chinese or Peruvians. It is so also with time. What is more related to our experience—what nearer or immediately influences us—must have for us a stronger interest than that which lies the most distant in the ocean of the past, and which appears in colours that grow paler and paler as it floats away. Recollections become more uncertain as generations succeed one another, the voice of tradition is silent, monuments disappear; and gradually, as centuries flow speedily on, only the higher—at length only the highest—points project from the ocean of time.

There is distinctness in this subdivision; and satisfactory reasons may be adduced for its adoption. The observations towards the close of the passage are also clearly just. But how comes it then that what must have the strongest claim upon our attention,—what more immediately influences us,—is treated upon a scale instead of being commensurate with its importance, is exactly framed on an opposite principle? Besides, that which is written by the Professor, in so far as the ninth epoch is concerned, is not only of the character of dogmatic fragments full of rash generalities, but it loses sight in a great measure of the purpose professed,—that of exhibiting the edifice of each grand period rather than the magazine of materials at hand for building; the latter being the process pursued with regard to the French Revolution and downwards. No doubt, in this branch of his subject, he does at times utter large conclusions, as well as deal with great events. But this is the way in which he rhapsodizes on the great lineaments of the Revolution:—

According to the principal oscillations produced by the great movement in France and in the rest of the world, the most recent period of general



history is divided into four sections or particular periods, each of which is naturally subdivided into some smaller parts.

These four sections are—

- I. The times of Constitutional Monarchy in France ;
- II. The times of the French Republic ;
- III. The times of the French Empire ;
- IV. The times that succeeded the fall of Napoleon.

One character—the struggle of philosophical law against historical institutions—of the eternal idea against accidental relations, dictated by arbitrary authority and perversity, or of the force of public opinion against public power—reigns through the whole period, and gives it before all anterior a quite peculiar, imposing aspect ; but the success, the extent, the chances of this struggle, change multifariously, and an immensity of consequences results from every great blow. In general, it is no more the resolves of cabinets, diplomatic intrigues, and the regular tactics of mercenary troops, that direct the stream of events and the destinies of nations : the life of these nations is itself awakened, and enters, amidst violent opposition, yet formidably, the history of the world ; they begin—to the terror of ministers and the privileged—to be accounted something. The authorities deign to observe public opinion ; and where they are indisposed to fall in with it, wage more violent war against it than before against the most formidable and odious enemy. War is no longer carried on merely for the acquisition or preservation of a province, or the maintenance of the worn-out system of the European balance of power. Continuance or destruction, the form of states and independence, triumph or suppression of political doctrines, liberty or slavery of large parts of the world, the highest destinations of mankind—these are now the springs of action. New tactics, new systems of administration arise ; all the relations of civil life are essentially changed. The conquests of science are immense in depth and extent ; participation in them is diffused through all classes of society. The rays of enlightenment penetrate into the hitherto darkest recesses : self-judgment takes a bold stand against authority. But the aberrations of this yet unpurified self-judgment, and more still the excesses of passion and the numberless crimes of selfishness committed under the profaned banner of liberty, give authority, and the classes reposing in its shade, here specious reasons, there welcome pretexts for combating and persecuting the at all events inconvenient light. But the reaction produced new excesses and new crimes on the opposite side too : tyranny arises from the bosom of the Revolution itself, and destroys its noblest fruits ; the counter-revolution undertakes the part of liberation. But the war of principles speedily returns ; natural and historical law, allied in war against the tyrants of the world, renew their fatal contest. Who shall adjust it ? Truth cannot yield, selfishness consents to no sacrifice, passion gives every thing a false appearance. Spirits are more and more estranged ; the course of truth and justice, as clear as it is traced by unbiassed reason, is abandoned more and more ; the demands of liberality and legitimacy appear absolutely incompatible ; it is resolved—“the repose of this part of the world cannot be bought too dear”—to attempt desperately to suppress

all ideas that were the principle of the Revolution, to make a disconsolate retrogression towards a time long since buried. Then the genius of liberty soars over the sea to the New World, in order to return one day shedding its blessings upon Europe, or to cast looks of compassion and contempt upon this degenerate part of the world.

But while the latter portions of the History are at one time defective or crude, and at another overcharged or erroneous, much after the fashion of a heated special pleader, the earlier are treated with discernment, learning, and clearness. If we take him in the earliest of all we shall find a favourable example of the general views which the Professor takes, and also of the manner in which he props his doctrines, and marshals causes for particular effects. He thus expresses himself:—

The principal trait that distinguishes the first period of the ancient world is its obscurity. It extends from Adam, *i. e.* from the origin of the human race, to Cyrus, the founder of the great Medo-Persian empire ; according to the chronology adopted by us, from the year 1 to 3425. The first two thousand years are completely void. Some few traditions, far removed from one another, wave before us ; and distance and darkness prevent us from discerning whether they are real or visionary forms. The darkness continues in the third thousand of years, and until the end of the period, only here and there interrupted by a doubtful twilight ; and in the first half of the fourth thousand years slowly dispersing before the dawning day. It is true that the appearances are here multiplied, but their character remains the wavering and wonderful, like the images that commonly pass before our fancy or eyes in the early twilight of morning, when we are dreaming or waking. Almost all which still remains to us of the histories of the nations of this long space of time, is fable and tradition ; or, at least, the properly historical accounts are interwoven with them, and have become, for the most part, unintelligible by figurative representation and symbolical investment. However, something appears perceptible through this veil ; and this represents nations and all mankind in the state of infancy or minority. Their origin and gradual dissemination over the earth lie before us, although at a viewless distance ; and every thing reveals their new existence. We already perceive distinctly the abilities for every thing which is good or evil in man ; but their development is yet imperfect. Healthy and unenervated in body and mind, man awakens to the feeling of his power, and manifests it with the fire of youth, and without restraint, in various spheres. He is yet poor in experience ; yet almost entirely nature, not yet much improved nor corrupted by education, and generally midway between barbarism and corruption. Yet his education has already commenced ; natural afflictions and self-made sufferings have brought him to reflection ; and he has discovered his earthly maladies, the eternal sources of his misery, selfishness and sensuality. He has also already sought for expedients against them ; he has renounced hostile separation and lawless freedom ; has become a citizen, and has endeavoured to elevate his mind by extending his views into the metaphysical world.

But by both he has made new evils for himself; he has become alternately the victim of anarchy and despotism, and he has exchanged his most sacred presentiments for the errors of illusion. Priests have oppressed his rising understanding, and princes have treated nations as herds. Already, robbers of nations, conquerors, founders of empires of the world, have arisen, and the perverseness of man has sprinkled incense to them. One small nation only, the Jews, preserves, with difficulty, the treasure of the purer worship of God; and another, the Phœnicians, prefers the arts of peace to the glory of war. Different attempts, although unavailing, are visible, particularly in the west, to obtain a free and equitable constitution. In this, and in various other things, climatic influence is already manifested, which makes the orientals indolent and patient, and the inhabitants of the west agile and self-active.

He goes on to say that in the warm and happy climes of the east, man, inclined to enjoyment and repose, is carried prematurely to a semi-civilization. But he soon slumbers, abandoning himself to effeminacy. In the colder west, necessity animates his faculties, and the knowledge of his own power confers constancy and dignity upon his character.

The second period, extending over 528 years, and coming down to the overthrow of the Roman republic, instead of traditions and histories that bear the stamp of the marvellous and fabulous, instead also of the character of infancy and minority in the character of our race, presents to us, only, however, in those nations that are placed in the first scene of the theatre of the world, the predominance of maturer youth and manhood. This character is shown in more distinct self-knowledge and perseverance, is illustrated in the departments of civil constitutions, freedom, external relations, and moral condition.

The age of youth and manhood is that of power, and every thing bears that stamp which passes on the great theatre of the world in the present period. Powerful kingdoms arise—some suddenly by gigantic efforts, others slowly by wisdom and persevering courage. Small states defend themselves gloriously against the most fearful superiority, or fall with renown in an unequal contest. No other age is so fertile in the prodigies of patriotism and the love of freedom; none so rich in sages and heroes. But terrible also are the distractions of falsely directed power; and sad the increase of illiberal national pride and republican fanaticism. We discover indeed more crimes than noble deeds, more transgressors than heroes. Hardly a trace remains of them all, or their actions, good or bad; they live only as warning or instructive examples. But what the mind of man has conceived, what he has done in art and science, continues always to act immediately, even in the most modern times. In this lies the peculiar pride of the principal period of the ancient world. Although fate has preserved only a few monuments of art for us from this period, they suffice as sublime models to preserve the eternal laws of the beautiful until

the latest time ; and immense is the value of the writings preserved—far more have been lost—in all the departments of science and art. It is true our advances are greater ; but if we consider how poorly the resources of the ancients compare with ours, and how confined with them the conflict of mental activity must have been upon so few nations, we shall be reasonably surprised, that the force of genius, with so little has done so much. And much more it would have accomplished, had not freedom and morality, the foster-mothers of all that is beautiful and good, fallen under the destructive action of tyranny and corruption. This corruption extended in the same direction as, at an earlier period, civilization, *i. e.* from east to west ; and, at the close of this period, the historical world is divided between barbarism and degeneration. But notwithstanding the moral depravation, which greatly increased towards the close of the second period, the principal result of its history appears to afford a prospect of advancement.

We quote another striking and condensed passage, befitting a scholar as well as a philosophical historian. It forcibly exposes the unsatisfactory character of ancient chronology.

1. The profane writers differ immensely from the sacred books in their computations, but particularly in relation to the age of the world. It is to cut, not to untie the knot, if we wholly reject the accounts of the first. However, not much assistance is derived from them ; for,

2. The designations of time, in our sacred books, are dark, fluctuating, and discordant among themselves, especially in the Pentateuch ; since Moses reckons according to the years that the patriarchs lived, which is susceptible of very different interpretations.

3. Besides, there are several texts of these sacred books, the Hebrew, Samaritan, and Greek text of the seventy interpreters. All three differ from one another ; and in particular, in the Hebrew original, the patriarch Canaan is not found, whom the seventy introduce after Arphaxad. The chronology of Joseph Flavius has been added to that of the three texts cited, on account of its antiquity and authority : hence we have four different sources or bases for ancient chronology.

4. These have all been carefully investigated, studied, expounded, and compared, by later chronologists : recourse has been had also to the profane writers, in order to illumine the darkness. In vain ! it has become more dense. A great number of scholars, some of whom were also men of genius, such as Scaliger, Bochart, Marsham, Newton, Jackson, Petavius, Usher, Pezron, Lenglet Du Fresnoy, and in later times, Batsch, Frank, Ideler, &c. have devoted their time and labour to this ungrateful employment ; and the consequence is, that we now possess more than a hundred different systems, which differ more than fourteen hundred years from one another, but which, one as well as another, according to Bolingbroke's appropriate expression, like enchanted castles, vanish into nothing by the dissolution of the charm, or by a nearer consideration.

Having now shown favourable examples of Professor Rotteck's ancient notions, we jump to a specimen of his opinative, one-sided,

and incomplete representations. England, and during about five years of her history, after the downfall of Bonaparte, is the theme of his strictures; where we think, there is not only much left out or misconstrued, so as to repel many of our countrymen; but where a spirit of hostility, jealousy, and enmity appears, which will be felt by all well-informed and candid readers utterly unworthy of a philosophical inquirer,—that is, of him who seeks truth for truth's sake. He speaks in the following terms:—

At the fall of Napoleon, Great Britain, above all other powers, celebrated a brilliant triumph. She had annihilated the long-feared enemy, set a king over France, procured the command of the European occupation-army for her general (Wellington), exercised a predominant influence in the new regulation of the European system, and made immediately for herself the precious acquisition of the Ionian Islands; but for the regained Hanover several finely-situated German provinces.—The continental countries, closed to her commerce under Napoleon, were now opened to it again; and she practised anew her well-learned art of keeping these countries continually tributary to her industry, and of closing her own market to their productions. Besides, she augmented in other parts of the world either her commercial preponderance, or, as especially in the East Indies, her political and military power. Yet the internal condition of the kingdom did not correspond with such a brilliant exterior. The weight of the enormous public debt; the boundless disproportion of the distribution of property; the stagnation or decay of many branches of industry in consequence of peace; the precarious condition of the manufacturers; the arrogance of the rich and the eminent; the fermentation in the poorer classes increasing year by year; the just exasperation of the oppressed Catholics in Ireland, leading to desperate civil war; and many other sufferings of disease, or symptoms, presented the sea-ruling state to the eyes of the observer under an aspect far from exciting envy, and filled the mind of the thinking Briton himself with great apprehension. But the worst result of the revolutionary struggle was the reaction produced and maintained by it against the ideas of the age. The power of the government became more absolute in proportion as the standing troops increased; the aristocracy, revolted by the democratic character of the French Revolution, redoubled their arrogance and severity; and the people themselves, seduced by national rivalry, did not generally see, or saw without repugnance, that the policy of their government, instead of going on before that of other powers, as formerly, now remained far behind the spirit of the age, and trifled away its claim to the confidence and love of nations. National vanity found itself flattered thereby, that the Bourbons, as protégés of Britain, ascended the throne of France; and passionate zeal overlooked that the principle of legitimacy, to which on this occasion the English ministers rendered homage, sapped the foundation of the rights of the house of Hanover to the throne of England. England—although, from considerations relative to the form of her government, she had refused to accede to the holy alliance—followed, nevertheless, its tendency, and lost by this means a great part of her political importance. Had she hitherto played the part of a protector of the weaker against the strong (in

recent times, in particular that of the protector of the laws of nations against Napoleon's world-dominion), and thereby obtained respect and powerful influence, she now sank down from the leading position to a subordinate. For maintaining the principle of legitimacy in Europe, after the restoration of the Bourbons and the fall of Napoleon, British aid was but little needed. The great continental powers stood at the head of the new system; and England here, compared with them, retreated almost into political insignificance. The congresses of monarchs and ministers, which ordered dictatorially the affairs of the European continent, took place in part without, in part with only subordinate participation of England; and among the intelligent of all nations the voice of hatred and contempt was raised against the government of aristocrats and the people of traders on the Thames. In England itself there arose, and marched threateningly on, a spirit of discontent with the government and with a constitution become contrary to the exigencies of the age either by antiquation or artificial corruption. An "investigation of the state of the nation" was already loudly demanded by the leaders of the opposition in parliament; and among the people the party, whose watchword was a radical reform, and especially that of parliament, spread alarmingly. Seditions took place in many parts of the kingdom, particularly in London; an opportunity acceptable to the ministers—nay, in part, craftily called into life by themselves—for increasing the severity of violent measures, and especially for the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, the palladium of English liberty (1817), which, however (unlike in this the otherwise analogous decrees of the Germanic diet,) ceased again in the following year. Ordinances still more severe (five bills, which give very sensible wounds to personal liberty and that of the press) were published with the approbation of parliament, the majority of which vanquished the energetic resistance of the opposition by the sum of votes—it mattered not whether free or unfree, wise or unwise. The people, however, were not vanquished. New seditions broke out, on the contrary—especially immediately after the accession of George IV., hitherto prince-regent, upon the death of his father (Jan. 29, 1820)—which the Castlereagh ministry thought it necessary to quell by executions. This ministry, which carried through the most illiberal measures,—as the corn-bill, the prolongation of the bill relative to foreigners, the preservation of the great military establishment in peace, the restriction of the liberty of the press, the most barbarous measures for keeping down the Irish,—was not strong enough, however, to maintain the tax upon incomes, introduced by Pitt, against the attacks of the opposition—strong this time, because sustained by the selfishness of individuals. The tax was abolished.

We now leave it to our readers to say whether this be written in a partizan spirit, or in that of a composed and fully informed historian; and whether it be equal or inferior to the tenor and the execution of the earlier portions of the work.

ART. XIII.—*On the Production of Isinglass along the Coasts of India, with a notice of its Fisheries.* By J. F. ROYLE, M.D. &c. &c. Allen.

Now, here is quite a pamphlet of the right sort; small in size, full of matter that is practical, and not devoid of original information. We confess that Dr. Royle is an especial favourite with us; but not without sound reasons. Of his Professorship, and his services, in King's College, we know nothing; but of his "*Illustrations of Himalayan Botany, &c.*," we have a fresh and admiring recollection; not to speak of other works contributive not merely to our knowledge of India, and the development of its resources, but to the advancement of science all over the world.

The present work is excellent in its department, whether we regard it as the fruit of study and of foreign research, or as suggestive of future enlargements. The familiarity of the term "*Isinglass*," the general ignorance that exists with regard to its uses, even among housewives who complain of its price, and the new sources of traffic which it may create, together with the science of the thing, are all points which may give importance to the subject of Dr. Royle's pamphlet, not to speak of any display that may belong to him individually.

To persons totally unacquainted with the subject, or with *isinglass*, a few statements derived immediately from Dr. Royle's pamphlet may not be uninteresting nor unprofitable. We abridge and extract.

*Isinglass* is a substance manufactured from the swimming-bladders, or *sounds*, of certain kinds of fish. It is the purest form of animal jelly. and which is chiefly derived from the large sturgeon caught in several rivers of Russia, especially from those which flow into the Black and Caspian Seas; but is also obtained from other regions of the globe; although either inferior in quality or in respect of preparation. The extent of commerce, independently of the number of uses connected with this kind of jelly, but, still more, the capabilities and prospects of the traffic in it, will, we repeat, astonish ordinary readers.

The great Russian sturgeon must afford employment to many persons, seeing that, besides the use to which the sounds are put, the fish, both in their fresh and dried state, form a great portion of the food of the inhabitants of Russia; the eggs being also converted into caviare. Or, let us look to the annual consumption of *isinglass* in England alone: "From M'Culloch's Commercial Dictionary we learn that the imports in 1831 and 1832 amounted on an average to 1,984½ cwt. a year. In the Report of the Committee on the Import duties we see that in the year 1839 there were imported 1,860 cwt., with additional 25 cwt. from British possessions. The

former yielding a duty of 4,039*l.*, and the latter of 19*l.*" This brings us to conditions, relative productions, and prospects; and more emphatically when we quote the note belonging to our extract about imported quantities. The note says, "Isinglass, the produce of and imported from any British possession, pays 15*s.* 10*d.*, but otherwise imported a duty of 2*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* per cwt."

This statement might well lead us to the consideration of the Import question, Free Trade, &c.; but we proceed, merely noticing the fact, that on account of restrictions, and false or artificial fiscal creations, several substitutes are manufactured, furnished by the gelatine which is very abundantly diffused throughout the animal kingdom.

Gelatine, an animal jelly, soluble in boiling water, with other familiar conditions, is obtained from so many sources, that it becomes a question of importance,—whence do the best kinds come—whence the most profitable, commercially speaking?

To abide by the term *Isinglass*, a substance or material which is employed in various ways,—in cookery, in the arts, in fining beer, &c., in giving a lustre to certain kinds of woven fabrics; it is obtained, as already said, from the sturgeon chiefly, in the present condition of manufacture and commerce. But the genius *acipenser*, or sturgeon, is known to consist of not only several species, but to be the inhabitant of many seas and shores. What is more, isinglass being prepared from the swimming-bladders of a great number of different kinds of fish, it might become far more generally abundant; or, in other words, far more generally employed than it is at present. With regard to the fishes that produce it, take the following precise and zoological account:—

The fishes which produce it on the coast of Brazil have not been ascertained. Camera supposed them to be species of *Gadus*. Mr. Yarrell informs me that no species of *Gadus* is caught on the coast of Brazil. The common cod prefers water of a low temperature; though found all the year about Boston, it migrates northward from New York when warm weather begins. The fishes producing isinglass in Brazil, he further writes, are probably species of the genera *Pimelodus* and *Silurus*, or of closely allied genera.

The Brazilian isinglass is imported from Para and Maranhão. It is very inferior in quality for domestic purposes to the best imported from Russia, which sells for 12*s.* per lb., and the other from about 3*s.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* and even as low as 9*d.* per lb. It is in the form of Pipe, Block, Honeycomb, Cake, and Tongue Isinglass, the last formed of a double swimming-bladder. The specimens shown to Mr. Yarrell appeared to him to belong to seven different species of fish.

The isinglass obtained from North America, in the form of long ribbons, is produced, according to Dr. Mitchell, by *Labrus Squeateague*, at New York, called weak fish, which is about fifteen inches in length, and above six pounds in weight, forming one of their most abundant fish and the principal supply of their tables. One author states that its thick silvery swim-



ming-bladders are pressed, and another that the sounds of the Hake (*Merluccius Vulgaris*) are also pressed between iron or wooden rollers to form thin isinglass.

The Labrus Squeateague is *Otolithus Regalis* of Cuvier (the *Johnius Regalis* of Bloch,) of the tribe *Sciænoidea*. These are allied to the perches, but have more variety and a more complicated structure in their natatory bladders; almost all are good for eating, and many of superior flavour. To the genus *Otolithus* also belong some Indian fishes, as *O. Versicolor*, Cuv. and *O. Ruber*, Cuv., the pêche pierre of Pondicherry, called there *Panan*, which is fifteen inches long, and caught in a bundance all the year, being esteemed as food. This genus is closely allied to *Sciæna*, of which species, as *S. Aquila* (*Maigre* of the French, and *Umbrina* of the Romans,) &c., are found in the Mediterranean. *S. Pama* or *Bola Pama* of Buchanan resembles the maigres, but has a singular natatory bladder. When twelve or fifteen inches long, it is erroneously called *Whiting* at Calcutta, and furnishes a light and salubrious diet. It is caught in great abundance at the mouths of the Ganges, but never ascends higher than the tide.

In New England, the intestines of the common cod (*Morruha Vulgaris*) are cut into ribbon isinglass: in Iceland also the cod is said to yield isinglass, so also the ling (*Lota Molva*.) Mr. Yarrell informs me that he has no reason to believe that isinglass is so prepared, at least in the southern parts of this country. The fish being brought alive in well-boats as far as possible: cod and also ling sounds are mostly preserved soft, by salting, and are dressed for table as a substitute for fish.

Hence we see that isinglass is not confined to the tribe of sturgeons, nor to the rivers of Russia, but that it is found in fishes on the warm coast of Brazil and the cold one of Iceland. It would not, therefore, be surprising to find it yielded by some of the great variety and shoals of fishes, on the long extended coasts of the British Empire in India. Some experimental quantities have, in fact, already been imported from Bengal into this country within the last year. Indeed, from the accounts published, and the additional facts which will be adduced, it will appear that a trade in isinglass, and in some of its substitutes, has long been established on the coasts of India.

The first who appears to have drawn attention to this subject, was an anonymous correspondent in Parbury's *Oriental Herald* in January, 1839, who stated that the Chinese had long been engaged in a trade with Calcutta in isinglass. Also, that this was afforded by a fish called *Sulleah* in Bengal, and that from half a pound to three-quarters of a pound was obtained from each fish.

In consequence of this notice, the attention of Mr. M'Clelland of the Bengal medical service was turned to the subject, and he has pursued it with a degree of energy and intelligence which renders it extremely probable that isinglass may be regularly established as an article of export from Bengal to Europe.

Mr. M'Clelland's first paper was published at Calcutta in June, 1839, in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society*, vol. viii. p. 203. In this he informs us, that having procured a specimen, from the bazaar, of the fish yielding the isinglass, he was surprised to find it to be a species of *Polynemus*, or

paradise fish, of which several species are known for their excellence as articles of food. Of these he adduces the Mango Fish, or tupsee mutchee of the Bengalees (*Polynemus Risua*, Buch.) as a familiar instance, though this is remarkable as being without a swimming-bladder: while the other species have it large and stout. These occur in the seas of warm climates; five are described by Dr. Buchanan in his Gangetic fishes, but only two are of considerable size, occurring in the estuary of the Hoogly and probably in those of the Ganges. One of these, with another large species, is also described by Dr. Russell in his work on the fishes of the Madras Coast. That figured in tab. 184, and called *Maga-booshee*, is *Polynemus Uronemus* of Cuvier, while the *Maga-jellee*, tab. 183, named *P. Tetradactylus* by Shaw, is probably *P. Teria* of Buchanan. Both, but especially the first, Russell says, are esteemed for the table, and called *Row-ball* by the English.

Mr. M'Clelland ascertained that the species affording the isinglass, is the *Polynemus Sele* of Buchanan, *Sele* or *Sulea* of the Bengalese, described but not figured in his work on the Gangetic fishes (p. 226.) Mr. M. has, however, published in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, a figure from Dr. Buchanan's unpublished collection of drawings, which are kept at the East India Company's Botanic Garden at Calcutta. This figure, he states, conveys a good representation of the *Sele* about half the size of a specimen, from which he obtained sixty-six grains of isinglass. Dr. Buchanan describes the *Sele* as affording a light nourishing food, like most of the fishes which he has called *Bola*, but as inferior to many of them in flavour. It is common in the estuaries of the Ganges, and is often found weighing from twenty to twenty-four pounds; and may perhaps be the *Emoi* of Otaheiti, the *Polynemus Lineatus* of La Cepede, the *P. Plebius* of Broussonet. This, according to Bloch, is by the English called kingfish, and is the *Kala Mine* of John from Tranquebar, and abundant in the Kistnah and Godavery. Buchanan further states, that the *Sele* has a strong resemblance to the above-named *Maga-booshee* of Dr. Russell.

As the anonymous author above referred to, states that from half a pound to three-quarters of a pound may be obtained from each fish, Mr. M'Clelland supposes either that *P. Sele* attains a much larger size than twenty-four pounds, the limit given to it by Buchanan, or that isinglass is also afforded by a far larger species, namely *P. Tetradactylus*, *Teria* or *Teriya Bhangon*. This, as we have seen, is identical with the *maga-jellee* of the Coromandel coast, and which Buchanan often saw six feet long in the Calcutta bazaar, and was informed it sometimes equalled 320lbs. avoirdupois in weight. It is considered by the natives as a wholesome diet, although seldom used by Europeans.

Mr. M'Clelland says he has frequently seen them of a uniform size, that must have weighed from fifty to a hundred pounds at least, loading whole cavalcades of hackeries (carts) on their way to the Calcutta bazaar during the cold season. Both the *Sele* and the *Teria Bhangon* must consequently be very common there from November to March.

Whether both species have natatory bladders was doubtful when Mr. M. wrote his paper. But from the large quantities and size of the isinglass which has been produced in the Bay of Bengal, it is probable that it is

yielded by both the above species, *P. Sele* is supposed to be a variety of *P. Lineatus*, which is said to be common on all the shores to the eastward; but if so, Mr. M. says, it seems strange that the Chinese should send for it to the Hoogly. The same might, however, be said of the Cod, which, though caught in abundance on the coasts of Great Britain, is also diligently sought for on the banks of Newfoundland. He also inquires, whether *Polynemus Emoi* and *P. Plebius*, supposed by Buchanan to correspond with his *Sele*, contain the same valuable substance? and do either of Russell's species, the above-named *Maga-booshee* and *Maga-jellee* (Indian fishes, 183-4) yield it? These questions are very interesting in connection with the information which will be afterwards given, respecting the extent of the fishery along the coasts of India, and of the export to China of large quantities of a substance which is no doubt one form of isinglass.

Dr. Cantor, in a paper read before the Royal Asiatic Society, on some Indian fishes found in the Bay of Bengal, says, "To the genus *Polynemus*, I shall add a species called by the natives *Sulliah* or *Saccolih*. It enters the mouths of the Ganges in shoals, and is equally sought by Europeans and natives for its excellent flavour, which much approaches that of salmon. I have seen it from three to four feet in length and eight to ten inches in depth. It appears equally plentiful all the year round, which is also the case with a nearly allied species, the *Polynemus Quadrifilis* of Cuvier." In reference to this passage, Mr. M. says, "I am not sure that the species of *Polynemus*, Dr. Cantor particularly refers to in his paper as the *sulliah* or *Saccolih*, is not the very fish that affords isinglass; if so, it appears to be considered by Dr. Cantor as a new species."

In his letter, dated 17th February, 1841, Mr. M'Clelland says, "that besides the *Polynemus Sele*, the fishes described by Dr. Buchanan, under the name of *Bola*, all afford a considerable quantity of isinglass. Some of the specimens sent are from a species of this genus. Several of the Siluridæ also afford it in large quantities, especially the species marked *Silurus Raita* by Dr. Buchanan." This is an important fact, as it is probable (v. p. 23) that a *Silurus* yields the Brazilian isinglass; so *S. Glanis*, in the South of Russia, yields isinglass of several kinds, as *Staple*, *Leaf*, and *Book* (an *Samovey*?) which are esteemed in England. It may, therefore, be produced of good quality by Indian species of *Silurus* and *Pimelodus*.

This particular and scientific statement is important in a practical sense; and the whole subject, as brought out by Dr. Royle, is worthy of general consideration. His *summary* will explain his views better than we can do by any abstract. In the meanwhile, we cannot but say that a path here is opened for traffic and commercial dealings, that never was contemplated but in the breast of science; and that however insignificant may appear, at first sight, the opportunity or the subject, it is within the compass of human ingenuity and enterprise to turn to enormous account the slightest and the smallest objects in nature, taking these in their most obvious conditions.

Here is part of the *summary*; the sele is the subject of illustration:—

As the demand for Russian isinglass, like its price, increased, so the former was early met by the application of the sounds of fish abounding on the coast of Britain; like the cod and ling, and also of the skins of soles. Now the present wants are supplied from other climates, as from the coasts of North America and of Brazil, and by other tribes of fishes, which, though yielding isinglass of inferior quality to the Russian, is yet sufficiently good for some of the purposes to which it is applied in the arts.

Though the cartilaginous sturgeons are not inhabitants of the Indian Seas, yet we have seen that cartilaginous fishes abound there. These may therefore yield isinglass. Species of *Silurus* yield it in Russia and Brazil, and likewise in India; in North America a *Labrus*, and in India a *Bola*, which belong to the tribe of *Sciænoideæ*. In Europe, it is obtained from species of *Cyprinus*, and nowhere do the fishes of this tribe abound more than in India; and though there, we do not find the cod, ling, and hake, the sele, teria, and other species of *Polynemus*, swarm in shoals, and yield what is already an article of export. When attention is drawn to the subject along the coasts and rivers of India, it will probably be found that several other species do already yield isinglass (the fish-maws of Indian commerce), and that many more will be found to so of equal, and even superior quality to what is now imported from Brazil.

Isinglass has hitherto been accounted a product known to, and esteemed only by Europeans, but we have seen that fish sounds have long been exported to China in considerable quantities from the neighbourhood of Calcutta. The islands of the Indian Archipelago have also long exported to China large quantities of substances something similar in properties to isinglass, and among them shark-fins and fish-maws. But these islands, numerous as they are, and much as their inhabitants are addicted to fishing, are yet unable to supply the demands of those lovers of gelatinous soups, the Chinese. For in examining the commerce of Bombay, we found that the exports to China, and to a large amount, consisted of these very same products of fishes, which had been previously imported from the opposite coast of Africa, and from the Arabian and Persian gulfs, and all along the coasts of India.

That this commerce should have been unknown, or rather that isinglass should never be enumerated among the products of the Indian seas, is owing to so few taking the trouble to acquaint themselves with things, instead of with names only. For fish-maws we have seen are the sounds of fish, and a good deal resemble some of those which are imported from Brazil. Instead, therefore, of this being a new export from India, it is a very old established one, long known under another name. At what time the Chinese began to import these substances from the great Archipelago, and from the coasts of India, it is impossible for us to ascertain. It may be that this ancient people were acquainted with isinglass at as early a period, as we have any records respecting it in Europe.

Isinglass, we have seen, is esteemed as an article of diet; it is useful as

a demulcent in medicine, and is fitted for a variety of purposes in the arts. It has also the advantage, as an article of commerce, of being in demand both in Europe and the most anciently civilized parts of Asia. Hence, whatever may be the supply from increased attention along the extended coasts of India, to securing the exhaustless spoils of the ocean, it is not likely to overstep the demand, if a little more care be given to the preparation of the article. We have seen that its principal properties are due to the pureness of its gelatine, and as this is a substance found in other parts of the animal structure, so the general demand for isinglass has been met in its comparative scarcity and high price, by an increased preparation of gelatine. This, there is reason to suppose, is now employed even in articles of diet, where it is thought that isinglass, or some equally pure form of animal structure, is alone admissible. And though gelatine has been objected to as not being nutritious, it does not seem less so than other simple proximate principles, both of plants and animals, which in their aggregate, as found in nature, or as mixed by art, are known to afford a wholesome, nutritious, and palatable diet to the most highly developed classes of animals.

The Indian isinglass, we have seen, is essentially good, and its defects such as are easily susceptible of improvement by increased attention to the preparation, so as to remove the present objections; and, in fact, some specimens being better prepared than the others, prove that there can be no difficulty in preparing them all equally well. Some of the Isinglass of commerce has the defect of a fishy smell, as well as of being in part insoluble, while other kinds are made more saleable by the assistance of pressure, and more soluble by the aid of acetic acid. The only legitimate method, however, is to prepare it from the thinner and more gelatinous, and, if possible, from the inner membrane, as in the sturgeon. The Isinglass of commerce consists of the sounds simply dried, and of the well-prepared inner membrane. The Brazilian is composed of the former, and with it the Indian isinglass is at present able to contend. As both are now only applicable to the purposes of fining, the object should be to prepare the Indian of such quality, that it might be applied to all the purposes of the best Isinglass, and thus be able to command the higher, if not the highest prices.

The desirableness of securing a portion of the European trade in isinglass being evident, and the feasibility of improving the isinglass of India having been rendered probable, it remains only to consider whether the profits are likely to remunerate the merchant, as well as to induce the fishermen to extend the supply. The Russian trade, we have seen, gives employment to great numbers of the people, and yields considerable revenue to the government. But then it may be said, that not only the high price obtained for the superior and well manufactured isinglass affords inducements not to be expected elsewhere, but that all the parts of the fish, as the flesh, the roe, and the sounds, are turned to account. This we have seen in our cursory view of the value of the Russian fisheries of the sturgeons, and how it is profitable to the people, and beneficial to the country.

The advantages will prove not less considerable in pursuing the occupa-

tion of fishing in India, where population abounds and labour is cheap, if the curing of fish be combined with the preparation of the isinglass. Though far short of what is practicable, fishing, no doubt, occupies many of the inhabitants not only of the coasts, but of those engaged in the extensive river navigation of India, as also of most parts of Asia. This to a much greater extent than appears from any of the facts adduced, as much of the fish caught must be everywhere consumed for food, while considerable quantities are dried, and form articles of commerce, as do shark-fins and fish-maws. The sounds of many Indian fishes, might, like sturgeons, yield isinglass, while fish-glue and fish-oil might be obtained from others.

The natives of Asia are not unacquainted with other modes of preserving fish, and even the roe appears among their articles of *Materia Medica*, under the name *Butarookh*, and Mr. Crawford informs us, that "the dried roe, of enormous size, of a kind of shad which frequents the great river of Siak in Sumatra, constitutes an article of commerce:" while the Balachang of the Eastern Seas, consisting of small fish with prawns and shrimps, first fermented and then dried, gives rise to a considerable traffic, as no food is deemed palatable without it, and its use extends to every country, from China to Bengal. In Java and Sumatra, a preparation of small fish with red rice, having the appearance of anchovies, and the colour of red cabbage, is esteemed as a delicacy. So in India, the preparation called Tamarind fish, which is much prized as a relish, where the acid of the Tamarind is made use of for preserving fish cut in transverse slices.

But the curing of fish, and the preparation of isinglass, if properly pursued, would form the chief inducements for the prosecution of the fishery. The demand for dried fish, we have seen, exists not only in India, but in every part of Asia, and isinglass we know is in request both in Europe and China. It might, perhaps, become an article of consumption even in India, as it is mentioned in their systems of *Materia Medica* by the name of *ghurree-al-sumak*, and *sureshum mahee*, that is fish-glue, and is described as a good diet for patients in a decline. Mr. M'Clelland, in alluding to Dr. Cantor's recommendation of the curing of fishes at the Sandehads, justly observes, "that a something was then wanting to be known, in order to give a direct inducement to the undertaking." He, therefore, regards "the discovery of the isinglass of commerce in one of the larger Polynemi of India as a circumstance eminently calculated to direct attention to a promising and almost unlooked-for source of enterprise."

#### ART. XIV. — *Storia d' Italia*.

HISTORY, as well as almost every thing else that is noble or beautiful in Christian civilization, was originated or restored in Italy; and the Italian historians, until the present day, have, by the unanimous assent of all nations, been placed in the first rank among the moderns. The memories of past ages are written with indelible characters in the thousand monuments which crowd their land. Every ploughman has a story to tell of his field. The Lombard plain is heaving with mounds covering the relics of all nations. Wave after wave

they came and passed away; the prints of their footsteps, and the tracks of their chariot wheels, may almost be traced; but they are gone, the fated land has swallowed them all. Dispersed, harassed, trampled upon, the native races have survived their destroyers. They have counted those numberless hosts: they have handed down to posterity the names of the tribes and their chieftains: they have preserved their annals with that sad diligence, and dictated them with that touching eloquence, with which sufferers are apt to dwell on their woes as if proud of them. The Italian chroniclers of the middle ages, generally the inmates of cloisters, respected by all the successive invasions, had the advantage, over their contemporaries of other nations of a comparative security; and although their writings were far from being free from the superstitions and absurdities of their times, it is not less true, that the little that remained of ancient lore found a last refuge in their cells.

But when, at the dawning of a better day, the Lombard and Tuscan cities gave modern Europe the first example of free governments, the young republics intrusted their worthiest citizens with the production of their national trophies; and history, taken from the silence and barrenness of the convent, and brought into the bustle of social life, began to exercise its highest functions, as treasurer of the past and preceptor of the future. Whilst those enlightened democracies made the first attempts towards establishing systems of general policy and diplomacy, their enterprising navigators brought home information from the remotest regions, and the annals preserved in their archives became universal records of undisputed authenticity.

Lastly, when, in consequence of the natural tides of human vicissitude, Italy, exhausted by domestic jealousies, became a prey to strangers, and, the scene of active life being transferred elsewhere, she was left to exercise her dominion over the realms of the mind, historical studies were pursued under calmer circumstances, and with wider views; and, allied with strength of reasoning, and the charms of style, they constituted that science to which the following ages have given so great an importance. The historians of the sixteenth century, writing in that period of dull repose which succeeded the conquest of Charles the Fifth, when the doom of Italy was inexorably sealed, and tyranny first declared war against thought, were early made aware that a writer, espousing the cause of honour and truth, must unite to the power of genius the heart of a hero and the devotedness of a martyr. Whatever were the moral characters or the political feelings of some of them, while engaged in the debates of public life, such an air of candour and conscientiousness, of moderation and impartiality, prevails in every page of their writings, as gives a more favourable impression of the integrity and morality of their age, than their descriptions are intended to suggest.

Machiavelli, a stern misanthrope, a warm patriot,—by turns imprisoned and banished, and appointed secretary, ambassador, captain-general,—head and soul of a crumbling state, writing with a hand still bruised and benumbed by the rack to which the vengeance of the Medici doomed him, never betrays, by the slightest allusion in his “*Florentine Histories*,” any bitterness of resentment. Entirely engrossed by the gravity of his subject, exhibiting his versatile talent in abstracting and generalizing ideas, and his great sagacity in judging of men, he ever shows himself an enthusiastic apostle of freedom and virtue, though he is apt to indulge in some fits of that inborn misanthropy, that a long dealing with men, and struggling with evil, had exasperated and deepened.

Guicciardini, a shrewd politician and a heartless patrician, relating events in which he had taken a great part, loaded with honours by popes and princes, detested by the people, deluded and disgraced by the ungrateful tyrant to whom he had given up his country, never permits himself to be drawn, by party spirit or disappointment, out of the dignity befitting his important ministry.

So Nerli and Nardi, Segni and Varchi, either impenitent republicans, dying in the distress and sorrow of exile, or awkward courtiers, preferring the cause of truth to the favour of their lord, sometimes stabbed or mangled by his satellites, sometimes persecuted even in their tombs by his vile jealousy, that succeeded in burying their writings, and defrauding public curiosity for more than two centuries; all of them equally excel in that self-possession, which, divesting the related events of all exaggeration or palliative, presents them, bare but striking evidences against the monsters whom they consigned to the unerring desecration of posterity. So Fra Paolo Sarpi, by a rare combination a monk and a citizen, scarcely recovering from the wounds treacherously inflicted by the poniard of Rome, in his “*History of the Council of Trent*,” tracing from its earliest origin that reform which was for ever to part asunder the religious opinions of the Christian world; so Cardinal Bentivoglio, by a strange anomaly a legate of the pope and a man of high feelings, writing an account of the great struggle of the Hollanders for their religious and political emancipation; so Davila, an adventurer, a courtier of Catherine de Medici, a soldier of Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth, describing the factions of the Huguenots, and the horrors of the wars of the League; so finally, in times nearer to us, Muratori and Denina; and Giannone, a hero and a martyr, for twenty years the inmate of a dungeon; and a vast number of others, seem to instruct mankind by their example, that there is no state of violence or oppression, no seduction, no fear, that can allure or deter truth from its straightforward path, and save injustice or wickedness from the watchful retribution of the generations to come.

Of all branches of literature in Italy, history is that to which the



greatest attention is generally paid, as it is also, of all studies, the most dreaded and resisted by the watchful curiosity of the governments. History has been long since banished from the Italian universities. In recent times, the heroic epochs of early Greece and Rome have been generally illustrated and understood; while of Italy not a word has been spoken. The very name of their country has conveyed to the Italians an indefinite idea. Their patriotic feelings have been restrained within the limits of a petty state or town, and all who came from beyond those limits have been pointed out as strangers. It is only in our days that they have begun to acquire some knowledge of themselves. The busy curiosity of the age has led them to interrogate the monuments and writings of their forefathers. That Italy, which the relentless enmity of fate had long hid away from their anxious solicitude, at last they have discovered; but, like the Spanish hero in the chivalrous legends, the joy of the discovery has become a source of new distress, when that parent is found lying prostrate and low, her vigour and beauty wasted in tears and chains.

The great object of the Italians is now the composition of the history of their country; because, strange as it may appear, whilst, as we have said, that nation may justly boast of having produced a greater number of good historians than any other, there is, as yet, no work answering the purpose of a general history of Italy. Beyond all political impediments or sectional prejudices, that may oppose the completion of such a work, the most immovable obstacle lies in the vastness and arduousness of the undertaking. It would be impossible to form a just idea of the extent of the subject, by taking into consideration the works of a similar nature, on the history of any of the other countries of Europe.

The annals of these last can always be fairly referred to one determinate epoch, and comprehended within one period; and, though the natural course of events may have been repeatedly interrupted, and the national unity broken, still there is always a central organization, a great metropolis, a dynasty forming, as it were, the main *Cordillera*, from which all the secondary chains can be easily traced, and on which they all essentially depend. But the history of Italy is the history of many nations and states. With its head hidden in the clouds of the remotest antiquity, rehearsing for a long lapse of ages the principal part of a drama in which the other nations only played the episodes, twice at the head of the civilization of the world, twice constituting the history of the world; the history of that country is necessarily divided into several distinct periods, and each period into an infinite number of subdivisions offering but few general points of analytical survey.

The first period, that of Italy before the Romans, is rather indeed the province of the antiquary, than the historian. It comprehends

the researches about the aborigines; the Pelasgi, Cœnotrii, Itali, and Siculi, the Etruscans, the Ligurians, and a hundred primeval tribes inhabiting the peninsula, whose existence is attested by the remains of their cities and the relics of their works of art, whose high civilization seems likely to have preceded the earliest periods of Greece, and whose names, residence, confines, laws, manners, and literature are, in great part, a ground for vague conjectures, and not very profitable controversies.

The second era, the best known and most universally studied, embraces the recital of the glories of Rome. But the history of the Eternal City is not the history of the whole country. The resistance that each of the native tribes opposed to the rising ambition of Rome, threatening its existence in its first growth; the share that each of them took in the exploits of Rome, when united with her; the settlements of the Greek colonies in the south; the invasions of Gauls and Illyrians in the north; the social war by which the rights and privileges of Roman citizenship were forcibly acquired by the provinces from the capital, and the name of Italy was virtually associated with that of Rome; are events which, in a history of Italy, claim a more eminent place than they occupy, when only the rise and fall of Rome are brought into consideration.

The Middle Ages form the third period. It includes the ruin of the western empire; the invasions of Western and Eastern Goths, of Huns, of Alani, of Vandals, and Gepidæ; (for Italy has seen all of them;) the reign of Odoacer; the fifty-seven years of Gothic empire; the two centuries of Lombard dominion; the eighty-eight years during which Italy was swayed by the French monarchs of the Carolingian dynasty; the seventy-three following, in which she was distracted by the factions of her national dukes and marquises; the two succeeding centuries, during which she faintly acknowledged the dominion of the German emperors, from Otho the First to Frederic Barbarossa; and all that long night of violence, ignorance, and superstition, during which the popular principle was gradually awakened, during which, instructed by the errors of the monarchical and feudal systems, by the discords between kings and vassals, between popes and emperors, the people lost all feelings of veneration and allegiance, and began to act for themselves. This is the epoch, during which, by influences then unperceived, a brute mass of serfs and burgesses were raised to the rank of men and citizens.

The fourth is the period of Italian freedom. The maritime towns set up an independent standard, rout the Greeks and Saracens, and begin to ride from one end to the other of the Mediterranean, free as the waters which they furrow, and the winds that wave their flags. The inland cities raise their walls and marshal their burgesses, join in a general league, and shake off the yoke of the Ger-

mans. Liberty is no sooner secured than abused. The feudal and democratic systems, the Guelphs and Ghibelines, the house of Swabia, and the house of Anjou, popes and anti-popes, crusades and heresies, feuds between neighbouring cities, factions within the walls of the same city, turn the whole country into a vast field of battle. Meanwhile, Roman institutions, Lombard statutes, Salic laws, feudal and monastic privileges, Imperial edicts, Papal bulls, and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, bring confusion and disorder into civil life, and those young republics are hurried on to destruction by excess of vigour and ill-directed energies; until at length a bloody tyranny at Milan, a crafty oligarchy at Venice, a stormy aristocracy at Genoa, a raving anarchy at Florence, a feudal despotism in Naples, and an aspiring hierarchy in Rome, open the way for foreign inroads, and invite the shame and misery of a foreign yoke.

The fifth and last period, embraces three centuries of degradation and bondage. It is a succession of invasions of French and Spaniards, Swiss and Austrians, by turns invited and expelled by Italian factions, until the deluded sons of Italy are forced to acknowledge a master in each of the auxiliaries they had the imprudence to invoke. Yet neither is this deplorable period destitute of high interest, nor did Italian greatness set without leaving glorious records. The long struggle of Venice against the league of Cambray, her wars against the Turks, the bold aspirations of Julius the Second, the last heroism of liberty expiring at Florence and Siena, give us reason to mourn over the fate of a nation, every fragment of which seemed able to sustain, alone, the glory of her name. But that fate was fulfilled. A long inaction ensued, only interrupted by a periodical warfare of French and Austrians, in the wars for the succession of Mantua, of Spain, of Austria; the progressive fall of Venice and Genoa; the extinction of the princely Italian families; the exaltation of the house of Savoy, and foreign rulers gaining ground inch by inch; a lingering decline of arts and sciences, and of all pious, generous, patriotic feelings: a deathlike torpor, a stupid indifference and oblivion; then, on a sudden, a general overthrow of all states and order, a re-awakening of energies, a maddening of spirits, a brilliant illusion, and a bitter disappointment.

For the erection of such an immense building, the Italians are in no want of copious materials. The patriotism of their municipal governments, the vanity of their lordly families, the diligence of their antiquaries, have not left the most obscure corner without illustrations, nor the most trifling event without description and commentary. It has never been penury of documents, or chasms in the memorials, that has made the compilers of Italian history at a loss. It was rather an indiscriminate redundancy and confusion, that perplexed and discouraged all patience, and led astray all critical judgment. Archives and libraries seem to have escaped the

ravages of time, and all sacks and conflagrations of cities to have sent down their treasures safe and sound for the gratification of our curiosity. There they lie in scrolls, parchments, and gaudy manuscripts, huge folios and ponderous quartos, with a variety of binding and gilding, in Gothic, Latin, or in rude Italian, heaped up, piled up, drawn up in formidable array, the old-fashioned shelves groaning under their weight, dark and dusty, silent and moody, like spell-bound warriors ready to fall on the head of the daring mortal who should venture to break the enchantment.

But the enchantment has been broken, and with luminous success. Muratori, a giant with a hundred eyes and a hundred hands, one of those antique frames cast in bronze and steel, which would almost induce us to believe in a deterioration of the human race at the present day, whose labours would be a wonder, even if, like Nestor, he had outlived three generations and been always at work, with a perseverance rare in all climates, more rare under the seductions of a southern sky, abjured all the ties and charms of society, and buried himself with the dead, to search their monuments and reveal the secrets of the past. Placed over the *Ambrosian* library at Milan, and the *Estense* in Modena, maintaining a busy commerce with the most famous scholars of his times, he published, in one vast collection of twenty-seven volumes in folio, the chronicles and annals of all the towns and provinces of Italy, under the title, "*Rerum Italicarum Scriptores ab Anno Æræ Christianæ D. ad MD.*" Then, giving order and system to that formless mass, he published, in 1738, his Latin work, "*Antiquitates Italicæ Medii, Ævi,*" in six enormous volumes, containing dissertations upon all civil, religious, and military orders and institutions, with a precise account of all invasions, settlements, and vicissitudes of the different tribes successively occupying the peninsular; and tracing the origin and progress of letters, sciences, arts, and language, from the fall of the Roman empire down to the year 1500; a work which he reproduced several years later, on a smaller scale, and translated into Italian. Finally, in this last language, he wrote his "*Annali d'Italia,*" in sixteen volumes, from the beginning of the Christian era to the year 1749; closely following all memorable events of peace and war, with a minuteness and precision which leave nothing to be desired.

To the Atlantean efforts of this able workman, amounting to the most ample treasure of historical lore, we believe, that any nation can boast, the Italians are indebted for the foundation on which their historical works have been, and ever will be constructed; and it is a remarkable fact, that, though the activity of his successors may sometimes have added facts that escaped his vigilance, yet such were his sagacity and discernment, such his candour and integrity, that, in so prodigious an extent of narrations, whatever he stated has never, or seldom, been called in question. Thus, before him,

nothing had been attempted in his country, but municipal and provincial annals, or contemporaneous history, such being, in fact, even the high performances of Paolo Giovio and Ripamonti in Lombardy, Bembo in Venice, Bonfadio in Genoa, Costanzo in Naples, Guicciardini and his illustrious contemporaries in Tuscany; whilst, after him, we have not only a good number of more or less successful attempts in general history, such as Denina's "*Revolutions of Italy*," and Bossi's "*Ancient and Modern Italy*;" but even such works as were devoted to the illustration of a single district, or a short period, such as Verri's *Milan*, Galluzzi's and Pignotti's *Tuscany*, and Giannone's immortal work on *Naples*, are conceived under general views, and treats the subjects in their relation to the great history of the progress of civilization.

Muratori and his successors having thus cleared and levelled the way for a work of genius, as early as the middle of the last century, the work of genius would long since have appeared, had it not been for the languor and apathy, and the total extinction of public spirit, that characterized the period immediately preceding the French revolution, and the feverish effervescence of stormy passions that this last event brought with it. Now that, as we have said, the times are highly favourable to efforts of such a nature, among the mental results which will distinguish the present generation in Italy, we have all reason to expect a good history of the country; and a general review of what is daily published in that branch of literature will easily assure us that our anticipation cannot fail to be speedily realized.

The fondness of the Italians for ruins, medals, and inscriptions, which so often proves contagious even to their foreign visitors, and the great efforts of Ennio Quirino Visconti and other illustrious antiquaries, have turned the attention of several able writers of the present age towards the earliest memorials of their country, and enabled them, in some degree, to rescue the primeval period of their history from the oblivious silence of ages, and the misguiding lore of mythological traditions.

At the head of such compositions, are the works of Micali, "*L'Italia avanti i Romani*," published at Florence, in 1810, and "*Storia degli Antichi Popoli Italiani*," printed in 1832. Choosing his own way, in the midst of jarring opinions and interminable doubts; by the aid of an enlightened criticism, stating and ordering facts with an admirable perspicuity, without attempting to give his subject more unity than it would naturally admit of, Micali endeavoured to collect the records of each individual race of the primitive inhabitants of Italy, one after another, in an easy succession, according to the chronological traditions of their earliest origin, and the influence which they exerted over the land; and traced their history down to that single point of coincidence to which they all

naturally tend, the epoch in which their name was effaced from the list of nations, and their fate involved in the destinies of Rome.

The long period of the Roman republic and empire, the second epoch according to our arbitrary division, has been hitherto completely overlooked by the Italian historians. If we except the immortal discourses of Machiavelli on the Decades of Livy, there is hardly any Italian work on that subject. The Italians early reproduced the annals of Rome, by translations of Livy, Tacitus, and other Romans; but a methodical compilation of those annals, a work that should take up the subject where Micali has left it, is still desirable; nor are the profound and philosophical views of the German, Niebuhr, sufficient to answer the purpose, though they may serve to suggest new ideas and views on the subject, to such as shall attempt the work after him.

The history of Italy, in fact, may commence where the history of Rome terminates. The two epochs have hardly any link of connexion. The stage is the same; but the two plays that have been acted upon it bear little relation to each other. With the first inundation of the northern races, with the first setting in of the night of the Middle Ages, commences the history of a new nation. The history of the Middle Ages, the narration of the inroads of the northern barbarians, their laws and institutions, their manners and morals, is still a work to appear. In this branch of history, also, the Italians have permitted themselves to be outrun by foreigners. The works of Hallam and of others, English and German scholars, have prepared the way for the historians of Italy; but the Middle Ages in her history do not extend to the same epoch as bounds them in the history of the rest of Europe. Feudal disorder and anarchy continued in France until the days of Charles the Seventh, or Louis the Eleventh; the Middle Ages in Spain closed at the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; in Germany, under Maximilian the First; in England, under Henry the Eighth or Elizabeth; but in Italy, modern civilization dates as far back as the peace of Constance, in 1183; and from that year commences the fourth epoch, the history of Italian freedom.

On this period, a splendid work has been recently published, such as to leave hardly any chance of doing better, hardly any thing to be desired. Sismondi, a name dear to the Italians, descended from a Tuscan family, though a native of Geneva, always seemed to look with pride and affection towards the land of his ancestors. In his "*History of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages*," published in 1826, in sixteen volumes, and in the compendium of the same work, condensed into a small volume, under the title of "*Rise and Fall of Liberty in Italy*," printed in 1830, there prevails throughout a warmth of patriotism, that might be easily accounted partiality in a native of Italy. Ten years of travel and local

researches enabled him to draw information from the most direct sources; and that vast mass of erudition, organized with the wide and deep views of a master mind, and warmed with the enthusiasm of a virtuous and chivalrous heart, has rendered this work one of the most important productions of the present times.

The history of modern Italy has been likewise abundantly provided for. The work of Guicciardini stands at the head of that period. Writing the history of his own age, from 1492 to 1522, from the first French invasion of Charles the Eighth, to the definitive settlement of the Austrian dominion of Charles the Fifth, Guicciardini amply illustrated that momentous era, which put an end for ever to the supremacy of Italy over the other nations of Europe. The continuation of Guicciardini, from 1522 to 1797, and the history of Italy during the last French invasions, from 1797 to 1814, have been written by Botta.

This Guicciardini of our days, this prince of modern historians, as he is generally styled among his countrymen, long since established a wide reputation in this country by his "*History of the War of Independence of the United States of America.*" It was at first, and is still surprising, how a foreigner, who had never visited the country, could have so deeply studied the complicated institutions of the English colonies of North America, divided the causes that excited, and the spirit that supported, them during the long struggle of their emancipation, and traced its principal events with a chronological and topographical accuracy, that might deserve encomium even in an eye-witness.

It is highly desirable for a nation to have its history written by an enlightened foreigner. It is important to divest the annals of a country of the narrow-mindedness of a mistaken patriotism. It is curious and instructive to read what other people think of us. The Italians have been long since used to perform such good offices for their neighbours, and have lately been amply requited by the labours of Sismondi. Botta's "*America,*" however, was written especially with patriotic views; and the author, while writing, was not much actuated by the expectation of the popularity that awaited him on the other side of the Atlantic. The rights of men were in those days blindly debated in Italy as well as in the rest of Europe. Liberty, an epidemic disease, threatened a general overturn. Botta, desirous of giving his countrymen a salutary lesson, thought of deriving his instruction from that recent memorable event, which had perhaps chiefly contributed to give Europe the first impulse. He wished to teach the Italians, on what ground a people must found its aspiration to independence! what public spirit, and what private character, become a nation of freemen. It was with that aim that he dwelt with so much fondness on the simplicity and sanctity of the earliest planters of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. It was as

models to the chiefs of the Cisalpine and Italian republics, that he drew with so much skill the portraits of Washington, Adams, and Warren. It was as a contrast with *Jacobin* and *Sansculottic* rage, that he exalted the mildness and forbearance of the victors of Bunker's Hill and Saratoga. The length and prolixity of the work, and pedantic affectation of the style, prevented the instruction from descending to those lower classes among which instruction was wanted. Botta was understood only by few; and that history remained among the works that are more celebrated than read.

By that history, however, Botta having raised his name into public notice, he ventured on a work of still greater importance to Italy, by writing contemporaneous history. He was well aware of all the dangers attendant on such an enterprize. "Proposing to write," he says at the beginning of the first book, "the history of events that took place in Italy in our days, I know not what the people of the present age will say of me." The judgment of his contemporaries did, in fact, bear harshly against him. That work was the object of virulent attacks, and the repose of his last years was disturbed by the animosities he had raised. But now Botta is dead, and we, his survivors, his earliest posterity, have a right to constitute ourselves his judges, and review the sentence that party spirit has passed against him. It is not difficult to vindicate his fame against all charges of venality. The indigence and exile, that were his portion after the fall of Napoleon, are sufficient evidence against such vile accusations. Equally reviled by all factions, he was sold to no faction. Those who have seen him in his humble dwelling in France, who know on what means he depended for his sustenance, must confess that, had he ever sold himself, he must have made, to say the least, a very losing bargain. Nor is the charge of ingratitude towards the memory of Napoleon better founded. Botta was at different intervals a physician in the French armies, a deputy from his native district, a president of a scientific institute in France. He never attracted the attention of the great conqueror, except in the last years of his reign. With his great talent for judging of men, and availing himself of their abilities, Napoleon employed Botta within his natural sphere, and conferred on him no favour from which he did not expect to derive equal advantages for the state. Botta was then bound to Napoleon's memory by no feelings that could hinder him from writing; nor could he, when writing, be hindered by any personal feelings from declaring what he deemed to be truth.

Botta was a patriotic historian. At the moment he began his narration, he had just awakened from a dear illusion, in which all the best friends of Italy had equally shared, and wished to leave in his history a warning to his countrymen against future deception. He had finally perceived that the Austrians, though the most sue-



cessful, were not the most formidable enemies of the independence of his country; that the antipathy of all Italians, and especially the Lombards, against them needed no further exasperation; that no time, no mildness, no soothing manners, could ever reconcile the conquered to the conquerors. Sure on that ground, he saw, on the other hand, that, notwithstanding the severe lesson by which Italy was still bleeding from all her veins, the eyes of all Utopians were still turned towards France for their rescue, and *Gallomania* was still, to many minds, synonymous with patriotism. He saw this; and by a heart-rending picture of the horrors he had witnessed, he desired to impress upon his contemporaries that hard but salutary lesson which forms almost the conclusion of all his chapters, and so often recurs in the same words: "that Austrians and Russians, English and French, are equally the sworn enemies of unfortunate Italy; that there is no deception, no treachery, no ravage she has not reason to expect from them all; and that, to rely upon foreign aid for her emancipation, can lead to no better result than a change of masters."

What a holy lesson was this, and a prophetic warning! But, at the moment it was given, the effervescence of men's minds was too great to allow calm judgment the exercise of its functions. The recent remembrance of the military despotism of Napoleon still dazzled the fancy with all the *prestiges* of glory. The dull and deathlike yoke of the Austrians made a sad contrast to the activity and life of the French dominion. The name of Italy was as yet imperfectly understood. The patriotic ranks were principally filled by malcontents from the Cisalpine assemblies, or from the French armies; Jacobins, royalists, constitutionalists; opposite elements, cast together by common reverses, and used to call themselves French, and to speak and think in French; raising, in the secrecy of their homes, shrines to the memory of the "man of destiny;" looking towards St. Helena, as they had looked towards Elba, for a new rising of *the Star*; some of them, even to the present day, refusing all belief to the tidings of the death of the *Sultan of death*. To such a set of warm and heroic believers, no wonder if the history of Botta sounded like calumny and blasphemy; and no wonder also, if after so many lessons, so dearly purchased, in the revolutions of 1820 and 1831, the Italian patriots, resting on the fair promises of France, and plunging still into the same illusions, had the same calamities to deplore.

We do not know, however, how far the end can justify the means; and we would not take upon ourselves to affirm, that, in pursuance of his own views, Botta has not, in many circumstances, deliberately palliated or exaggerated the truth, making his best of an epoch, in which an impudent system of lying, in all official bulletins and newspapers, had involved truth in a maze of perplexity. He has, for

instance, too far exalted the constancy and valour of the ever-beaten warriors of Austria ; he has too often ascribed to chance the brilliant successes of the French ; he has overrated the wisdom and mildness of the old governments, and underrated the talents and uprightness of the new ones. But, above all, the desire of giving to his history the dark hues of Machiavelli and Guicciardini, as he had given his style their turn and manner, has made him extravagant, in his exhibition of human simulation and perfidy. He has put before his eyes a smoked glass, and all around him looks dark and pale. Society is to him a den of wild beasts. Botta is a virtuous writer, but no believer in virtue. He is a patriot, but he has despaired of his country. He is a lover of good, but a prophet of evil. He revolts you with a faithful exhibition, and a strong execration, of baseness and crime ; but he disheartens you by the conviction of their constant prosperity. If there is truth in his doctrines, still we do not see what they can lead to, but misanthropy and suicide.

His other history of Italy, a continuation of that of Guicciardini, from 1522 to 1787, the last of his works, written in compliance with the desire of an association of illustrious citizens from all parts of the country, who provided for the sustenance of their proscribed historian, has met with less animosity, as it relates to an epoch not so intimately connected with the wants and feelings of the country at the present day. Nevertheless, the fondness of the author for an aristocratic or patrician form of government, such as, according to his ideas, principally contributed to the long prosperity of the Roman, Venetian, and Genoese republics, does not agree with the wild doctrines of democratic equality, of which the French revolution has spread the seeds throughout Europe. Italy is eminently a republican country. Wherever her different people, by any happy circumstance, have been masters of themselves, they have never made choice of any but a popular government. All the reigning families in the peninsula have erected their thrones on violence ; none has ever been defended with such beautiful examples of devotion as we read of in the histories of the northern countries. *God save the King*, and *Vive le Roi*, are shouts which find no echo in Italian hearts. On the other hand, no republic is able to hinder true merit from shining, or people from valuing and rewarding it ; nor can a man be put so high, that he may not aim still higher ; nor can he enjoy consideration and power, without endeavouring to forward his descendants in the same career ; nor can nations be prevented from looking with partiality and expectation towards the descendants of a man, who has bequeathed to them high claims to public gratitude. Aristocracy is innate in society ; it is inherent in our best feelings. The republic is wise which provides against its abuses, and prevents this system from becoming injurious to the common interests. The republic is wise

that leaves aristocracy to public opinion, without sanctioning it by law; but even this is perhaps more than human foresight can do; as we generally see, where laws oppose aristocracy of birth, a new and more offensive kind of aristocracy arises, that of wealth. Such are the ideas of Bottà. He regards aristocracy as the conservative principle of a free state, as the source of all that is really noble and disinterested in public life; and such principles are quite as likely to be willingly listened to in the democratic states of North America, as among the innovators of old, aristocratic Europe. Among the latter, at all events, they have destroyed Bottà's reputation.

So much provision has been already made for the history of Italy. But the example of Bottà has excited a noble emulation among his countrymen; and, since his death, history has taken in Italy a significant step. Among the writings in which have been more ostensibly adopted the stern and melancholy maxims, the grand and classic manner, the lofty and affected style of Bottà, are to be ranked especially two histories of Genoa: the one, from the earliest foundation of the city down to the year 1483, published in 1834, by Girolamo Serra, a man of noble birth, deeply implicated in the events that brought about the total extinction of his native republic; the other, from the origin of the republic to the year 1814, by Carlo Varese, a work now in course of publication, which has excited the highest expectation. Another work, received with equal applause, is the history of Naples by General Colletta, who died an exile at Florence, in 1830. His history, published soon after his death, in continuation of one of the most illustrious works in Italian history, the "*History of Naples*" by Giannone, taking up the subject from 1734 to the present day, gives a faithful account of the revolution of Naples in 1820, an event in which General Colletta played a most distinguished part. In like manner, each province or city is now republishing its annals; and the history of Como, by Cesare Cantù; of Saluzzo, by Muletto; of Pavia, by Robolini; and essays on the ancient laws of Piedmont, by Sclopis; on the commerce of Venice, by Mutinelli; on the Genoese colonies in Asia, by Sauli; would prove highly interesting in this country, if they could be introduced and circulated. But works written with more general views, and more worthy of the attention of British readers, such as the history of the celebrated families of Italy, by Litta, that of the Italian municipalities by Morbio, both now in course of publication, and the promised history of the house of Swabia, by Nicolini, one of the greatest poets of the age, are destined to be the forerunners of the great work, that, after so many generous efforts, still remains to be written,—a general history of Italy.

Conspicuous among the different attempts that have been made towards a general compilation of the memorials of the country, is

"The Revolutions of Italy," by Denina, published at Turin, in 1769,—a work in three volumes, written with sufficient discernment and skill, but not with that wide power of genius, that embraces an immensity of objects, apparently unconnected, and presents them in their mutual relations, with that proportion and symmetry, which make history an edifice obedient to the laws of architecture. Nor did the immense work of Luigi Bossi, on the "History of Italy, Ancient and Modern," published at Milan, in 1819, in nineteen volumes, better answer the purpose. Bossi, rather an antiquary than an historian, lost himself in dissertations and conjectures which are incomparable with the highest aims of a philosophical history. His work is one of erudition, and it may be added to the vast amount of historical materials from which the history of Italy is to be framed. Among his most valuable productions, Botta has left the outlines of Italian history, in a work in three volumes, which he published in 1825, in French, for the Historical Society of Paris, under the title, "*Histoire des Peuples d'Italie*," embracing the whole period from the days of Constantine to the fall of Napoleon. It has been several times translated into Italian as well as into other languages. The depth of the master-mind of Botta is especially visible in this great effort, and his is, in consequence, thus far the best essay on so arduous a subject; but what he has given, only exhibits the outlines of the great picture for which the artist has not yet appeared. Some praise is due to Sforzosi, who has condensed into one volume the whole history of Italy, ancient and modern. His work has been happily translated into English by a competent scholar in this country. It however had no higher aim than to be an elementary book, and is only to be recommended in that character. The great secret motive which deprives Italy of a work, of which the need is so generally felt, will be easily explained by the success that Cesare Balbo met with in an attempt of a similar nature. He published at Turin, in 1830, three volumes of a history of the Gothic and Lombard dominion, to which it was his intention to add a history of Italian Freedom, and of modern times down to our days; but he was forced to abandon his enterprise at the third volume. Such a work cannot be safely attempted under the iron rule of the Italian governments; but the ancient and modern works which we have noticed, furnish ample means of writing, to such of the sons of Italy, as are placed out of the reach of their enemies' power.

## NOTICES.

ART. XV.—*The Philosophy of Necessity; or the Law of Consequences, as applicable to Mental, Moral, and Social Science.* By CH. BRAY. Vol. II.

PART *third* and volume *second* of Mr. Bray's "Philosophy of Necessity," treats of Social Science. This is a branch of his subject that naturally suggests,—and never more forcibly than at this moment,—points of great pressure and practical interest. These attend speculations about mind and morals, where metaphysical reasoning uniformly occupies a prominent part of an essay, and upon which our author reiterates many of the ideas of phrenological physiologists, and figures even as a materialist. The two preceding *parts*, however, appear to have been regarded by him chiefly as preliminaries and subordinates to that which is now before us; and therefore, independently of its more vital character, he has entered upon the subject with particular earnestness and ability; proving himself a dexterous and an eloquent propounder of schemes,—a projector of singular plausibility. His talent as a logician, his skill in the marshalling of facts, and his good sense, as shown in the mildness of his pithy strictures, appear to us to be the more notable, when at the same time we consider that his principles are unsound, his arguments fallacious, his inductions incomplete and partial, and his strictures based merely upon theory, and a distant combination of extremely problematical circumstances. That he is at heart a warm philanthropist, we do not doubt; that he looks forward with enthusiastic delight to the realization of his kingdom or world of millennial happiness, we are equally certain; but that with all his strength of intellect and accomplishments as a writer, his scheme is doomed to remain upon paper, like all cut and dry, all mechanical methods of making men happy,—of supplying the necessities demanded by mind as well as body,—we are still more assured of. His system indeed seems to us not very dissimilar from that of Owen, although much less offensively recommended.

Theorists of the equal distribution and of the social co-operation schools, who would have pleasant sorts of barracks built for societies, and to be regulated constantly by a precise system of laws, appear to us to proceed upon such glaring fallacies as the following:—that man can be made happy against his will; or that people can, by a course of training, be fitted to acquiesce in, and cordially to adopt, from day to day, and year to year, such principles of distribution of labour, of occupation, and of worldly comforts, as will render all equally happy. Now we hold that equal content and happiness is not merely a perfect dream of the fancy, constituted as human nature is, but that such a distribution is undesirable; forbidding that activity, enterprise, and adventurous speculation, even improvidence, if you will, on the part of many, which have after all for their results the public and general good; such as the elevation of the standard

of excellence in every department, and the inseparable strivings of each member to attain to one or another of the pinnacles.

Is it not strange that a man of such mind, culture, and experience, as unquestionably distinguish Mr. Bray, should dream not only that a different basis of distribution of wealth, of that which procures worldly comforts and contentment, can ever be realized, or ever rendered beneficial to any community? Comfort, happiness, and general good, do not depend upon the manner in which wealth is distributed,—certainly, at least, not upon a perfect equality in this respect, but upon the quantity and abundance of that which all may reasonably expect to obtain if they strive for it; which striving will consist of labour of some sort, guided by virtuous principles, and associated with economical habits. Such are the only general facts and rules to which a man must look, in order to arrive at any enviable station.

To be sure it is often supposed by well-meaning but ignorant persons, who can hardly earn so much as to keep soul and body together, when beholding the equipages of the rich and the luxuries they possess, that there is a vicious and an unfair distribution, and that it would be better if they themselves and others had a part of the superabundant wealth, and of the enervating superfluities. But Mr. Bray should know that every one of the rich and of the envied, have risen from what may here be termed a state of equality, and when they had to strive at times of *distribution*; nay, that were these same rich and privileged ones to part with their equipages and their luxuries, giving them to the poor and the hard-working; yea, or annually distributing, from purely charitable motives, all the income which went to support such superfluities, the recipients after all would not only be as far as ever, but much farther than the same classes of the community are now, sunk in poverty, and much more alarmingly threatened with want.

But while indicating what are some of the main and palpable fallacies of our author and of the equal distribution and barrack-building gentry, professedly for the permanent and adequate benefit of co-operating communities, we are far from intending to convey the idea that his volume on Social Science is not deserving of a careful reading, even those parts which contain the most visionary notions. Whatever may be his impracticable views, his airy assumptions, his partial disposal of facts, his crudities about expenditure and production, or his direct errors, and so forth, he not only clearly perceives, but feelingly describes the distresses, the wants, and the wrongs of the masses. He does not discover the sources of those evils, and therefore cannot be expected to provide a suitable remedy. Still he cleverly detects the nonsense and the inadequacies of the social nostrums of other theorists; while he adduces a great variety of striking facts, pressing them ably and zealously home to individual points, and, of course, for the accomplishment of his own purposes, the confirmation of his own argument; but which might be used as highly serviceable data by any sober and systematic philanthropist who may happen to recommend a comprehensive and sound plan of ameliorating the condition of the working classes, and of developing the capabilities of modern society.

ART. XVI.—*The Second Book of the Travels of Nicander Nucus.*

THIS Book has been Edited from the Original Greek MSS. in the Bodleian Library, with an English Translation, by the Rev. J. A. Cramer, D.D., and printed for the Camden Society. Nicander, a native of Corcyra, while finding an asylum in Venice, was taken into the retinue of Charles the Fifth's ambassador, Gerard Voltwick, a man famed for his learning, when that functionary was on his way to Constantinople. He also accompanied the same personage in an embassy to the court of Henry the Eighth of England, towards the close of that monarch's reign; and the result was certain books of travel, relating not only to Italy and Germany, but to England, for the information of his countrymen, who were extremely ignorant even of the geography of the Western Empire,—the Second embracing the British isles.

Nicander evidently gives an honest report of what he had seen and heard; although we may presume that he neither enjoyed the fullest opportunities of coming to the whole truth, nor surpassed other people in regard to sagacity when undertaking to deliver an impartial opinion of strangers. He however speaks not only of the English but of the Scotch from a certain amount of personal observation. Of Ireland, however, he reports upon hearsay. A summary may amuse our readers.

The English, he remarks, are fair, "inclining to a light colour; in their persons they are tall and erect; the hair of their beard and head is of a golden hue; their eyes blue, for the most part, and their cheeks are ruddy; they are martial and valorous, and generally tall; flesh eaters, and insatiable of animal food; sottish and unrestrained in their appetites; full of suspicion." The Scotch are "a more barbarous people in their manner of living than the English." Then with regard to the sister island, we are told that it is "of a fruitful nature, and yields corn, and furnishes animals of all kinds; and whatever things are in England and Scotland, in none of these is it inferior. But yet they do not pay so much attention to civil polity. As many indeed as live in cities and walled towns, have something of human polity and administration. But such, on the other hand, as live in forests and bogs, are entirely wild and savage; and there remains only the human form, whereby they may be distinguished to be men. They are tall, fair-complexioned, and rather light haired; wearing much hair on their heads, and having a shaggy beard. They go at all seasons without any other clothing than that which covers their loins. And neither heat nor cold annoys or enfeebles them. But they devote themselves to archery, and practise running with excessive endurance, so as frequently to contend in speed with horses and hunting dogs. And they gird on their thigh a barbaric sword, not very long, and in their left hand they carry certain javelins. And they throw with so good an aim, that their skill in hitting the mark is by many thought to be marvellous. They wear neither covering on their heads nor shoes to their feet; are swift of foot, and engage in battle, hand to hand; habituating themselves to feats of desperate courage and hardihood. And as many of them as appear to live in a civilized manner, having sewed

together vestments of linen and hemp of all colours, clothe themselves in garments extending to their feet, and made after a barbaric fashion. And their wives also are accustomed to wear something of the same kind. \* \* They feed on every thing, and gorge themselves to excess with flesh. They are continually eating milk and butter. And if the King of England need their service, they are able to muster to the number of ten thousand, or even more. And the men, being valorous in feats of war, have frequently acquired renown."

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ART. XVII.—*Pantology: a Systematic Survey of Human Knowledge; proposing a classification of all its branches, and illustrating their history, relations, uses, and objects; with a synopsis of their leading facts and principles; and a select catalogue of books on all subjects, suitable for a cabinet library; the whole designed as a guide to study for advanced students, in colleges, academies, and schools; and as a popular directory in literature, science, and the arts.* By ROSWELL PARK, A.M., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, and Mem. Am. Phil. Society. Philadelphia.

THIS is an American publication, forming a sort of précis of universal knowledge, and "designed as a guide to study for advanced students in colleges, academies, and schools; and as a popular directory in literature, science, and the arts. The plan is not essentially new in this country; for various publications with a similar object have appeared at various times, and with varying degrees of merit. The most practical feature in the volume is the list of books, arranged under the head of each subject; the most striking novelty is the divisional arrangement and nomenclature. The greater portion of the arts and sciences Mr. Park renames, either in their genera or species, by words derived from the Greek. Thus, every thing connected with grammar or language is treated of under the head of "Glossology," from γλῶσσα, the tongue; the art of war, both naval and military, is called "Machetechnics," from μάχη, a battle; the exercise of the land forces is termed "Geotactics," from γη, the earth, serving as a distinction from naval tactics. This new nomenclature is designed to form the basis of a more methodical arrangement of human knowledge into four great provinces:—1st. *Psychonomy*, including the laws of mind or intellectual sciences; 2nd. *Echnology*, or the study of nations, geographically and historically; 3rd. *Physiconomy*, or the laws of the material world; and 4th. *Technology*, or the study of the arts which relate to material objects. A work which professes to treat of such an infinite number and variety of subjects in a single volume, from the laws of the universe to "cabinet and carriage-work," must of necessity be superficial; and as it is impossible for anybody to have mastered them all, it is probable that the concoctor is ignorant of the majority. A compilation, from the most obvious and ready sources, is all that such works can ever attain to. Encyclopædias or circles of independent treatises are now,



however, so numerous and so accessible, that a fair enough compilation, expressing the leading principles and received views upon any particular subject, may readily be done. The merit of clearness is possessed by the volume before us : that of completeness is out of the question ; but the parts relating to the belles lettres seem the most jejune. That which could have been rendered the most complete, and the most useful, strikes us as being the worst ; the list of books is a mere hodgepodge, without selection, judgment, or purpose—as if a person had put down all the title-pages he could get at, without further care. But with all its failings, here is something good on optics :—

“*Light* is an emanation, or something proceeding from bodies ; which, reaching the eye, makes a peculiar impression, as sound does upon the ear ; an impression to which the other organs of the human body are insensible. Light is found to move generally in straight lines ; and with a velocity of 192,500 miles per second ; or from the sun to the earth in about eight minutes. A ray of light is comprehended in a single line proceeding from any luminous point ; and an assemblage of rays forms a beam, or pencil of light. When light impinges on any body, it is either reflected from it, or transmitted through it, or absorbed within it ; and these effects are frequently produced conjointly. These facts give rise to the old divisions of *Catoptrics*, treating of reflected light, and *Dioptrics*, treating of transmitted light ; which, however, do not exhaust the subject.

“Concerning the nature, or essence of light, two different theories have long been maintained. The emissive theory supposes light to consist of material, though imperceptibly small particles, or atoms, thrown off from the luminous body, and diverging in all directions. This theory was maintained, in ancient times, by Pythagoras, and was adopted by Newton. The undulatory theory supposes light to be caused by a peculiar fluid, or ethereal medium, diffused throughout all nature ; in which vibrations are produced by luminous bodies, like those in the air by sounding bodies ; only far more rapid, and sensible only to the eye. This theory was proposed by Huyghens ; and was advocated by Euler and Young. Either of these theories may serve to explain most of the facts, and assist in remembering them : but the preference is now more generally given to the latter. The study of optics has served not only to aid the sight, by the invention of various instruments, but also to explain many phenomena of nature, which were previously unknown, or involved in mystery, or applied to purposes of deception and crime.

“The history of optics commences, perhaps, with the mention of brazen looking glasses, in the books of Exodus and Job, as in use among the ancient Hebrews ; and of burning lenses, of glass or crystal, as known in Greece, about 450 B.C. Archimedes is said to have set fire to the Roman fleet attacking Syracuse, by means of an assemblage of glass mirrors. The earliest systematic writer on optics was Euclid, the geometer ; who adopted the notion of Empedocles and Plato, that light proceeds originally from the eye, and is then reflected back from luminous objects. The prismatic spectrum was known to Seneca ; but his explanation was imperfect. Ptolemy first gave a table of refractions, in his work on optics, and applied it to the correction of astronomical observations. Alhazen, the Arabian,

who wrote about A.D. 1100, disproved the Platonic notion of ocular beams, and adopted the emissive theory.

"Roger Bacon, the English monk, first discovered the principle of microscopes and telescopes, and probably invented spectacles; which were first used about 1275, during his life-time. The invention of the *camera obscura*, by Porta of Naples, about 1460, led Kepler to discover the true mechanism of the eye. The invention of the telescope is attributed by Descartes to Metius of Holland, about 1600; and by others, to Jansen, or Johnson, of Zealand, about the same date: but the English claim the invention for Leonard Digges, as early as 1591. Galileo, having heard of this instrument, invented, in 1609, the telescope which bears his name. The astronomical telescope was suggested, or revived, by Kepler, and made by Scheiner, about the year 1650; the reflecting telescope was first constructed by James Gregory, in 1663; the Newtonian was invented in 1666; and the Cassegrainian in 1672. The invention of the simple microscope has been attributed to Drebbell, of Holland, about 1618; but we think more justly to Jansen, about 1610. The compound refracting microscope was invented by Fontana, of Naples, in 1618. The magic lantern was invented by Kircher, who died in 1680.

"In 1611 Antonio de Dominis, archbishop of Spalatro, first illustrated experimentally the cause of the rainbow; the complete theory of which was afterwards given by Descartes. The law of refraction was discovered by Snell, of Leyden, in 1621; and Bartholin, of Denmark, first noticed the phenomenon of double refraction about 1669: to which Huyghens added, that the light thus refracted was polarized at the same time. Grimaldi first noticed the diffraction of light, in 1665; and Newton, in 1675, studied the formation of coloured rings, and fringes, by means of thin plates. In 1672, Newton announced to the Royal Society his new theory of light, and its application to the prismatic spectrum. The invention of achromatic telescopes belongs to Mr. Hall, of England, as early as 1733; though first patented and made public by Mr. Dollond, in 1757. In 1800-8, Dr. Young applied the undulatory theory to the general explanation of colours; and in 1810, Malus, of France, discovered the polarization of light by reflection. Dr. Wollaston invented the *camera lucida*, in 1807. The more recent discoveries made by Biot, Brewster, and others, we have no room to describe."

#### ART. XVIII.—*Tom Cringle's Log.* By MICHAEL SCOTT.

THE *third* volume of Blackwood's Standard Novels; with a brief prefatory notice, that mentions sundry curious particulars connected with the first appearance of the work in the Publishers' Magazine. Still, the preface rather sends the mind upon a course of interesting speculation, than affords full information with regard to Michael Scott. It is remarkable that the late Mr. Blackwood never knew who was the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*, one of the most deservedly popular and lucky contributions to Magazine literature that has yet come to our knowledge.

# THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1842.

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ART. I.—*Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanack and National Repository.* Edinburgh : Oliver and Boyd.

THE general character of the people of Scotland is well known. The physical features of the country are a fit emblem of the robust and unyielding spirit of the population. No community in Europe has presented a more determined front to every kind of foreign influence, especially such as has threatened to soften the characteristic sternness of national manners, or mitigate the rigour of Calvinism. In every department of study and of action this strong peculiarity has showed itself. We find ample proofs on the battle-field, and in the halls of science. The General Assembly alone furnishes evidence of the truth ; for it will sooner incur the hazard of driving from her ranks a large body of her ablest champions, and also of her devout sons and daughters, than yield one iota of that which, in her opinion, makes the kirk the glory of all lands,—the most illustrious of ecclesiastical institutions. All the ports of the country are next to closed against novelties, in respect of morals and manners ; and while the poor Irish in tens of thousands are advancing in temperance reformation, the Scotch much more stiffly adhere to their former habits, hating innovation, whether in the shape of new-fangled notions, or extraneous lights. We have heard them described as men of sturdiness to mingle strong drink, equally as they are to construct systems of mental philosophy.

When right or when wrong, there is something about the Scotch people that commands respect ; for they present a distinct and permanent national character, which is as often, perhaps, illustrated on the one side as on the other. Many, too, are the associations which find a welcome in the heart of the stranger, belonging to the land of the mountain and flood. And beyond this, great and glorious are the achievements which sustain the name of Caledonia. Need we allude (keeping more especially within the sphere indicated by the turning title of our paper) to the hero-reformer, the Ruther-

fords, the Erskines, the Gillespies—to two of the triumvirate of British historians—to the never-dying names in intellectual science—or to the sons of song?

Let us for a few seconds inquire what are the principal causes of the marked and prominent peculiarities of the Scottish character. To what are we to attribute the boldness, the intelligence, the reputation for stern virtue and moral power, which have for centuries distinguished the inhabitants of North Britain?

In the first place, the climate and the physical condition of the country must have exerted an important influence. Scotchmen, if they should live at the sources of the Indus, would be Affghans; if in the fastnesses of large regions of Arabia, they would sleep under the black tent, or waylay the luckless traveller; or if on the mountains and the borders of the lakes of New England, they would be independent Christian yeomanry. Mountains and floods, mists, roaring torrents, silver *lochs*, rugged precipices, not only require from those who inhabit the regions where these features predominate, such activity and energy as discipline the mind to a corresponding character, but the very sight and sound of such physical elements naturally exercise a great power over the intellectual and moral qualities. The sublime, the beautiful, and the touching, which are inseparable from the phenomena alluded to, reach the hearts and the minds of all who are their daily witnesses. Even Dr. Johnson, phlegmatic as he was, and a cordial hater of Scotchmen, revealed something like the national sentiment of which we speak, when he journeyed to the home of St. Columba. This influence of external objects is not inconsiderable at any time or in any circumstances. "The Arab, in his boundless desert of sand, is linked in affection to the few and the burning objects with which he every day meets. The dazzling column of sand reminds him of his dear birthplace, and of the long succession of Sheikhs, who have come in and gone out before his tribe. How much greater must be the effect of natural objects in a northern and mountainous region, especially if these objects be associated with stirring events in the national history! Here was the glen that sheltered William Wallace from his foes. There stood a hut in which the outlawed Bruce found an asylum. Deep in that cavern, where the crystal water bubbles up, the Covenantant's infant was baptized, and on that little knoll the aged elder was gathered, not to his fathers, but to his final rest. In that narrow vault, how often has the death of Jesus been remembered, when his disciples met in trembling and fear, or in joyful thanksgiving over some great deliverance!"

Secondly, the fierce political and ecclesiastical contests which marked the history of Scotland from the era of the Reformation, up to the accession of James the Sixth to the throne of the United Kingdom, and even during the sway of the whole of the latter

Stuarts, operated powerfully towards the formation of the Scottish character. The country was, almost without intermission, the scene of the wildest anarchy, or the most grinding oppression. The blood of kings, nobles, and peasants, flowed for ages like water. The clan had an Indian's thirst and scent for its neighbour. Indeed the civil history of no nation in Europe, till within a century or two, is less grateful to the philanthropist than that of *auld* Scotland. William Wallace perished on the scaffold, a victim of domestic perfidy, as well as of foreign fear and hate. James the First, an accomplished prince, was murdered by his nobles. The insufferable tyranny of the Third James excited a rebellion, in which he was vanquished and slain. The next of the name fell at Flodden, with the flower of the nation. The hostility of his grand-daughter to the prevailing religious sentiments of her people, was the cause of discontents and distractions which terminated in rebellion, her flight to England, and her execution. The union of the two crowns was not the harbinger nor the solderer of peace. Even after the Revolution in 1688, yea, and the union of the monarchies in 1707, national jealousies and rivalries, desperate intrigue and formidable invasion shook the island. The partizans of the Stuart dynasty twice rose against the house of Hanover. And mark, in these political enmities and commotions, the ecclesiastical fortunes of the people were closely interwoven; or rather, the affairs of government were often identical with those of the church. These stirring events, this unceasing excitement, could not but operate directly upon the character of an otherwise strong-hearted and stubborn people. The Scotchman was reared in storms both physically and morally. His life was a hard discipline. The sturdier elements of his nature were necessarily brought into active play. The tempestuous passions found full scope. Rigid prejudices were fed. He sought for conflicts, and feats of daring became a great object of his existence. To murder a noble, or to break a sceptre, was a familiar thing. The butcheries of the battles fought in Scotland, attest the physical courage and the relentless temper of the combatants. And neither have the remembrance nor the sentiment of these days wholly perished; although manifested in other fields, and on other occasions. The same stern spirit of which we speak displays itself in the gladiatorship of opinion. A passion for wrangling and a dogged tenaciousness in argument may be instanced; so that the accusation does not appear to be unfounded, which says that the Scotch manifest an inability, certainly an unwillingness, to distinguish between the substance and the shadow, in spite of all their acuteness. Not even do the weapons in the warfares which they wage exhibit the polish which is so easily obtained. In the famous dispute, for example, respecting the circulation of the Apocryphal Scriptures on the part of the British and

Foreign Bible Society, the people of Scotland, almost to a man, rose and cut off all connexion with their southern fellow-Christians. It must be added that they came off victorious in so far as the principle was contested, whatever may have been the injury done to the common cause: a point upon which we offer no opinion. The doings of almost every General Assembly demonstrate, that the present generation are made of the like "stuff" with their ancestors.

In the third place, Scotland is largely indebted not only for her intellectual and literary, but for her ecclesiastical condition, to the early and general establishment of parochial schools.

In early times, the monasteries contained the only seminaries of education then known in Scotland. If any schools existed in the larger burghs, they were under the patronage of religious houses. Long prior to the Reformation, there seem to have been such seminaries, where Latin was taught. After the Reformation, the establishment and maintenance of schools became an object of constant and anxious consideration on the part of the clergy. In the first book of discipline, composed in 1560, it was recommended, that every parish where there was a town of any reputation, should have a schoolmaster, "able to teach the grammar and Latin tongue;" and that "in landward parishes, the minister should take care of the youth of the parish to instruct them in the rudiments, *particularly in the catechism of Geneva.*" Our readers will bear in mind the nature of the words upon which we have laid emphasis. The fact is, the church never lost sight of the object which these words point to. Many acts of the General Assembly were passed in relation to it. When applying for the restitution of church property, the endowment of schools was never forgotten by the ecclesiastical courts. In 1616, the Privy Council for the first time interposed its authority, and enacted that in "every parish of this kingdom, where convenient means may be had for entertaining a school, a school shall be established, and a fit person shall be appointed to teach the same, upon the expense of the parishioners, according to the quantity and quality of the parish." Episcopacy then prevailed; and this act was directed to be carried into effect, "at the sight and by the advice of the bishop of the diocese in his visitations." In 1633, the act of council was ratified in Parliament. This was the first legislative enactment authorizing the establishment and endowment of parish schools.

During the civil wars a more enlightened act was passed, which, though rescinded at the Restoration, was adopted almost *verbatim*, in the celebrated statute of William and Mary, in the year 1696, which is the foundation of the present parochial system. The statute is as follows: The estates of Parliament, "considering how prejudicial the want of schools in many congregations hath been,

and how beneficial the providing thereof will be to the kirk and kingdom, do, therefore, statute and ordain, that there be a school founded, and a schoolmaster appointed, in every parish not already provided, by advice of the presbyteries; and that to this purpose the heritors (the landholders) do, in every congregation, meet among themselves, and provide a commodious house for a school, and *modify* a stipend to the schoolmaster, which shall not be under 100 merks (5*l.* 11*s.* 1*½d.*), nor above 200 merks, to be paid yearly at two terms," &c. In the year 1693, an act had been passed, entitled, "An Act for settling the Quiet and Peace of the Church," which declared, among other things, "that all schoolmasters and teachers of youth in schools are, and shall be, liable to the trial, judgment and censure of the presbyteries of the bounds, for their sufficiency, qualifications, and deportment in the said office." The whole system was arranged and completed by another act of the Parliament of Scotland, in 1699.

The object of these various acts of the government was happily attained. For more than a century after the enactments, the great body of the people of Scotland were better educated than in any other division of Christendom. The power to read and write, and an acquaintance with the elements of arithmetic, were placed within the reach of almost any individual; while all classes of the people were enabled to peruse the Bible from their earliest years, and, with the assistance of the catechism, which was regularly taught in every school, to receive the rudiments of a religious education, such as they could not have in any other country of Europe.

During a large part of the last century, the schoolmasters, in many parishes, were qualified to give instruction in the Latin language to such as were desirous to acquire a grammar-school education. A very considerable number of individuals throughout the kingdom, have been prepared for the Universities, in the schools of the parishes they were born in. In 1836, there were 916 separate parishes in Scotland, and the total number of schools was 1162, there being 146 endowed schools, over and above one school for each parish. (Of course there are as many private ones as individuals may think it proper to open.) Taking the average income of the 1162 schools at 27*l.* 10*s.*, which is about the sum, the annual endowment amounts to 31,955*l.* exclusive of school-houses, dwelling-houses for the teachers, and a garden. The ministers of parishes and the heritors have the power of determining the branches which a schoolmaster, on induction, must be competent to teach. These must therefore vary considerably in different parishes. In burghs and the larger towns there will be found schools for the study of the classics alone, or with French. Most of the teachers have received a university education. In the three northern counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, according to a report presented in 1835,

out of 137 teachers, there were only 20 who had not studied at college. The law makes no provision for the payment of assistant teachers. The decision of the presbytery is final in all matters relating to schoolmasters as such; unless when a civil question arises, which may be carried by the teacher before the courts of law, just as any other member of the community can do. All parochial schoolmasters must be members of the established church, and are required, on induction, to subscribe the Confession of Faith and the standards. Every Presbytery is understood, by means of a deputation of its members, to visit and examine the various schools within its limits once every year. This, however, is not uniformly done. The heritors and minister have the right of fixing the fees which the scholars are required to pay to the teacher. These fees are generally very low. The annual income, from salary and fees, may be about 50*l.*, exclusive of a house and garden. In the majority of parishes, however, the schoolmasters have slight additional emoluments arising from being clerks to the kirk-session, and in some instances precentors. They have also small perquisites for making up militia lists, &c.

Great advantages must flow from such a system of education. The character for intelligence which the native of Scotland has long borne throughout the world may be traced, in no inconsiderable degree, to the parish school of his birthplace. This common school education has raised the private soldier in many instances above his English and Irish comrades. A part of the men who conquered under Wellington in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, were trained under the conjoint influence of the kirk and the school. The British lines were not a mere aggregation of brute force. It was intelligence, and, in some degree, moral principle, which made their onset so often irresistible. The benefits of this general education may be seen in softening the rigidity of the Scottish character, in polishing its rough points, and in imparting some show of reason even where physical obstinacy was the predominating element. These benefits may also be tested in this way,—the few millions that inhabit North Britain enjoy a reputation, and exert an influence, to which double the number of the population of any other part of the empire cannot make a pretension. A main ground of this difference is the early education in the one case, and the want of it in the other. What a blessing beyond all computation would it have been to Ireland, if a parochial school system had been, for two centuries, in active and untroubled operation within her bounds!

The system, however, was found, at an early period, insufficient to meet the wants of the Scotch. The grand object of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, as described in the patent in 1709, was, and it still is, “the increase of piety and virtue within



Scotland, especially in the Highlands, islands, and remote corners thereof, where error, idolatry, superstition and ignorance, do most abound, by reason of the largeness of the parishes, and the scarcity of schools." The Society has accumulated a capital of about £100,000. Of the 340 functionaries of the Society, all are stationed in the Highlands and islands, with a few exceptions of teachers and a missionary. When the Society was instituted neither the Bible, nor any religious book, had been translated into the Gaëlic language. This great deficiency is now no longer to be complained of.

But notwithstanding the labours of this Society, much ignorance still remained. In 1824, a committee of the General Assembly discovered, that in the north-west parts of Scotland, there were not fewer than 10,500 children, under fifteen years of age, destitute of the means of education, and that not less than 250 additional schools were necessary; and they have since ascertained, that the total number of persons of both sexes, of six years and upwards, in all the parishes of the Highlands and islands, unable to read either in the English or Gaëlic language, amounts to 83,397. (Our Southern readers must take into account the poverty and scantiness of the people, the mountainous character of the region, and the numerous difficulties interposed by rivers, lakes, creeks, and seas, to the ready access to schools; not to speak of the many miles that must often have to be trod in inclement weather to the nearest establishment of the kind, even supposing that the road is level and straight.) The Rev. Dr. Gordon stated at the meeting of the General Assembly in 1840, that there were 90,000 persons in Scotland who were unable to read; and a great portion of these are to be found in Glasgow and Edinburgh, the receptacles of many of the most destitute from all parts of the country, and of the lowest of the Irish. Exertions however, are being used to lessen and to check the ignorance and immorality attendant upon such a condition of things: advantage having been taken of certain government grants with a clause to this effect, introduced by the Assembly,—that nothing shall be done by the government inspectors, prejudicial to the interests of the established church.

The Secession church has, like the Establishment, shown an interest in the cause of education. The number of schools, owing their origin to this church, exceeds 100. They are established, on a large scale, in the great cities, and form models of good tuition. The number of Sunday schools in Scotland is about 600, two thirds of which, it is believed, belong to Dissenters. The whole number of schools in Scotland may be estimated at about 4,600, of which 3000 are private or voluntary. It is supposed that about one ninth part of the population are at present in the process of education.

There is a species of school established within the last thirty-five years, called Academies, in the larger cities. They are under the direct care, either of the subscribers by whom they have been founded, or of the magistrates. These academies, and the ancient burgh schools, such as the High School of Edinburgh, are regarded as the best seminaries in Scotland, embracing all the necessary and ornamental branches of education, each branch taught by a separate master.

Any account of the state of education in Scotland, in order to afford grounds for forming an estimate of its influence upon the national character, would be very incomplete, without some notice of the universities. These universities are not now of an ecclesiastical character, or, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, ecclesiastical bodies. They are connected, indeed, with the established church of Scotland; the standards of which the professors are required to acknowledge, though this is now, often, practically set aside. Like other seminaries of education, they may be subjected to the inspection of the church in relation to any religious opinions which are taught in them. The professors of divinity, whose instructions are intended for those connected with the established church, are, in their character of Professors, members of the presbytery of the bounds; and each university returns a representative to the General Assembly. But in other respects these universities are not ecclesiastical institutions, not being more connected with the church, than with law or medicine. They are intended for the general education of the country, or whoever resorts to them. Not a few of the dissenting ministers of England have been educated at the Scottish universities. All the classes may be taught by laymen, with the exception of those of divinity; and in no part of the system, except in theology, is any distinction observed with reference to the views or pursuits of those intended for the church. It is also very important to observe, that they have, in no respect, been framed or modified, with reference to the means, or pursuits, or habits of the aristocracy. The system is that of a general plan of education, by which persons of all ranks may be equally benefited. It is the peculiar and beneficent character of the Scottish universities, that they are intended to place the means of the highest education in science and philosophy within the reach of persons in humble ranks of life, while, at the same time, they are equally fitted to educate and enlighten the youth of the highest class in society. The Scottish universities have always embraced students of every variety and description. Men advanced in life, who attend some of the classes for amusement, or in order to recall the studies of early years, or to improve themselves in professional education, originally interrupted; or persons engaged in the actual occupations of business, who expect to derive aid in their pursuits from the new applications of science

to the arts; or young men not intended for any of the learned professions, or meaning to go through any regular course of university education, but sent for one or two years to college, in order to carry their education farther than they could prosecute in the parochial schools, before they engage in the pursuits of trade or commerce. The system of instruction by a course of elaborate lectures on the different branches of science and philosophy, continued daily for a period of six months, is admirably calculated to answer all the objects which such persons may have in view, as well as to afford much useful instruction to regular students.

The remuneration of the Professors depends, in the larger universities, mainly, and in Edinburgh, it may be said, entirely, upon the fees paid by the students. From the fact that the reputation of the professors must be greatly increased by the number of persons attending upon them, especially those who have just been alluded to, there is danger, that in proportion to the increase of auditors, the important and primary object of the regular education of youth may be overlooked, of examinations and exercises gradually giving way to lecturing alone. In practice, however, there is a separate hour appointed for these essential means, in many of the classes, so that the lecture is not interrupted; neither is the process of examination nor the opportunity of reading and criticising exercises lost. The students in the Scotch universities do not reside within the walls of the college, or in any place subject to the inspection of the university authorities. They reside wherever they choose, or find it convenient; and after they leave the class-room, their studies and occupations are not necessarily under the eye of the Professors. In Edinburgh and Glasgow, it may be safely said, that the professors do not generally know much more of the students, (except when in their class-rooms,) than of the other youths of these great cities.

There are no endowments or establishments connected with the Scotch universities, such as fellowships for the maintenance of literary men, after their own education is finished, and who do not necessarily take any share in the business of instruction. There is no encouragement, therefore, to prosecute, to any great extent, those branches of literature which do not directly tend to useful objects in life. Without the strongest natural inclination, it is in vain to hope that many persons will devote themselves to classical literature as their peculiar pursuit, with the zeal exhibited in other countries, when they cannot thereby attain any immediate honour or future advantage.

The medical department of education in the universities of Scotland has obtained the utmost attention. During a long period, a great proportion of the persons who have practised medicine throughout the British empire, and who have occupied the medical

stations in the army and navy, have been educated for their profession in one or other of these universities. The medical school of Edinburgh has long possessed high celebrity, and that of Glasgow has, of late years, risen into great eminence; and there is reason to believe that this branch of academical instruction may soon reach an important rank in the university of Aberdeen. Much less attention has been paid to the study of the law. A full course has not been established at either of the universities, unless that at Edinburgh be an exception,—the seat of the supreme courts, and where the Advocates are bred. The session for the study of Divinity in the university of Aberdeen is three months; in St. Andrews, four; in Edinburgh, though nominally longer, it is not so practically; while in Glasgow it is six months. Divinity is studied almost exclusively by persons intending to become ministers of the established church; and the General Assembly has, by various acts, prescribed the course of study, and the period of attendance at the divinity-hall, which shall be sufficient to qualify candidates for obtaining a license to preach the gospel, as the means of entitling them to hold parochial livings.

The oldest of the universities is that of St. Andrews, which was founded in 1410, by Bishop Henry Wardlaw, and confirmed by a papal bull in 1411. The college of St. Salvator was erected in 1456; that of St. Leonard in 1512; and that of St. Mary in 1537; the first two were united by parliamentary statute in 1747. In the united college there is a principal and eight professors; in St. Mary's, a principal and three professors. In the three colleges there are twenty-nine charitable foundations, called *bursaries*, of the aggregate value of about £1100 per annum, whose benefits are extended to ninety-two individuals. The university of Glasgow was founded in 1571, by a papal bull, and its privileges were subsequently confirmed and extended by royal charters and parliamentary statutes. The discipline is administered by a court, consisting of the rector, the principal, and the twenty-one professors. The common business of the college is managed by the principal and thirteen professors. The number of charitable foundations is twenty-nine, of the annual average value of £1165, and extended to sixty-five students. The principal and members possess the right of nominating ten students, members of the church of England, to exhibitions in Baliol College, Oxford. University and King's College, Aberdeen, was founded by Bishop William Elphinstone. A papal bull was issued for its erection in 1495. The affairs of the college are conducted, and its discipline administered, by a Senatus, which consists of the principal and nine professors. The fees, in the complete course of instruction, in the faculty of arts, do not exceed £20. The charitable foundations are thirty-two, of the value of £1771 per annum, and extended to one hundred and thirty-four students. Marischal College and

University of Aberdeen was founded by George, fifth Earl of Marischal, in 1593, and in the same year not only received the sanction of the General Assembly, but was ratified by Parliament. The number of bursaries is one hundred and fifteen, of the aggregate value of about 1160*l.* annually; about sixty-seven are open to public competition. The whole number of professors is thirteen. The university of Edinburgh was founded in 1582, by James the Sixth. There is no chancellor nor rector. The number of professors is thirty-two. Bursaries thirty-four, of the value of £1172 per annum, and extended to eighty students. The whole number of students, at all the Scotch universities in 1837, was above 3,400, of whom Edinburgh had 1580; of the remaining, Glasgow had above two-thirds. Edinburgh, in 1822-23, had 2,234 students. The number has been gradually diminishing since that time. In 1835-6, they were thus distributed: law 217, divinity 173, medicine 679, arts and literature 511.

In the fourth place, the Scottish character has been strongly affected by the polity of the kirk, and by the vicissitudes which have marked the ecclesiastical history of the land since the Reformation. We take a rapid glance of the subject.

The Reformation began at an early period in Scotland, but made little progress till the time of John Knox, who was born in 1505. He was at first a zealous Romanist, but about 1544, he renounced Popery and became an equally zealous reformer. Soon after the accession of Mary, he retired to Geneva, where he remained till 1555, and where he became acquainted with the doctrines and polity of Calvin. In 1560 Popery was abolished in Scotland, and the Protestant religion established by act of Parliament. The system of ecclesiastical polity introduced, was embodied in a work entitled "The First Book of Discipline, or the Policy and the Discipline of the Church." It was laid before parliament in 1560, as a necessary accompaniment to the legal constitution of the national reformed church; but though not formally ratified by the legislature, it was subscribed by many of its members. It was approved in the same year by the General Assembly. Though the parliament did not ratify the first book of discipline, it accepted and confirmed the confession of faith drawn up by the Protestant ministers, the object of which was to abjure Popery; and hence it was called the *negative* confession. Another confession or national covenant was subscribed in 1580-1, and on subsequent occasions. In 1581 the Assembly first divided the country into presbyteries and synods. Three years afterwards Episcopacy was established by act of parliament, and the Presbyterian ministers were persecuted and banished. In 1592 the Presbyterian form of government was restored, and it received, for the first time, the sanction of parliament, as the authorized government of the established national church. Manses (parsonage-houses)

and glebes were provided for the ministers. From 1606 to 1638 Episcopacy again prevailed. In 1640 the Presbyterian government received the sanction of Charles the First, and of his parliament. At the Restoration in 1660 Episcopacy again attained the ascendancy, which it with difficulty maintained, and at the expense of much persecution and martyrdom, till the Revolution in 1688; soon after which it was abolished, and the national church of Scotland declared Presbyterian; a form which it has ever since maintained.

During the whole period from 1690 to 1712, the most important deliberations in the General Assembly turned on subjects of internal regulation. In the last-mentioned year lay patronage was revived, or the right of nomination to a vacant parish by a lay patron. From 1690 to 1712, it was abolished, and the right of presentation was lodged in the landholders of the parishes, and the members of kirk-sessions. But in the last mentioned year patronage was revived, and continued the law of the church till 1834. After a presentation had been sustained by the presbytery, the presentee was appointed to preach in the vacant church for one or more Sabbaths; and a day was fixed posterior to his preaching, on which a *call* was to be extended to him by the people to be their future minister. At one period, the call was essential to a presentation; but its efficacy was gradually given up, till at length, without any alteration being made in the law, it virtually fell into desuetude, that is, a presentation was reckoned valid if a single name, or perhaps not a single name, was attached to it.

We shall not trace, even by the most rapid outline, the history of the enactments concerning the kirk, on the part of the Assembly, from 1712 till 1834. Suffice it to say that the right of lay patronage, and the offensive manner in which it was sometimes (many will say, often) exerted and put forward, continually afforded matter for more or less discontent, and now and then was the occasion of riots. The opposition which several ministers offered to the settlement of a presentee, and for otherwise acting contrary to the views of the majority of the Assembly, subjected them to a rebuke at the bar; and ere long these ministers, constituting themselves into a presbytery, renounced all subjection to the judicatories of the church. Soon after, on the 15th of May, 1740, eight were deposed by the General Assembly, and their parishes declared vacant. To these ministers the name of *Seceders* was given; and as most of their congregations adhered to them, and others followed, they became the foundation of the Secession church of Scotland.

The secession of a portion of the established church was attended with important consequences. When the patrons of parishes began to exercise their rights more frequently, and with less attention to the wishes of the people, and when the people saw that they had a ready access to ministers of their own selection in the seceding

churches, the opposition to presentees became more inveterate and unmanageable, and it was soon very difficult for the church courts to decide between the patrons and the people. Both parties, the moderate and the popular, who now began to divide the church, admitted the constitutional necessity of a *call* from a parish, to become the foundation of a pastoral relation between the presentee and his parishioners. But the moderate party affirmed the legal call to be limited to landholders and elders, while the other party contended, as the original seceders had done, for the right of parishioners at large, or at least of the heads of families, to be admitted as callers. The former had the support of the government; the latter derived their strength from popular favour, and from the influence of those who deprecated every measure which they thought calculated to lessen the usefulness of the parochial ministers: in a word, these constituted the evangelical or puritan party.

Coming down to the present century, we may name the late Rev. Dr. Andrew Thompson as the great champion of the popular section; for he not only lent all his strength to stem the violent intrusion of clergymen, but aroused the people, by his eloquence and his practical efforts, to make a stand against what he considered an enormity as well as an anomaly in the Presbyterian church. He had able and zealous coadjutors; and since his death some of the most popular and eminent men in the establishment have trodden in his steps.

At length, there having been a number of distasteful intrusions, and the dissatisfaction becoming general, a statute was passed by the General Assembly, which is known by the name of the *Veto Act*. This was enacted in 1834. "If," to quote the words of the act, "at the *moderating*, in a call to a vacant pastoral office, the major parts of the male heads of families, members of the vacant congregation, and in full communion with the church, should disapprove of the person in whose favour the call is proposed to be *moderated in*, such disapproval shall be reckoned sufficient ground for the presbytery rejecting such person, and he shall be rejected accordingly." The act further declares, that no person shall be held to be entitled to disapprove as aforesaid, who shall refuse, if required, solemnly to declare, in presence of the presbytery, that he is actuated by no factious or malicious motive, but solely by a conscientious regard to the spiritual interest of himself or the congregation.

Difficulties, however, soon occurred under the Veto enactment. In the case of one particular presentee, where the principles of the act were applied by the presbytery, the Court of Session, the highest civil tribunal in Scotland, which had been appealed to, declared the Veto Act to be *incompetent* and *illegal*, as incompatible with the full exercise of the right of patronage; and the House of Lords

affirmed the judgment. In the very same month, the General Assembly determined by a majority of forty-nine to adhere to the Veto Act, notwithstanding the decision of the Lords; and out of the conflicting decisions between the civil and the ecclesiastical courts, and the encroachments alleged on each side to be made on its authority and jurisdiction by the other, extreme and next to unintelligible confusion has arisen. Presbyteries and individual ministers, presentees and patrons, have got themselves entangled in the web of difficulties; and on several occasions the censures of the courts have been pronounced, expenses levied, and other serious measures adopted to vindicate the alleged right of the tribunals, the Assembly undoing that which the civil courts have ordered, and *vice versâ*. We do not go into the history of these perplexities. What we have said indicates how distracted the kirk is at this moment; the majority of its members resisting every attempt which makes inroads upon the principle of non-intrusion; while the minority, the successors of the old moderate party, struggle manfully to preserve the law and the practices which characterized the ecclesiastical establishment of Scotland in the palmy days of lay patronage.

The number of ministers belonging to the establishment is 1190, synods, 16; presbyteries, 80. These presbyteries send 218 ministers and 94 elders as delegates to the General Assembly. The city of Edinburgh sends two elders; 65 other royal burghs, 65; 5 universities, each one minister or one elder; churches in India, a minister and an elder; total, about 220 ministers, and 167 elders. The number of churches in the establishment is probably between 1100 and 1200. It has been estimated that the number of dissenters in Scotland, of all denominations, may be about 520,000. The whole population is reckoned at above 2,600,000.

The United Secession Church, the original Burgher Association Synod, and the Relief Synod, were the most important of the Scotch Dissenters. But in 1806, a number of individuals separated from the Burgher denomination, in consequence of opinions held by the latter respecting the total independence and incompatibility of the civil and religious authorities. They termed themselves the Associate Synod of Original Seceders. They are in favour of a national church. In 1839 they voted, 39 to 13, to annex themselves to the church of Scotland. The reunion had been approved by a majority of the presbyterians of the national church. The Reformed Presbyterian Synod represent the Covenanters of the time of Charles the First. They are the most rigid Presbyterians in Scotland.

The number of independent churches in connexion with the Congregational Union of Scotland is 98; ministers, 84. The Scotch episcopal church has six dioceses, between 70 and 80 cha-



pels, with about the same number of clergymen. It is supposed that the whole Romish population of Scotland amounts to 140,000, including the children of Catholic parents. The Catholics, in Glasgow alone, amount to 35,000; in Edinburgh, to 12,000. They have three dioceses, 60 places of worship, and 74 pastors, counting bishops and priests. There are, besides, various small sects in Scotland, as Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, &c.

From the statements we have made, it is obvious that the Scottish national church is in circumstances of no little peril. In the language of Dr. Chalmers, "the ark is now in the midst of conflicting billows." One of the greatest difficulties is, that the civil questions, in the last resort, must be decided in English courts. Englishmen will not, or cannot understand the great points in dispute. To use the characteristic words of the leader of the popular party,—“The thing of immediate practical importance for us to observe, is the utter hopelessness of inoculating therewith the mind of parliament, where, perhaps, there are not ten, in both houses, who could state, and there are not three who could vindicate, the great principle for which we are contending.” And yet it is a question of the gravest import. It is a conflict of the government and the church. The poor presbyter is between two fires. If he disobey the Court of Session, he may find his next lodging-place to be the county jail; if he should contravene the command of the Assembly, he is degraded from his ministerial functions, and it is intimated that his parish is vacant. When two jurisdictions are conflicting, which must be obeyed? The difficulty is not lessened by the zealous efforts which are made to mix up the question with political appeals. Thus it is represented, that the Veto Act of 1834, was passed through the influence of the Edinburgh Whigs, and that it was the legitimate progeny of the reform mania of 1833. The English Tory party are earnestly called upon to come and assist the intelligence and property of Scotland in the contest with revolutionary violence and religious fanaticism, in which the North Britons are now engaged.

It is manifest, furthermore, that the principle of establishments is in imminent hazard. No man has recently done more than Dr. Chalmers to uphold national churches, and many are of opinion no man is now doing more to pull them down. The great object of the popular party seems to be, to abolish patronage altogether, and to rest the right of presentation in the voters, in the communicants, or in the landholders, or in these classes jointly. But the right of patronage is private property. Will it be given up peaceably, and without compensation? Will the state continue to support a church which thus trifles with private property, and with those very means which government possesses for extending the influence of the church of Scotland, and which that church has called on it to employ, and which it has employed? Many think that the Veto

Act was the first step towards a separation of the church from the state altogether. The abolition of patronage will be another great step.

The interests of vital piety in Scotland, must necessarily languish, while Synods, Assemblies, and Commissions, are holding stormy debates, and while the great mass of the people are looking for deliverance from a civil court, or from a parliament.

Before closing our paper we revert for a moment to the educational branch of the subject. An opinion is entertained by not a few that a new order of preparation is required for the Scotch ministry. The law on the subject is well enough. A regular attendance at the divinity-hall for four sessions is demanded, as a course of study for the church; but this is very often completely nullified by the recognising, on the part of the Assembly, of what is termed irregular attendance, and which in fact is no attendance at all. Students of divinity who merely enrol their names in the books of the different professors, for six years, and who deliver a certain number of discourses specified in the rules laid down by the General Assembly, though they never hear a lecture, or receive theological instruction in any university, were held, till very recently, to be equally qualified with the regular students for being taken on trials for a license to preach. Some modification has taken place, but it does not effect any substantial change.

Again, the acts of the Assembly enjoin that every person, entering upon trials, shall be examined as to his knowledge of the Hebrew language; but they do not require that the Hebrew class should be attended; and, in point of fact, a large proportion of those who become ministers never have attended it. In teaching Hebrew, the professor of Oriental languages at the University of Edinburgh states, that he does not use the points, because he is satisfied, that in the time allowed him, he could do nothing with the points. All the Hebrew students are required to be furnished with Parkhurst's Hebrew Lexicon, a circumstance significant of the low state of oriental literature in Scotland. Those parts of the Old Testament, which are written in Chaldee, are not read, because the students have no dictionary for that tongue. At the Marischal College, Aberdeen, the professor of Hebrew remarks, that "when he can get his class together, he lectures, either upon the origin of the language, or upon Hebrew antiquities. Chaldee and Syriac are not taught, because the professor can hardly ever get his students to be masters of Hebrew."

The truth is that biblical literature is in a low condition in Scotland; and the Scotch are far behind the scholars of England with regard to their acquaintance with continental, especially German, learning. If the Scottish ministers would do the highest good to their beloved communion, they must become earnest students of

the original Scriptures; and this may be done while adhering as firmly as ever to their system of divinity.

To speak more generally, there is a necessity for improvement in the system of teaching and in the organization of the Scottish universities. Improvement, not reform, is required. The complaint is not that they have retrograded since the time that they obtained a European reputation, but that they have stood still, while science, learning, and society have been advancing. We go farther, and assert that the Scottish universities have become aggregations of lecture rooms, where young men are taught at second-hand what others have discovered, rather than institutions in which active and inquiring minds are busy at the work of discovery, giving a new form to science, and extending the sphere of its exertions. These institutions should be so organized and conducted as to furnish the greatest possible amount of practical talent for filling the offices of divine, lawyer, physician, and at the same time to afford training places for bringing out in its full lustre, that higher and inventive genius, which by its scientific discoveries lends additional efficacy to these—and indeed to all branches of human exertion. We are justly proud of our Mechanics' and other popular Institutions. The abundance of these, however, is only an additional reason for straining every effort to elevate the character of our Universities. These popular institutions disseminate a knowledge of the results of scientific inquiry. But to prevent the degenerating into lifeless and shallow babble, it is necessary that exertions be made to keep up the supply of really learned, powerful, and indefatigable original thinkers. It is only in the sterner discipline, in the more arduous and unremitting labours of truly scientific education, that such men can be formed. It is for the attainment of this end—it is to prevent the stream of learning from becoming shallow when its surface expands, that we call for university improvement in Scotland.

We have only now to add that Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanack is by far the best national record of Scotland that exists, or that ever was attempted to be compiled. Year after year it improves, and we safely pronounce it to be not only a standard authority on every subject connected with Scotland, but even as a general register for England, Ireland, the various European States, and the distant dependencies of the British Empire.

ART. II.—*The Correspondence of Richard Bentley, D.D.* 2 vols.  
Murray.

BISHOP MONK, in his "Life of Richard Bentley, D.D., Master of Trinity College, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge," published more than ten years ago, declined to enter into a summary of the personal character of the "Prince of Scholars," assigning, as one reason for this omission, that his passions do not appear always to have been under the control, nor his actions under the guidance, of Christian principles. This is moderately and candidly expressed. Bentley was a doctor and professor of divinity, and a theological lecturer, and the master of one of the great nurseries of the Christian church. But it must be confessed that his career was disfigured by pride and ambition, which were suffered to run riot without restraint; and hence his arrogance, selfishness, obstinacy, and oppressive deeds. In fact he led the life, as has been observed, "of a civilized Ishmael," rather than of a humble Christian, or even of a scholar whose time is chiefly passed within the precincts of a library, who lives, it may be said, only in the past.

Bentley's administration of the College was a long lawsuit; his literary career a great quarrel; and, in all his writings, it would probably be impossible to detect one burst of pure, glowing religious sentiment. And yet he was not deficient in certain amiable qualities of the heart; and as a proof that exceptions occurred to the completion of the Ishmaelite character, he retained, through all his wars, the friendship of some great and good men,—of Newton, of Clarke, and of Mead. Still, of that small portion of leisure for tranquil study, which his contentious spirit left, the greater part was wasted in propping up, with boundless learning, and a tact never surpassed, his arbitrary changes in the text of Latin poets.

Bentley's *forte* was unquestionably Greek; and though he possessed an acuteness of verbal criticism which has never been equalled, it is greatly to be deplored that, even in this befitting field, he did not devote himself to the elucidation of the really great questions that present themselves in the compass of Greek literature. His Dissertation on Phalaris, written at the age of thirty-eight, is his greatest work. You there see what he might have done. All history, chronology, philosophy, geography, as well as language, lay open before him; and he strikes a ray of light from everything he touches. The corrupted text of the lexicographers of the monkish ages—trashy, mutilated scholiasts—tasteless epitomizers—are made to furnish instructive quotations from lost authors of the best days, and to shed light on important questions of fact. What might such a scholar have done with the great Homeric mystery,

reproducing as he did one of the lost characters in which it was written ! It appears, from the passage in the tract against Collins, that this grand theme had been revolved in his mind ; although, from his subsequent silence on the topic, it is probable that he saw reason to distrust the accuracy of the theory there intimated, at least in the unqualified form in which he seems to have conceived it.

The usefulness of Bentley was destroyed by the rewards of his labours. The promotion that raised him to the head of a college, plunged him fathoms deep into a troubled sea, where, if his books were not absolutely drowned, they were sadly damaged. Had a smoother way, it may be said, been opened before him ; could he have mounted the path of honour unopposed, and redeemed his time and talents in order to pursue tranquil studies, he would have achieved miraculous works, or such as have never in the critical sphere been paralleled by man. But, perhaps, had straitened circumstances beset him, he might have been forced to abide more closely within his proper domain than smoothness of way could have secured in the case of one so active, so self-confident and aspiring, and so meddling ; rendering it difficult for the imagination to place bounds to the brilliancy of his career. As it is, there is much about his greatness to reconcile humbler powers and smaller gifts to their peaceful mediocrity ; and we see in the history of Bentley that, as well in the intellectual as the active world, the allotments of Providence, however unequal they may seem, are distributed with righteous equity. Who would purchase the honours of the prince of scholars with his controversies ? who would be the author of the Dissertation on Phalaris, if he must at the same time be the editor of Bentley's Milton ?

Returning for a moment to Bentley's moral or personal character, we repeat that he was not deficient of certain amiable qualities of the heart. Bishop Monk says that he " possessed in a considerable degree many of the social and endearing virtues." This " is proved beyond a doubt by the warm and steady affection with which he was regarded by his family and his intimate friends." It is here proper to notice that the troubled sea of his public life was singularly contrasted with the calm happiness of his domestic circle. He was most happily married. His wife conciliated the respect even of her husband's enemies, and is alluded to with kindness in some of their most violent attacks. He was singularly fortunate in his children. They were three in number, and all that the fondest parent could desire. His son Richard was remarkably forward, and was admitted to Trinity College, under his father's eye, at the age of ten years. The other two children were daughters, of whom Joanna, the youngest, was the object of universal admiration for her beauty, her wit, and her accomplishments. She is said, from her earliest youth, to have captivated the hearts of the young col-

legians. Bishop Monk observes, with the caution due to so delicate a topic, that several hints lead him to infer that this young lady inherited as large a portion of her father's spirit, as could be amiable in so charming a creature. She had received from him the fondling appellation of *Jug*, in her infancy, and she continued to be called *Jug Bentley* as long as she remained unmarried. Few beauties, even in a university, have ever been so much celebrated as this young lady. It was her fortune to have her praises sung even in childhood, and by one well known in literary history. Byrom, when a bachelor of arts at Trinity College, wrote for her amusement a pastoral, of which she was the Phœbe, which was afterwards inserted in the eighth volume of the "Spectator;" a piece which is still celebrated.

This fascinating lady was the mother of Richard Cumberland; and we know not better how to dispose of the entire topic of the domestic character of Bentley, than by extracting a passage to be found in the once much read memoirs of his grandson; where the prince of scholars, instead of the haughty and morose critic and fierce controversialist, is represented to have been as remarkable for mildness and kind affection in private life, as for profound erudition and sagacity as an author. From a number of little anecdotes that seem to be quite conclusive upon this head, the following is the testimony selected:—"I had a sister," says Cumberland, "somewhat older than myself. Had there been any of that sternness in my grandfather which is so falsely imputed to him, it may well be supposed we should have been awed into silence in his presence, to which we were admitted every day. Nothing can be further from the truth; he was the unwearied patron and promoter of all our childish sports and sallies; at all times ready to detach himself from any topic of conversation to take an interest and bear his part in our amusements. The eager curiosity natural to our age, and the questions it gave birth to, so teasing to many parents, he, on the contrary, attended to and encouraged, as the claims of infant reason never to be evaded or abused; strongly recommending that to all such inquiries answer should be given according to the strictest truth, and information dealt to us in the clearest terms, as a sacred duty never to be departed from. I have broken in upon him many a time in his hours of study, when he would put his book aside, ring his hand-bell for his servant, and be led to his shelves to take down a picture-book for my amusement. I do not say that his good-nature always gained its object, as the pictures which his books generally supplied me with were anatomical drawings of dissected bodies, very little calculated to communicate delight; but he had nothing better to produce; and surely such an effort on his part, however unsuccessful, was no feature of a cynic; a cynic *should be made of sterner stuff*. Once, and only

once, I recollect his giving me a gentle rebuke for making a most outrageous noise in the room over his library, and disturbing him in his studies. I had no apprehension of anger from him, and confidently answered that I could not help it, as I had been at battle-door and shuttle-cock with Master Gooch, the Bishop of Ely's son. 'And I have been at this sport with his father,' he replied; 'but thine has been the more amusing game; so there's no harm done.'"

We may remark that it is by no means an unusual thing to find an arrogant and overbearing man to be good-natured. When his temper is neither wounded by, nor in fear of, opposition, the gentler and better qualities of the heart have free play, may find comfort in balancing accounts by entries on the other side of the ledger, or may even gratify a positive pride by such occasional indulgences and displays.

The life of a scholar does not generally present such incidents or vicissitudes as to engage the popular mind, or even to afford materials for a biographical notice of any considerable length. If, however, there ever was an exception to this rule, it was in the case of Dr. Bentley, owing to the active and impetuous character of the man, the many and diversified contests in which he was a champion, and frequently a single-handed conqueror, and the manner in which he waged battle. Still, the chief interest that attaches to the name of the modern Aristarchus belongs to his scholarship; some of the squabbles most characteristic of himself, of learned men, and of the period at which he lived, arising directly from that source. His Correspondence, therefore, must consist largely of matter that can only engage the attention of the learned, especially of such as carry criticism to its extreme verge, even to regarding the ascertainment of a doubtful letter in an ancient Greek or Latin word as a memorable event. Nor, however uninteresting the researches and solutions of scholiasts may be to the popular reader, are we to make light account of them. The ascertainment of the correct text of an ancient classic enlarges our knowledge of his writings, and of his age, and contributes to sound and enlightened scholarship, so as to bear upon the entire range of literature in the same language. And should that language happen to be the Greek, how important do such talents, sagacity, and erudition as those which distinguished Dr. Bentley become, in purifying or preserving pure the writings in the New Testament. This could never be done unless there was always an army of men who had been disciplined in editing profane authors, and accoutred with all the weapons thence derived.

The publication before us contains a great mass of this sort of learning, and an immense variety of criticisms, many authors and works forming the subjects; while a number of vexed questions in classicism are set at rest or closely discussed; the Doctor shining as the brightest of the scholars of his era, and enabling us to per-

ceive how vastly his successors have been indebted to him for example and for method, as well as for contributions. These volumes, the editor informs us, "are designed to contain the whole of Dr. Bentley's extant correspondence, with the exception of such letters as were published in his lifetime. Thus the reader will not expect to find here his epistle to Dr. Mill, printed in 1690, or his letter to the Bishop of Ely in 1710, or that of an anonymous correspondent to Dr. Bentley, in 1716, on his projected edition of the New Testament. The editor has, however, reprinted Bentley's brief answer to the last-mentioned epistle, as well as the letter from Mr. Laurence, and the reply, written in 1726; and he has designedly excluded an unpublished letter from Mr. Parne to Dr. Bentley in 1736. (Harleian MSS. 7187.) The letters, it will be observed, are placed in chronological order; and, thus arranged, will, it is hoped, reflect light upon the narrative of Bishop Monk, and be illustrated by it."

The greater portion are in the Latin language, very many of them having been found in a collection of inedited letters addressed to Dr. Bentley by English and by continental scholars, ranging over the long period from 1689 to 1740. Sir Isaac Newton, of course, was one of the correspondents, some of the more interesting specimens relating to the subjects of the Boyle Lectures, in which the Doctor made powerful use of the Newtonian system in his answers to, and assaults upon, infidels. The philosopher frequently assisted the divine with arguments and suggestions. But not only was the Newtonian system powerfully brought to bear upon atheism, but that system itself had to withstand the imputations cast upon it by certain divines, who supposed that such a view of the universe, as was disclosed by the philosopher's astronomy, was hostile to theology, and tended to confirm disbelievers in revelation. Sir Isaac's arguments that the very reverse is the case, are remarkable in point of clearness of illustration and force of thought.

Although the greater number of the letters are those of scholars dealing with criticisms upon the Scriptures, Greek writers, and a vast variety of classical subjects, yet here and there may be found more popular and even amusing matter; such, for instance, as gives side glimpses of the opinions, feelings, and manners of the period; or, again, as lets one into the character of individuals, and also as throw some light upon the literature of the age when Swift and Pope flourished.

One of the earliest of Bentley's correspondents was Caswell the mathematician; and the most entertaining of his contributions was a ghost story, the main parts of which we extract. The date is 1695:—

I have sent you [Mr. C. writes] inclosed a relation of an apparition: the story I had from two persons, who each had it from the author, and



yet the accounts somewhat varied; and passing through more mouths, has varied much more. Therefore I got a friend to bring me to the author at a chamber, where I wrote it down from the author's mouth, after which I read it to him, and gave him another copy: he said he could swear to the truth of it as far as he is concerned. He is the curate of Warblington, batchelour of arts of Trinity Coll. in Oxford, about six years standing in the university. I hear no ill report of his behaviour here. He is now gone to his curacy: he has promised to send up the hands of the tenant and his man, who is a smith by trade, and the farmer's men, as far as they are concerned. Mr. Brereton, the rector, would have him say nothing of the story; for that he can get no tenant, though he has offered the house and grange for 10*l.* year less. Mr. Pitfield, the former incumbent, whom the apparition represented, was a man of a very ill report . . . . but I advised the curate to say nothing himself of this last part of Pitfield, but leave that to the parishioners, who knew him. Those that knew this Pitfield say he had exactly such a gown, and that he used to whistle. Yours, J. Caswell.—I desire you not to suffer any copy of this to be taken, lest some Mercury news-teller should print it, till the curate has sent up the testimony of others.

Now follows the curate of Warblington's account of the apparition:—

Oxon, Dec. 11, 1695.

At Warblington, near Havaunt, in Hampshire, within six miles of Portsmouth, in the parsonage-house dwelt Thomas Perce, the tenant, with his wife and a child, and a man-servant Thomas—, and a maid-servant. About the beginning of August, anno 1695, on a Monday, about nine or ten at night, all being gone to bed except the maid with the child, the maid being in the kitchen, and having raked up the fire, took a candle in one hand and the child in the other arm, and turning about, saw one in a black gown walking through the room, and thence out of the door into the orchard; upon this, the maid, hasting up stairs, having recovered but two steps, cried out; on which the master and mistress ran down, found the candle in her hand, she grasping the child about its neck with the other arm: she told them the reason of her crying out. She would not that night tarry in the house, but removed to another belonging to one Henry Salter, farmer, where she cried out all the night from the terror she was in; and she could not be persuaded to go any more to the house upon any terms. On the morrow, i. e. Tuesday, the tenant's wife came to me, lodging then at Havaunt, to desire my advice, and have me consult with some friends about it. I told her I thought it was a sham, and that they had a design to abuse Mr. Brereton the rector, whose house it was: she desired me to come up; I told her I would come up, and sit up or lie there as she pleased: for then as to all stories of ghosts and apparitions I was an infidel. I went thither, and sat up the Tuesday night with the tenant and his man-servant. About twelve or one o'clock I searched all the rooms in the house to see if any body were hid there to impose upon me: at last we came into a lumber-room, there I smiling told the tenant that was with me, that I would call for the apparition, if there was any,

and oblige him to come : the tenant then seemed to be afraid, but I told him I would defend him from harm ; and then I repeated Barbara, Celarent, Darij, &c. On this the tenant's countenance changed, so that he was ready to drop down with fear : then I told him I perceived he was afraid, and I would prevent its coming, and repeated Baralip-ton, &c. ; then he recovered his spirits pretty well, and we left the room, and went down into the kitchen, where we were before, and sat up there the remaining part of the night, and had no manner of disturbance. Wednesday night, the tenant and I lay together, and the man by himself, and had no manner of disturbance. Thursday night, the tenant and I lay together in one room, and the man in another room, and he saw something walk along in a black gown, and place itself against a window, and there stood for some time, and then walked off. Friday morning, the man relating this, I asked him why he did not call me, and I told him that I thought that it was a trick or sham : he told me the reason why he did not call me was, that he was not able to speak or move. . . . Friday night, we lay as before, and Saturday night, and had no disturbance either of the nights. Sunday night, I lay by myself in one room (not that where the man saw the apparition), and the tenant and his man in one bed in another room ; and betwixt twelve and two the man heard something walk in their room at their bed's foot, and whistling very well : at last it came to the bed's side, drew the curtain, and looked on them : after some time it moved off. Then the man called to me, desired me to come ; for that there was something in the room went about whistling : I asked him whether he had any light, or could strike one ? He told me no : then I leaped out of bed ; and, not staying to put on my clothes, went out of my room, and along a gallery to their door, which I found locked or bolted. I desired him to unbolt the door, for that I could not get in ; then he got out of bed and opened the door, which was near, and went immediately to bed again. I went in three or four steps ; and, it being a moonshine night, I saw the apparition move from the bed's foot, and clap up against the wall that divided their room and mine. I went and stood directly against it, within my arm's length of it, and asked it, in the name of God, what it was, what made it come disturbing of us. I stood some time expecting an answer, and receiving none, and thinking it might be some fellow hid in the room to fright me, I put out my arm to feel it, and my hand seemingly went through the body of it, and felt no manner of substance till it came to the wall ; then I drew back my hand, and still it was in the same place. Till now I had not the least fear, and even now had very little ; then I adjured it to tell me what it was : when I had said those words, it, keeping its back against the wall, moved gently along toward the door : I followed it, and it going out at the door, turned its back toward me : it went a little along the gallery ; I followed it a little into the gallery, and it disappeared, where there was no corner for it to turn, and before it came to the end of the gallery, where was the stairs. Then I found myself very cold from my feet as high as my middle, though I was not in great fear. I went into the bed betwixt the tenant and his man, and they complained of my being exceeding cold. . . . The tenant's man leaned over his master in the bed, and saw me stretch out my arm toward the apparition, and heard me speak the words : the

tenant also heard the words. . . . The apparition seemed to have a morning gown of a darkish colour, no hat nor cap, short black hair, a thin meagre visage, of a pale swarthy colour, seemed to be of about forty-five or fifty years old; the eyes half shut, the arms hanging down, the hands visible beneath the sleeve; of a middle stature. I related this description to Mr. John Larnier, rector of Havaunt, and to Major Battin of Langstone, in Havaunt parish; they both said the description agreed very well to Mr. Pitfield, a former rector of the place, who had been dead above twenty years. . . . Upon this the tenant and his family left the house, which has remained void since. The Monday after last Michaelmas day, a man of Chedson, in Warwickshire, having been at Havaunt fair, passed by the aforesaid parsonage-house about nine or ten at night, and saw a light in most of the rooms of the house, his pathway being close by the house: he, wondering at the light, looked into the kitchen window, and saw only a light; but, turning himself about to go away, he saw the appearance of a man in a long gown; he made haste away, the apparition followed him over a piece of glebe land of several acres to a lane, which he crossed, and over a little meadow; then over another lane to some pales, which belong to Farmer Henry Salter, my landlord, near a barn, in which were some of the farmer's men and some others: this man went into the barn, told them how he was frightened, and followed from the parsonage-house by an apparition, which they might see standing against the pales if they went out: they went out, and saw it scratch against the pales, and made a hideous noise: it stood there some time, and then disappeared. Their description agreed with what I saw. This last count I had from the man himself whom it followed, and also from the farmer's men.

"Tho. Wilkins, curate of W."

However illustrative this story may be of the general credulity of the period with regard to ghosts and so forth, it does not appear that Dr. Bentley lent any particular heed to it; for his letters do not mention it.

We next quote specimens of an eccentric foreigner's English, viz. the learned Westphalian Kuster. The first formed a postscript to a Latin letter:—

P.S. I shall gow within few days to Amsterdam, where I shall stay for the other gentelmen deputies from your University for the Francfort jubilee. We went together from Berlin to Hannover; but from thence they went to Hamburg, Bremen, Groningen, etc., for to go Holland: which places I having seen before, I went directly to Holland. Mr. Crownfield shal tel you more by mouth of that which hath passed at Berlin. What glorious newes have we had lately. To-day we hear here that Ostend hath submitted to King Charles; and two days ago there came an expresse to the Hage, to the Emperor's Envoye, who brought a particular relation of the relief of Barcelona; that the siege was raised the same day when the son was eclipsed; that the french armee was totaly routed, with the los of 8000 man, which died at the spot; that they left behind tham al their cannons, mortars, bagage, etc.; and that King Philippus escaped

narrowly ; who, as I hear to day, is already passed through Montpelier. But of this you must have the news in a short time in England. If you please to answer me, you may direct the letter to Amsterdam, and recommend it to Mr. Halma, who will take care that I may receive it. Vale iterum.

The other specimen is still more curious in point of idiom and spelling, but especially as an example of the mode in which fees were, at one time, squeezed out of patrons, in return for dedications:—

Y have thought necessary to write to you in a few lines, that concerning the dedication of Aristrophe Mylord Hallifax hath accepted it. Y did acquaint you before, that there was a friend in London, who did offer me his service as for that matter. But though y did thank him for his good will, and tell him that there was no hast in this matter ; he hath for all that, as having, it seems, not received my lettre in time enough, brought the thing about. Y should be mightely pleased, if yours thoughts had fallen upon the same Lord. But now, if you had engaged already with on other, wat to do then ? Y know one expedient. You kould say, if you pleas, that y had written to you about twoo dedications, that of Aristophanes, and that of the Niew Edition of Dr. Mils Testament, which y have undertaken ; and that by a mistake you had taken one for the other. Y do not dout but you are wel acquainted with Mylord Hallifax, and y should be wery glad, if by the first opportunity you would be as kind as to talk to him about the same matter. As for the honorarium, y leave it to Milord's discretion : howsoever, a hint migh be given to him about it.

The editor, Mr. C. Wordsworth of Harrow, is indignant at Kuster, and at the thought of any scholar writing in any other language, if for the eyes of the learned, than the Latin ; and even goes the length of saying that the Westphalian must *sink greatly in our estimation* when found to indite a postscript in English to a letter in Latin. He says the employment of modern languages for such purposes is not only personally disadvantageous to the writer, but the practice, even when the modern language is used correctly, is likely to prove detrimental to the society of which he is a member. Whether he use modern languages well or ill, "he sets an example, which, if followed, must lead to the dissolution of the literary republic of which he is a citizen. Our intellectual forefathers readily communicated their thoughts to each other without knowing any living language but their own ; we have learned each other's tongues, and now enjoy but little of such communication. Their intercourse was rendered easier by their ignorance ; we have become silent by learning to speak. When men of learning have ceased to possess a common language, they will soon forget that they have a common country ; they will no longer regard each other as intellectual compatriots—they will be Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen ; but

not scholars." Now, surely this is carrying admiration for a dead language, as a sure universal medium for the use of science and learning, too far, unless the writers use the language with much greater skill and purity than many of the examples contained in these volumes furnish. But how absurd to draw the other conclusion about intellectual compatriotism, and the forgetting that we are all of one family!

The *fib* which the erudite Westphalian suggested in order to secure the *honorarium*, a new edition of the New Testament being concerned in the matter, may convince us that however intellectual were the learned men in Dr. Bentley's days, as proved by their use of the Latin language, some of them were not over scrupulous in a moral view. Nay, we even find that the Doctor has bitter complaints about the neglect which prevailed in England in regard to scholastic erudition. One of his illustrations tells more than this; for it shows with what bare-faced assurance a Bishop could act dishonestly, under the cover of privilege. Bentley is writing to Archbishop Tenison, and says,—

Mr. Hopkins, the bearer of this, a Fellow of Trinity College, and a very useful person in it, having the greatest number of pupils of any one amongst us, is concerned with the Bishop of St. Asaph about a debt owing to him from the Bishop for the education of his two sons here. It seems he was advised to arrest one of the sons: but he was presently set free again as a privileged person, his father declaring him to be his secretary. If no way can be found to oblige them to pay this just debt, it will be a great discouragement to our tutors here. Mr. Hopkins goes now to London for advice, whether by a petition to the House of Lords the Bishop may be obliged to waive this protection of his son; but this being a matter that concerns a Bishop, he will not take any step in it without the direction of your Grace, whose favour I make bold to recommend him to, that your Grace would hear him give an account of his own case, and tell him your judgment upon it.

We give one sample of Bentley's use of epithets in his wars with members of Trinity College:—

These very Seniors that were thus asked, are such a parcel of stupid drunken Sots, that the like are not in the whole kingdom: they are the Scab, the Ulcers, the Abhorrence of the whole University. Pray ask Mr. Paul Foley (if you know him), who has been here the last week, what their Characters are, even among their own party. I must own my Indignation to see Majesty, and Power, and Right, have the least regard or consideration for such cabbage-stalks.

The Correspondence has evidently been edited with great care and zeal, the sources whence the letters were obtained being mentioned in the notes, and each one having been collated with the original. It appears that the task was first undertaken by Bishop Monk; that

it was transferred to the late Rev. J. Wordsworth; and that now it has been completed by the brother of the latter gentleman.

In as far as regards Dr. Bentley, the publication will serve to sustain his reputation, and even to revive it among scholars; the regret, however, still remaining that the great scholiast should have allowed his studies to be distracted by conflicts discreditable to learning and to himself individually; and also that he did not expend the time and strength which he actually employed as a critic and an editor, upon worthier authors and works than several of those that were made the vehicle of his fame.

ART. III.—*A Ride on Horseback to Florence, through France and Switzerland. Described in a Series of Letters.* By a LADY. 2 vols. Murray.

A PLEASANTER book to review, or an easier one, could not be desired; if by reviewing be meant a short and correct account of the character of a work,—that is to say, if it has a character at all,—and a selection of apt illustrations for extracts. We hasten to fulfil the pleasant office.

The Lady, we may suppose, started from some charming rural retreat in Old England, in the summer of 1839, accompanied by her husband, the anonymous D——, and an Irish groom: we must emphatically add, that her pony Fanny, and the grey mare Grizzle, were of the party. The Ride commenced at Calais, and on they walked, trotted, and cantered to the French capital, where they wintered in 1840; thence pursuing their route to Lyons, and forward to Geneva by Cambray; never alighting from their docile, sagacious, and courageous horses, it may be said, till they reached their destination at Florence; unless we except bed-time, and meal-time, and certain sojourns at particular stages, such as Geneva, in order to take lateral and cross excursions, and to deviate into bye-ways, as well as to perform some of the other duties of travellers, viz., to visit the lions, to busily collect anecdotes, scraps of history, &c., and to take time for filling up a note-book, which now, in handsome type, extends to nearly eight hundred closely printed pages. The route from Geneva, was by Milan, Parma, Bologna, and Modena: the return from Florence by the pass of Mount Cenis.

The first obvious matter for remark is, that hardly anything new for examination, description, or reflection, is to be expected in a route so common and hackneyed as that of the lady. But there is always room for novelty of manner; and whenever the book-making traveller possesses a distinct character, there is sure to be in the book that which is fresh and attractive. The present writer is distinguished in this way: besides, she is well acquainted with

the history of the places she visited, even to minuteness and antiquarian depth; and her style has the familiar ease of letter-writing, and the grace of the practised pen of an accomplished female. A knowledge where to direct her glance, a quick eye, a graphic power, and a taste for the beautiful and the picturesque, must have afforded her great facilities, and impress features upon her pages.

The principal novelties, however, belong to the mode of travel adopted. It gave rise to many pleasant incidents, others rather startling, which any different system of journeying cannot suggest. The part even which the horses performed, the care they required, the almost apparent interest which the creatures took in the ride, and the occasions on which each of them exhibited peculiar traits, are circumstances which please, interest, and instruct. The opportunities, again, which travelling on horseback affords of diverging from the beaten tracks which carriage-loungers must needs take, of trotting to points which would soon exhaust a pedestrian; but above all, the occasions for receiving impressions, for requiring the offices of the natives, reciprocating curiosity, and observing manners, were it even but in stable-yards, are advantages which an equestrian tourist must exclusively possess. Then, what character must such a mode of travelling open up when performed by a young woman; the very fact testifying that her spirit and enterprise—yea, skill and endurance, would put to shame the majority of those who call themselves woman's "master!" In a word, the most striking and the most instructive portions of these volumes are incident to the ride, this being by a lady; and while we anticipate that she will have hereafter numerous imitators, some of them perhaps of her own sex, we do not expect that any one of them will surpass her in adroitness, good-humour, the flow of fine spirit, or general information. And now for illustrative examples.

The Continentals, as well as foreign travellers on the Continent, at least in many parts of the lady's route, seldom, it appears, betake themselves to horseback for the sake of distant journeying. What then must have been the surprise of the natives on seeing a young lady, in an outlandish costume—riding-habit and hat—with side-saddle, and maintaining an assured side-seat, scampering along, rattling over the streets, and performing all the other extraordinary with her companion Fanny! Some idea of the astonishment may be formed when the reader learns that within what may almost be called only a stone's throw of the main road which unites France and Italy, there were families who had never beheld a horse, until the lady and her party were the exhibitors. We must add that the cavalcade was received sometimes as a phenomenon to be treated with rudeness, insult, and hootings. We quote an instance, and also for the sake of furnishing traits that might go to the illustration of points in the science of zoology:—

Sesto Calende and its environs enjoy a very indifferent reputation. I can say nothing of the honesty of its inhabitants, but a great deal of their incivility. Walking our horses through the town, the boys hooted us as usual; but arrived at the outskirts, they were joined and augmented by youths and men, till there were about thirty of these last following at a few paces behind us, and shouting with the whole force of their lungs. We bore it till it became insupportable; and at last turned the horses, who were excited by the noise, and fretting at being insulted, and I think perfectly understood they were to scatter the enemy, for they darted on them at full speed; Fanny, in-particular, very warlike, with her small ears laid back and her heels thrown up to make way. The road was clear in a second; and when our charge was executed and we quietly walked on, I suppose they returned to the town, as no one followed us further. Between Sesto and Somma we crossed wild tracts of melancholy moor, and here and there a stunted copse. At Somma is the ancient and superb cypress-tree averred to have been a sapling in Julius Cæsar's time, and certainly measuring twenty feet round its stem and a hundred and twenty in height. For the sake of its green old age, the road diverged from the straight line by Napoleon's order.

Our next extract will illustrate another species of incident and adventure which must attach to travelling on horseback in mountainous regions. It was while crossing the Alps, and when by the great storm of 1839, part of the Simplon was rendered impassable, of which we are now to be told. The extract is too long for our pages; but yet we only quote part of the account; introducing the passage with this notification,—that the equestrian travellers, having been driven out of a miserable inn, in consequence of the crowds waylaid by the recent interruption, resolved on attempting a detour, in order, as it were, to outwit nature and her catastrophes. However, they were about to give up the enterprise in despair, when a guide cast up who was to conduct them by a mountain track over the Trasquiera, which it was thought *might possibly* be passable:—

The Trasquiera almost hangs over Isella, and the zigzag path up its side commences from the broken road we had crossed after leaving the village that morning. Over this our poor horses were led again, and bidding good-bye to the priest and officer, we commenced our ascent, the boy leading the way, Fanny climbing like a goat, and pulling up the guide, who, having never touched a horse's rein before, rather hung by it than was of service; D— supporting Grizzle, who was very frightened and awkward, and I bringing up the rear; and though they were obliged to pause every ten steps for breath, often at a distance, as the weight of my habit encumbered me, and this path is not even used by mules, and by the country people rarely to drive their cattle to the pastures, as there is a better on the other side the mountain. For the first five minutes we went on trusting it would improve after the first quarter of an hour, because to turn became almost impossible, the track being at no part more than two feet broad, and winding



in zigzags along an extreme verge above a torrent, which, though neither so broad nor deep as the Doveria, would, as Mercutio said, "serve," and besides formed like an irregular stair of steps of stone two and three feet high, small and pointed, broad and smooth—I often used hands as well as feet, catching at rocks and roots—Poor Grizzle went sorely against her will; only the boy and Fanny, who were far ahead, seemed to enjoy it.

As the road grew steeper, and I found I must have both hands free, I took off the skirt of my habit, and laid it over the latter's saddle, thinking at the time I never saw a prettier object than her little thorough-bred form in the guise of a packhorse, but stepping on with a demeanour as dignified as if she had been at a review in the Champ de Mars. The path now became absolutely vertical, and the more difficult from its being over smooth loose ground. As we had dined lightly the day before and not breakfasted this, even on a cup of water, I have perhaps an excuse for the giddiness and fear produced by exhaustion, which took momentary possession of me, and certainly brought with them my only real danger; for worn out by the scorching heat and harassing walk, I felt unable to climb higher, too giddy to look back, and unable to sit down, as the ground from its excessive slope afforded no support, and I was afraid of slipping in a minute from the height I had passed three hours in attaining. I believe I was going to scream, but I thought better of it, and seized a pine-branch and arrived at the stones and safer ground before D——, who had therefore left Grizzle to her fate, could arrive to help me. Here was the first chalet, but it was locked, left by its owners, who were gone to the high pastures, and we were disappointed in our hoped-for draught of water. There was a spring, the boy said, half an hour's walk farther; so we rested a few minutes and then went on patiently, though it was twelve o'clock, and we were parched with thirst; and mountain-air, renovating as it is, will not supply the place of all things. We were now in a track of pine-forest, and at its steepest part found our way barred by half-a-dozen Italian wood-cutters, who were felling the trees, one of which lay across our path; D—— said afterwards he expected a worse adventure here, for we had a large sum in gold about us, and the odds were in their favour, besides that the ground was of such nature, that a push would have been sufficient to settle matters without trouble. The Italians were, however, better than their countenances; they opened their dark eyes wider in wonder at the apparition of English horses there, but dragged aside the pine; and when I, who had struck my foot against some roots and could get no farther, called to them to give me "la mano," good-naturedly pulled me up, each consigning me to the broad black hand of his comrade, so that I arrived at the summit of the mound with more ease than accompanied my climbings hitherto. After this followed a few steps of what the guide denominated plain. The direction of our road had changed, and now too high above the unseen Doveria to hear its roar, we looked through vistas of pines to those of the mountains on its opposite bank, seeming a continuation of these forests without a symptom of the abyss between. We toiled on some time longer, D—— casting back upon me looks of pity, and I trying to smile, though I should have been puzzled to say for what. We found two juniper-berries and hips and haws, and shared them after the manner of the babes in the wood,

but the delight was the spring, at which we arrived at last, trickling from a rock. D—— bent the top of his hat into a hollow, and out of this cup we drank I do not know how many draughts, but certainly the best in our lives; for my own part, the relief it afforded seem to dispel all fatigue, and we went on merrily, though our path lay across the bed of a torrent, which, though hardly flowing, had still sufficient water to make slippery its smooth shelving stones, polished like marble by its passage.

The ascent continued, but it was no longer rapid, and half an hour brought us on the mountain pastures at the summit, and among the chalets. We saw nobody; the priest's brother said it was not the hour for finding milk, so there was nothing to be done but to lie down on the short grass, irrigated by a hundred rills, and let the horses drink from them, and drink ourselves out of the palm of our hands. The guide murmured for the fiftieth time "*paese del Diavolo*," and the boy laughed at me. Though he had knocked at one of these habitations and found no one, he was fortunately wrong as to the absence of all, and the wondrous sight we indeed constituted there, attracted some of the half-wild mountain women, good looking and picturesquely attired with bright kerchiefs on their heads, and cloth leggings instead of stockings on their feet, coarse brown jackets, and blue cloth petticoats with a deep crimson border.

The first who issued from the dwelling, seeing the perseverance with which I drank out of my hand from the mountain stream, came smiling to offer a long ladle, which was an admirable substitute. An old woman, seeing, I suppose, that I looked pale and faint, plunged her hand into a long pocket and drew forth two apples. We accepted them with great gratitude, and asked if we could get some milk; it really was not the hour, but several of the good-natured creatures set forth different ways in search, and our first benefactress, who had left us for a moment, returned, this time her apron quite full of the small sweet apples, and with her half-a-dozen companions came close to watch us eat them, and say "*povero*" and "*poverina*" every minute. They asked the guide and boy fifty questions without obtaining satisfactory answers, for they spoke a patois which neither clearly comprehended. For my own part, Guiseppe's Swiss Italian was bad enough; the boy spoke purely, for he was from the shores of the Lago Maggiore, but of this not a word in ten was intelligible to me. I understood, however, that the horses were even more than ourselves the objects of their curiosity. Their admiration was unwearied; they walked round them and clapped their hands, and laughed to see them eat and drink, repeating some of the few Italian words they knew, "*Oh la bella bestia, la bella bestia*," and that they had never seen a horse before.

This is a long extract; but not too long for our readers, some of whom, we dare say, will be induced by it to call for the entire work.

The specimens we proceed to cite will afford some further idea of the Lady's variety of matter, and of the good sense, the right feeling, and the vivacity which distinguish her volumes. The Ride could not but stimulate and inspire, invigorate and sustain. We cannot go into any of the historical or the topographical parts.

Numerous are her biographical notices, but which we must also eschew; confining ourselves to what is anecdotal. Here is an account of a most woful occurrence:—

The Beffroi, a strange-looking tower which rises alone on the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, now serves as a prison for minor offences; it contains the great bell tolled on solemn occasions. It is said that this tower was raised by Louis de Gros; but the town records make no mention of it till the year 1244. It has been twice consumed by fire; the first time in 1524, when it was the scene of an awful tragedy. The keeper had ascended to the lantern at its top before the flames broke forth; and when about to descend, found to his horror that smoke and fire barred his passage. He attempted to force his way, and they drove him back: he rushed to the top once more, and shrieked for assistance to the terrified crowd: it was impossible to afford it; and as the floor heated beneath his feet, he implored in his agony, that some one present would fire on him. His sad prayer was granted: and having recommended his soul to God, he fell dead from a harquebuss-shot.

To this may be joined a romance "in little":—

La Pace retains the name it bore when a resting-place for pilgrims on their way to Rome: the large vaulted kitchen was then the refectory, and the upper stories of the building have still the same distribution as in those days. Our hostess has known some of life's vicissitudes. Her father had a place in, I think, the financial department; whose revenues sufficed for the comforts of his family, but wishing to retire, he exerted what interest he possessed to get a friend, who promised compensation, named in his stead. Having succeeded, this man not only refused to fulfil his part of the agreement, but having borrowed, and given no security for, all the ready money the old man possessed, he finally turned into the streets, from the shelter which had been their own, the father and young daughter. The latter wandered over Paris during the day, vainly seeking employment, which, owing to her youth and disbelief in her story, was everywhere refused her. At last, night coming on, and those who passed examining the forlorn girl with curiosity or contempt, in despair, and ashamed to beg, as she crossed the Pont Royal on her way back to the spot where she had left her father, she suddenly resolved on suicide; and was about to throw herself into the river, when her arm was caught by an old officer, who forcibly held her back, gravely remonstrated with her, and passed on. Softened, and her purpose changed, she knocked meekly at several doors; and at last found shelter with a poor portress, who received herself and her father for charity. She next took service with a lady resident in the hotel, and accompanied her to Italy. There, after some years, she married the head-waiter of the inn of San Marco; and they embarked their savings in La Pace. Her father followed when she quitted France; but he had grown childish from misfortune, and died shortly after the change in his daughter's prospects. He used to wander miles away from the inn, saying he would go back to France. The fat black terrier, who sits so petted and caressed on a chair in the kitchen, was his follower and

guardian. One day, after a vain search for the old man, he was found sleeping on a mattress in a peasant's cabin, with the dog sitting at his head : he had walked further, thinking to pass the frontier ; and fatigued, and unable to speak the language, he sank down at last before the cottage which gave him its hospitality. I think she said it was his last excursion.

Our next contains philosophy concerning a practical philosopher :—

When half a league out of Joigny, D—— discovered that he had left the small valise in the manger ; and commissioned to return for it a young man, who for some time, walking lightly along, had kept pace with our horses, and had just laughed heartily at an old market-woman, who, riding her donkey in masculine guise, treated with some contempt me and my saddle. He said it was a happy chance for him ; as he was on his way from Bordeaux to Paris, and had spent his last halfpenny, having paid four sous for his night's lodging, and eaten neither supper nor breakfast. He ran to Joigny and back ; and when he came up with us once more, we noticed that his shoe was cut, and praised his diligence. He said he had been a far better walker before the beam of a house, which was taking down, had fallen on his foot and crushed it. As he took from D—— the money which was to convey him the remainder of his way, he drew his left hand a moment from his waistcoat-pocket, and I saw it was crippled. So here was a poor fellow, with no breakfast and no money, and no hope of either, walking to Paris miles away, with a useless hand and injured foot, neither desponding nor trying to excite compassion, nor asking charity, nor servile when it was bestowed ; proving again, what I have observed so often, that the French bear privation and misfortune better than any people in the world. He said he should be well provided for as soon as he arrived in Paris, as he wrote a fair hand, and his brother, established there, had a place of clerk awaiting him. At the first village we came to he stopped for his morning meal, and we saw no more of him.

We have recently read in the Morning Chronicle bitter complaints of the mean efforts of the French Post-office authorities to interrupt or delay the intelligence intended for the English newspapers, as it passes through the country ; it being added that these efforts prove futile, except in the case of the scrupulous who will not evade or smuggle, even when paltry jealousies mar their honest purposes and efforts. The following instance of adroit outwitting may serve as a lecture upon fiscal absurdities and unreasonable meddling :—

The French custom-houses are extremely severe on the article of Genevese jewellery ; but, notwithstanding all the preventive measures adopted, the importation of smuggled goods into France is considerable, and the cleverness of the Genevese smugglers outwits even the sharp French douaniers. It is an amusing fact, that when the Comte de St. Cricq was Directeur-Général des Douanes, he went to Geneva, and there purchased of Monsieur Beautte, one of the principal jewellers, 30,000 francs worth

of jewels, on condition of their being smuggled into his hotel in Paris. Monsieur Beautte made no objection ; only presenting the buyer with a paper for signature, by which he obliged himself to pay the usual five per cent. on the sum due. The Directeur smiled, took a pen, and signed " St. Cricq, Directeur des Douanes." Beautte merely bowed and said, " Monsieur le Directeur, the jewels you have purchased will be arrived as soon as yourself."

At the frontier the Comte de St. Cricq left strict charges of surveillance, and the promise of a reward of fifty louis to the employé who should seize the jewels : but, arrived in Paris, he entered his chamber to change his dress : and the first object he saw there was an elegantly-shaped box bearing his name engraved on a silver plate : he opened it, and found the jewels. Beautte had come to an understanding with a waiter of the inn ; who, while assisting the Directeur's people to pack the carriage of their master, slipped the aforesaid box among the baggage ; and the valet, on reaching Paris, noticing it for the first time, and supposing it to contain some recent purchase of value, immediately carried it to the Count's private apartment. Thus, while triple attention examined and tormented the unoffending travellers who crossed the frontier, Monsieur de St. Cricq's carriage unmolested smuggled his own contraband purchase to his own hotel.

If we may venture upon a criticism of such attractive and clever volumes as the present, it would be that the lady is not only over-clever, but is fully conscious of her acquirements and her abilities. There is nothing too slight or too common-place for her skill in dressing ; so that sometimes the dress is all that is worth looking at.

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ART. IV.—*Zanoni*. By the Author of " Night and Morning," &c.

3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

SIR Edward's choice of a motto to this fiction is significant of the character of the work, and will find acquiescence in the minds of not a few of those whom his name will tempt to read it. The words, from *Le Compte de Gabalis* are these,—

" In short, I could make neither head nor tail on't."

It is altogether an extraordinary production ; and although it be not likely to become popular, it will draw admiration, and earn for its author new honours, were it but as a proof of great diversity of powers, of bold experiment, of striving after originality, and of daring invention. It is a strange mixture of the metaphysical and the obvious, the mystical and the real or true, the supernatural and the ordinary. There is profound wisdom in much of it which at first sight may appear extravagant ; and sound thought where the author may seem to be perfectly plain and carelessly loquacious. He often writes as if merely to puzzle the reader, or

to try his own skill at paradoxes; and this at least is certain, it is hardly possible to form a proper idea of it—of its purpose, of its principles, or of the manner of its execution—in the course of such general or critical observations as constitute a review.

These volumes are crammed with Platonism; large portions of them give us anything but character, or definable realities, and in their stead mere abstractions. Much, likewise, looks but as a wild dream, and many paragraphs, again, deal in canons of criticism, in subtle distinctions and daring philosophizings purporting to rest on the foundations of nature. It is remarkable that so much predominating which sounds as alien to a novel or romance, should engage the mind, and please while it prompts thought and reflection. This attraction is owing, in a very considerable degree, to the splendour of the language, the elevated poetic and musical strain of numberless paragraphs; but above all to the felicity of the illustrations, both as respects ingenuity and beauty; these being not more abundant than rich,—not more frequently adduced to enforce doctrines which are startling in form if not in substance, than drawn from the loveable and the pleasing in the world around us. And blended with all are passion, pathos, and humanity. Sir Edward may have, and we believe he has, attempted an achievement which even his genius has been unable to execute satisfactorily, and which it will be perilous to follow or to imitate. But in the course of the straining effort he has lavishly scattered as much that is excellent of its kind, as many pearls of thought, creations of fancy, and exquisite feelings, as would set up half a dozen of fictions, each of more than ordinary merit. He cannot even sport with his powers without throwing out spells and precious gems.

In this strange story, which is so full of what appear to be but the figures and the fancies of a fitful dream, which endeavours to make excursions among divine things, and again, ever and anon to descend in wakeful mood in order to grapple with the earthly and the human; in this adventurous production, the thinking reader will discover that there is method in its phantasies, and a principle of interpreting things by means of a philosophical appreciation and application of the real and the ideal, as these reciprocate, the one with the other, each becoming an exponent to its neighbour, be it in art, in life, or in the study of the past and the destinies of the future. Zanoni, the hero, is a mystic, and so is Mejnour; these sages being the last of the Rosicrucian order, and both gifted with the secret of living as long as they please. But between these two supernaturals there is a wide distinction; for the former is active, youth and beauty having been his ever since the Magi first figured. His constant love has been to study the superhuman and the sublime, to strive after the loftiest ideal knowledge. The other sage, whose gift also secures for him the power of existing through all

the generations of time, has chosen perpetual age and contemplation; but is a mere passive abstraction, who lives on ever the same, with his eye continually fixed on knowledge, but regardless of the real delights and good which are the legitimate fruits of right knowledge. Between these opposites, although both sharers of the grand secret, possessing the philosopher's stone and elixir vitæ, we have Glyndon, a neophyte, who, disappointed in love, dreams of aspiring after supernatural knowledge, becoming the disciple of the two mystics. He, however, fails for want of daring and faith; but learns and improves so much that he illustrates how happy earth and the human family may be rendered by virtue and humble desire after the attainable and the real.

It is obvious that the two mystics are in a great measure removed from our sympathies; and yet, as we have already hinted, the figure which they make not only dazzles by means of the brilliant diction and dream-like ideas, but by the continual interlacings of what comes home to our experience in the world of imaginings, if not of feelings, and of ordinary and stern existence. But these sages do not engross the whole of the work; for we have Viola, who is everything that love or admiration can think of,—everything, and placed successively in every condition that can interest the human heart. There are also other perfectly human characters, who are as felicitously conceived and portrayed as any ever presented by Bulwer.

Zanoni, of course, is the personage upon whom the greatest pains have been taken; and in him the reader cannot but take very considerable interest, even when he is dreaming about mysterious things, and is forcing upon himself, as it were, an intense reverence for the highest knowledge. We sympathize in a measure at those times with him, for we feel that with all his youthful, fresh, and eager worship of the beautiful and the sublime, of the lofty and the mysterious good, he has failed of securing what his heart pants after, all that he is susceptible of enjoying. There is a want which his experience of the secret has not realized; so that immortality has not proved to him the greatest blessing, nor to the world of the most practical service. Zanoni begins to discover this,—that the highest flights of the imagination, the richest harvest of science, are comparatively worthless without the spirit of love; and that even the gift to live for ever cannot yield the happiness which a mortal may experience who desires to live in something diviner than himself,—nay, that it is better to adhere to nature while on earth than to barren science; above and beyond all, better is it to die, looking for eternal youth in the spirit, than to live for ever here, paying homage to virtue and indulging a craving after its purest form. He becomes convinced of these truths; love subdues him; he is united to Viola, thus relinquishing the mysterious gift of immortal-

ity, which at last he discovers was not of such worth as a knowledge of the mystery of death, and of the immortality beyond the grave.

It may be conceived, even from this hasty and imperfect sketch, what scope the story offers for a bold and skilful filling up. The story into which all the dreams and abstractions of the book are cast, cannot have been the main object of the author's care, and is far from perfect, considered as a romance. It is incoherent; and several of the parts look as if plucked out of several unfinished pieces. Still, some of these parts are complete in themselves, containing genuine pictures, and sterling specimens of writing, of sentiment, and of invention. It opens at Naples, where the heroine, the daughter of an eccentric Paganini, makes a splendid *debut* as a prima donna, and it winds up, amid the horrors of the first French Revolution, of which, if Sir Edward's views are philosophically imperfect or merely partial, his narrative and portraits give us images worked up with terrible power. Between the opening and the drop-scene of the story, Zanoni and Viola live for a period a life of bland and pure happiness in a lonely delectable island; and to them is given a cherub, the child of their united loves. We begin with the sketch of the Neapolitan musician:—

The Neapolitan musician was not on the whole pleasing to ears grown nice and euphuistic in the more dulcet melodies of the day; and faults and extravagances easily discernible, and often to appearance wilful, served the critics for an excuse for their distaste. Fortunately, or the poor musician might have starved, he was not only a composer, but also an excellent practical performer, especially on the violin, and by that instrument he earned a decent subsistence as one of the orchestra at the Great Theatre of San Carlo. Here, formal and appointed tasks necessarily kept his eccentric fancies in tolerable check, though it is recorded that no less than five times he had been deposed from his desk for having shocked the conosciuti, and thrown the whole band into confusion, by impromptu variations of so frantic and startling a nature, that one might well have imagined that the harpies or witches who inspired his compositions had clawed hold of his instrument. The impossibility, however, to find any one of equal excellence as a performer (that is to say, in his more lucid and orderly moments,) had forced his reinstatement, and he had now, for the most part, reconciled himself to the narrow sphere of his appointed *adagios* or *allegros*. The audience, too, aware of his propensity, were quick to perceive the least deviation from the text; and if he wandered for a moment, which might also be detected by the eye as well as the ear, in some strange contortion of visage, and some ominous flourish of his bow, a gentle and admonitory murmur recalled the musician from his Elysium or his Tartarus, to the sober regions of his desk. Then he would start as if from a dream—cast a hurried, frightened, apologetic glance around, and, with a crest-fallen, humbled air, draw his rebellious instrument back to the beaten track of the glib monotony. But at home, he would make himself amends for this reluctant drudgery. And there, grasping the unhappy violin with ferocious



fingers, he would pour forth, often till the morning rose, strange wild measures, that would startle the early fisherman on the shore below with a superstitious awe, and make him cross himself as if mermaid or sprite had wailed no earthly music in his ear. This man's appearance was in keeping with the characteristics of his art. The features were noble and regular, but worn and haggard, with black, careless locks, tangled into a maze of curls, and a fixed, speculative, dreamy stare in his large and hollow eyes. All his movements were peculiar, sudden, and abrupt, as the impulse seized him: and in gliding through the streets, or along the beach, he was heard laughing and talking to himself. Withal, he was a harmless, guileless, gentle creature, and would share his mite with any idle lazzaroni, whom he often paused to contemplate as they lay lazily basking in the sun. Yet was he thoroughly unsocial. He formed no friends, flattered no patrons, resorted to none of the merry-makings, so dear to the children of music and the south. He and his art seemed alone suited to each other—both quaint, primitive, unworldly, irregular.

Our extracts shall consist of passages that may stand by themselves, and that need no preface or explanation with regard to their bearing upon the main conception developed or attempted to be developed in the work. Here is a sketch of a person with whom every one is familiar. There is nothing dreamy, metaphysical, or mystical about Mrs. Mervale:—

He chose a wife from his reason, not his heart, and a very good choice he made. Mrs. Mervale was an excellent young woman—bustling, managing, economical, but affectionate and good. She had a will of her own, but was no shrew. She had a great notion of the rights of a wife, and a strong perception of the qualities that ensure comfort. She would never have forgiven her husband, had she found him guilty of the most passing fancy for another; but, in return, she had the most admirable sense of propriety herself. She held in abhorrence all levity, all flirtation, all coquetry—small vices, which often ruin domestic happiness, but which a giddy nature incurs without consideration. But she did not think it right to love a husband over much. She left a surplus of affection for all her relations, all her friends, some of her acquaintances, and the possibility of a second marriage, should any accident happen to Mr. M. She kept a good table, for it suited their station, and her temper was considered even, though firm; but she could say a sharp thing or two, if Mr. Mervale was not punctual to a moment. She was very particular that he should change his shoes on coming home—the carpets were new and expensive. She was not sulky, nor passionate—Heaven bless her for that!—but when displeased she showed it—administered a dignified rebuke—alluded to her own virtues—to her uncle, who was an admiral, and to the thirty thousand pounds which she had brought to the object of her choice. But as Mr. Mervale was a good-humoured man, owned his faults, and subscribed to her excellence, the displeasure was soon over.

Every household has its little disagreements, none fewer than that of Mr. and Mrs. Mervale. Mrs. Mervale, without being improperly fond of

dress, paid due attention to it. She was never seen out of her chamber with papers in her hair, nor in that worst of disillusion—a morning wrapper. At half-past eight every morning Mrs. Mervale was dressed for the day—that is, till she re-dressed for dinner;—her stays well laced,—her cap trim,—her gown, winter and summer, of a thick, handsome silk. Ladies at that time wore very short waists; so did Mrs. Mervale. Her morning ornaments were a thick gold chain, to which was suspended a gold watch—none of those fragile dwarfs of mechanism, that look so pretty, and go so ill—but a handsome repeater, which chronicled Father Time to a moment; also a mosaic brooch; also a miniature of her uncle, the admiral, set in a bracelet. For the evening, she had two handsome sets—necklace, earrings, and bracelets, complete—one of amethysts, the other topazes. With these, her costume, for the most part, was a gold-coloured satin and a turban, in which last her picture had been taken. Mrs. Mervale had an aquiline nose, good teeth, fair hair, and light eyelashes, rather a high complexion, what is generally called a fine bust, full cheeks, large useful feet, made for walking, large white hands, with filbert nails, on which not a speck of dust had, even in childhood, ever been known to alight. She looked a little older than she really was; but that might arise from a certain air of dignity, and the aforesaid aquiline nose. She generally wore short mittens. She never read any poetry but Goldsmith's and Cowper's. She was not amused by novels, though she had no prejudice against them. She liked a play and a pantomime, with a slight supper afterwards. She did not like concerts or operas. At the beginning of the winter she selected some book to read, and some piece of work to commence. The two lasted her till the spring, when, though she continued to work, she left off reading. Her favourite study was history, which she read through the medium of Dr. Goldsmith. Her favourite author in the belles lettres was, of course, Dr. Johnson. A worthier woman, or one more respected, was not to be found—except in an epitaph!"

The following is an autobiography by a personage whose character is intelligible enough, and who is made to satirize without mercy:—

I was born at Terracina—a fair spot, is it not? My father was a learned monk, of high birth: my mother—Heaven rest her!—an innkeeper's pretty daughter. Of course there could be no marriage in the case; and when I was born, the monk gravely declared my appearance to be miraculous. I was dedicated from my cradle to the altar; and my head was universally declared to be the orthodox shape for a cowl. As I grew up the monk took great pains with my education; and I learned Latin and psalmody as soon as less miraculous infants learn crowing. Nor did the holy man's care stint itself to my interior accomplishments. Although vowed to poverty, he always contrived that my mother should have her pockets full; and between her pockets and mine there was soon established a clandestine communication; accordingly, at fourteen, I wore my cap on one side, stuck pistols in my belt, and assumed the swagger of a cavalier and a gallant. At that age my poor mother died; and about the same

period, my father, having written a History of the Pontifical Bulls, in forty volumes, and being, as I said, of high birth, obtained a Cardinal's hat. From that time he thought fit to disown your humble servant. He bound me over to an honest notary at Naples, and gave me two hundred crowns by way of provision. Well, Signor, I saw enough of the law to convince me that I should never be rogue enough to shine in the profession. So, instead of spoiling parchment, I made love to the notary's daughter. My master discovered our innocent amusement, and turned me out of doors; that was disagreeable. But my Ninetta loved me, and took care that I should not lie out in the streets with the lazzaroni. Little jade, I think I see her now, with her bare feet and her finger to her lips, opening the door in the summer nights, and bidding me creep softly into the kitchen, where, praised be the saints! a flask and a manchete always awaited the hungry amoroso. At last, however, Ninetta grew cold. It is the way of the sex, Signor. Her father found her an excellent marriage in the person of a withered old picture-dealer. She took the spouse, and very properly clapped the door in the face of the lover. I was not disheartened, Excellency; no, not I. Women are plentiful while we are young. So, without a ducat in my pocket, or a crust for my teeth, I set out to seek my fortune on board of a Spanish merchantman. That was duller work than I expected; but luckily we were attacked by a pirate—half the crew were butchered, the rest captured. I was one of the last—always in luck, you see, Signor—monks' sons have a knack that way! The captain of the pirates took a fancy to me. "Serve with us," said he. "Too happy!" said I. Behold me, then, a pirate! O jolly life! how I blest the old notary for turning me out of doors! What feasting, what fighting, what wooing, what quarrelling! Sometimes we ran ashore and enjoyed ourselves like princes: sometimes we lay in a calm for days together on the loveliest sea that man ever traversed. And then, if the breeze rose and a sail came in sight, who so merry as we? I passed three years in that charming profession, and then, Signor, I grew ambitious. I caballed against the captain; I wanted his post. One still night we struck the blow. The ship was like a log in the sea, no land to be seen from the mast-head, the waves like glass, and the moon at its full. Up we rose; thirty of us and more. Up we rose with a shout; we poured into the captain's cabin, I at the head. The brave old boy had caught the alarm, and there he stood at the doorway, a pistol in each hand; and his one eye (he had only one!) worse to meet than the pistols were. "Yield!" cried I, "your life shall be safe."—"Take that," said he, and whiz went the pistol; but the saints took care of their own, and the ball passed by my cheek and shot the boatswain behind me. I closed with the captain, and the other pistol went off without mischief in the struggle. Such a fellow he was—six feet four without his shoes! Over we went, rolling each on the other. Santa Maria! no time to get hold of one's knife. Meanwhile, all the crew were up, some for the captain, some for me—clashing and firing, and swearing and groaning, and now and then a heavy splash in the sea! Fine supper for the sharks that night! At last old Bilboa got uppermost; out flashed his knife; down it came, but not in my heart. No! I gave my left arm as a shield; and the blade went through to the hilt, with the blood spirting up like the rain from a whale's

nostril. With the weight of the blow the stout fellow came down, so that his face touched mine; with my right hand I caught him by the throat, turned him over like a lamb, Signor, and faith it was soon all up with him—the boatswain's brother, a fat Dutchman, ran him through with a pike. "Old fellow," said I, as he turned his terrible eye to me, "I bear you no malice, but we must try to get on in the world, you know." The captain grinned and gave up the ghost. I went upon deck—what a sight! Twenty bold fellows stark and cold, and the moon sparkling on the puddles of blood as calmly as if it were water. Well, Signor, the victory was ours, and the ship mine; I ruled merrily enough for six months. We then attacked a French ship twice our size: what sport it was! And we had not had a good fight so long, we were quite like virgins at it! We got the best of it, and won ship and cargo. They wanted to pistol the captain, but that was against my laws; so we gagged him, for he scolded as loud as if we were married to him; left him and the rest of his crew on board our own vessel, which was terribly battered; clapped our black flag on the Frenchman's, and set off merrily, with a brisk wind in our favour. But luck deserted us on forsaking our own dear old ship. A storm came on, a plank struck; several of us escaped in the boat; we had lots of gold with us, but no water! For two days and two nights we suffered horribly; but at last we ran ashore near a French seaport. Our sorry plight moved compassion, and as we had money we were not suspected—people only suspect the poor. Here we soon recovered our fatigues, rigged ourselves out gaily, and your humble servant was considered as noble a captain as ever walked deck. But now, alas, my fate would have it that I should fall in love with a silk-mercier's daughter. Ah, how I loved her!—the pretty Clara! Yes, I loved her so well; that I was seized with horror at my past life! I resolved to repent, to marry her, and settle down into an honest man. Accordingly, I summoned my messmates, told them my resolution, resigned my command, and persuaded them to depart. They were good fellows; engaged with a Dutchman, against whom I heard afterwards they made a successful mutiny, but I never saw them more. I had two thousand crowns still left; with this sum I obtained the consent of the silk-mercier, and it was agreed that I should become a partner in the firm.

I need not say that no one suspected that I had been so great a man, and I passed for a Neapolitan goldsmith's son instead of a cardinal's. I was very happy then, Signor, very—I could not have harmed a fly! Had I married Clara, I had been as gentle a mercier as ever handled a measure. \* \* \* \* Well, well, we must not look back on the past too earnestly—the sunlight upon it makes one's eyes water. The day was fixed for our wedding—it approached. On the evening before the appointed day, Clara, her mother, her little sister, and myself, were walking by the port, and as we looked on the sea, I was telling them old gossip-tales of mermaids and sea-serpents, when a red-faced, bottle-nosed Frenchman clapped himself right before me, and placing his spectacles very deliberately astride his proboscis, echoed out, "*Sacré, mille tonnerres!* this is the damned pirate who boarded the *Niobe!*" "None of your jests," said I, mildly.—"Ho, ho," said he; "I can't be mistaken; help there!" and

he griped me by the collar. I replied, as you may suppose, by laying him in the kennel; but it would not do. The French captain had a French lieutenant at his back, whose memory was as good as his chief's. A crowd assembled; other sailors came up; the odds were against me. I slept that night in prison; and in a few weeks afterwards, I was sent to the galleys. They spared my life, because the old Frenchman politely averred that I had made my crew spare his. You may believe that the oar and the chain were not to my taste. I and two others escaped, they took to the road, and have, no doubt, been long since broken on the wheel. I, soft soul, would not commit another crime to gain my bread, for Clara was still at my heart with her sweet eyes; so, limiting my rogueries to the theft of a beggar's rags, which I compensated by leaving him my galley attire instead, I begged my way to the town where I left Clara. It was a clear winter's day when I approached the outskirts of the town. I had no fear of detection, for my beard and hair were as good as a mask. Oh, Mother of Mercy! there came across my way a funeral procession! There, now you know it; I can tell you no more. She had died, perhaps of love; more likely of shame. Can you guess how I spent that night?—I stole a pickaxe from a mason's shed, and all alone and unseen, under the frosty heavens, I dug the fresh mould from the grave; I lifted the coffin, I wrenched the lid, I saw her again—again! Decay had not touched her. She was always pale in life! I could have sworn she lived! It was a blessed thing to see her once more, and all alone too! But then, at dawn to give her back to the earth—to close the lid, to throw down the mould, to hear the pebbles rattle on the coffin—that was dreadful! Signor, I never knew before, and I don't wish to think now, how valuable a thing human life is. At sunrise I was again a wanderer; but now that my Clara was gone, my scruples vanished, and again I was at war with my betters. I contrived at last, at O——, to get on board a vessel bound to Leghorn, working out my passage. From Leghorn I went to Rome, and stationed myself at the door of the cardinal's palace. Out he came, his gilded coach at the gate. "Ho, father!" said I; "don't you know me?"—"Who are you?"—"Your son," said I, in a whisper. The cardinal drew back, looked at me earnestly, and mused a moment. "All men are my sons," quoth he then, very mildly, "there is gold for thee! To him who begs once, alms are due; to him who begs twice, jails are open. Take the hint, and molest me no more. Heaven bless thee!" With that he got into his coach and drove off to the Vatican. His purse which he had left behind was well supplied. I was grateful and contented, and took my way to Terracina. I had not long passed the marshes, when I saw two horsemen approach at a canter. "You look poor, friend," said one of them, halting; "yet you are strong."—"Poor men and strong are both serviceable and dangerous, Signor Cavalier."—"Well said: follow us." I obeyed, and became a bandit. I rose by degrees; and as I have always been mild in my calling, and have taken purses without cutting throats, I bear an excellent character, and can eat my macaroni in Naples without any danger to life and limb. For the last two years I have settled in these parts, where I hold sway, and where I have purchased land. I am called a farmer, Signor; and I myself now only rob for amusement,

and to keep my hand in. I trust I have satisfied your curiosity. We are within a hundred yards of the castle.

We jump to the French Revolution, this part of the work presenting a variety of portraits. The subject of what we now quote is Robespierre in his lodgings:—

Though the room was small, it was furnished and decorated with a minute and careful effort at elegance and refinement. It seemed, indeed, the desire of the owner to avoid at once what was mean and rude, and what was luxurious and voluptuous. It was a trim, orderly, precise grace that shaped the classic chairs, arranged the ample draperies, sunk the frameless mirrors into the wall, placed bust and bronze on their pedestals, and filled up the niches here and there with well-bound books, filed regularly in their appointed ranks. An observer would have said, "This man wishes to imply to you—I am not rich; I am not ostentatious; I am not luxurious; I am no indolent Sybarite, with couches of down, and pictures that provoke the sense; I am no haughty noble, with spacious halls, and galleries that awe the echo. But so much the greater is my merit if I disdain these excesses of the ease or the pride, since I love the elegant, and have a taste! Others may be simple and honest, from the very coarseness of their habits; if I, with so much refinement and delicacy, am simple and honest,—reflect, and admire me!

On the walls of this chamber hung many portraits, most of them represented but one face; on the formal pedestals were grouped many busts, most of them sculptured but one head. In that small chamber Egotism sat supreme, and made the Arts its looking-glasses. Erect in a chair, before a large table spread with letters, sat the original of bust and canvass, the owner of the apartment. He was alone, yet he sat erect, formal, stiff, precise, as if in his very home he was not at ease. His dress was in harmony with his posture and his chamber, it affected a neatness of its own—foreign both to the sumptuous fashions of the deposed nobles, and the filthy ruggedness of the sans-culottes. Frizzled and *coiffé*, not a hair was out of order, not a speck lodged on the sleek surface of the blue coat, not a wrinkle crumpled the snowy vest, with its under relief of delicate pink. At the first glance, you might have seen in that face nothing but the ill-favoured features of a sickly countenance. At a second glance you would have perceived that it had a power—a character of its own. The forehead, though low and compressed, was not without that appearance of thought and intelligence which, it may be observed, that breadth between the eyebrows almost invariably gives; the lips were firm and tightly drawn together, yet ever and anon they trembled and writhed restlessly. The eyes, sullen and gloomy, were yet piercing, and full of a concentrated vigour, that did not seem supported by the thin, feeble frame, or the green lividness of the hues which told of anxiety and disease.

We gather two or three scraps more from the Reign of Terror. The inequality between man and man:—

A squalid, and yet a gay world, did the prison-houses of that day pre-

sent. There, as in the sepulchre to which they led, all ranks were cast with an even-handed scorn. And yet there, the reverence that comes from great emotions restored Nature's first and imperishable, and most lovely, and most noble law—*The inequality between man and man!*

Innocence and a dungeon:—

She scarcely comprehended why she had been thus torn from her home and the mechanism of her dull tasks. She scarcely knew what meant those kindly groups, that, struck with her exceeding loveliness, had gathered round her in the prison, with mournful looks but with words of comfort. She, who had hitherto been taught to abhor those whom law condemns for crime, was amazed to hear that beings thus compassionate and tender, with cloudless and lofty brows, with gallant and gentle mien, were criminals, for whom law had no punishment short of death. But they, the savages, gaunt and menacing, who had dragged her from her home, who had attempted to snatch from her the infant while she clasped it in her arms, and laughed fierce scorn at her mute, quivering lips—they were the chosen citizens, the men of virtue, the favourites of power, the ministers of law! Such thy black caprices, O thou, the ever-shifting and calumnious,—human judgment!

An Atheist in prison, and sentenced to die:—

And there, in the very cell beside her own, the atheist, Nicot, sits stolid amidst the darkness, and hugs the thought of Danton, that death is nothingness. His, no spectacle of an appalled and perturbed conscience. Remorse is the echo of a lost virtue, and virtue he never knew. Had he to live again, he would live the same. But more terrible than the death-bed of a believing and despairing sinner, that blank gloom of apathy—that contemplation of the worm and the rat of the charnel-house—that grim and loathsome nothingness which, for his eye, falls like a pall over the universe of life. Still, staring into space, gnawing his livid lip, he looks upon the darkness, convinced that darkness is for ever and for ever.

Behold a contrast:—

She fell upon her knees and prayed. The despoilers of all that beautifies and hallows life had desecrated the altar and denied the God!—they had removed from the last hour of their victims the priest, the Scripture, and the cross! But faith builds in the dungeon and the lazaret-house its sublimest shrines; and up, through roofs of stone, that shut out the eye of heaven, ascends the ladder where the angels glide to and fro—prayer.

One passage more from this part of the dazzling romance:—

She thus sat, unconscious of the future. Still half a child herself, her child laughing to her laughter—two soft triflers on the brink of the grave! Over her throat, as she bent, fell, like a golden cloud, her redundant hair; it covered her treasure like a veil of light; and the child's little hands put it aside from time to time, to smile through the parted tresses, and then to

cover its face, and peep and smile again. It were cruel to damp that joy, more cruel still to share it.

Our last specimen of all contains an important truth, recognizes a beautiful principle, enforced in language that is striking and emphatically shaped:—

When the craving for the actual world is felt, it is a hunger that must be appeased. They who command best the ideal, enjoy ever most the real. See the true artist, when abroad in men's thoroughfares, ever observant, ever diving into the heart, ever alive to the least as to the greatest of the complicated truths of existence; decending to what pedants would call the trivial and the frivolous. From every mesh in the social web, he can disentangle a grace. And for him each airy gossamer floats in the gold of the sunlight. Know you not that around the animalcule that sports in the water there shines a halo, as around the star that revolves in bright pastime through the space? True art finds beauty everywhere. In the street, in the market-place, in the hovel, it gathers food for the hive of its thoughts. In the mire of politics, Dante and Milton selected pearls for the wreath of song. Who ever told you that Raffaële did not enjoy the life without, carrying everywhere with him the one inward idea of beauty which attracted and embedded in its own amber every straw that the feet of the dull man trampled into mud? As some lord of the forest wanders abroad for its prey, and scents and follows it over plain and hill, through brake and jungle, but, seizing it at last, bears the quarry to its unwitnessed cave—so Genius searches through wood and waste, untiringly and eagerly, every sense awake, every nerve strained to speed and strength, for the scattered and flying images of matter, that it seizes at last with its mighty talons, and bears away with it into solitudes no footstep can invade. Go, seek the world without; it is for art, the inexhaustible pasture ground and harvest to the world within.

In conclusion we may mention that Glyndon is an Artist, and many are the canons and criticisms which he squanders in the world of Art. These, if not always original in substance, are generally unusual in form and in relation to occasion, so as to impress the mind and set it on a train of curious speculation; at the same time gratifying the ear with the music of rich eloquence.

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ART. V.—*The Christian Month; a Series of Original Hymns, adapted from the Daily Psalms, with Chants and Anthems. The Poetry by the Rev. W. PALIN; the Music by Miss MOUNSEY.*

MR. PALIN is an exemplary country clergyman in Essex, and has no doubt lamented over the degenerate and stupid system and style of psalmody which prevails even in the Establishment: we wish that we could add, in the rural parishes only. He has therefore earnestly set himself to the task, first, to improve the versifica-



tion of certain psalms, or rather, by a process of accommodation, to throw their spirit into an entirely new form. His success, however, poetically, has not been equal to his zeal; nor would there be any end to unauthorized versions, if every clergyman thought himself at liberty to adapt psalms to his taste, or to suit the particular circumstances of his parishioners. Then, with regard to Miss Mounsey's tunes, we may confidently state, without at all pronouncing an opinion concerning their merits, which we are not competent to do, that there is no call for additional church-music, for it is already wonderfully abundant; there being hundreds of excellent tunes by celebrated composers, and presenting all the variety, beauty, and solemnity requisite. All that is required may be done and got by denouncing and banishing for ever the worthless and vulgar things which have been allowed to disgrace the sacred service of the Church of England in many a noble fane, as well as in many a house of God in remote and rustic corners, or village chapels.

We now come at once to the principal matter contemplated in this paper, viz. to give an abstract of part of A. F. Pfeiffer's German treatise on the Music of the Ancient Hebrews, a subject of importance to every thorough-going interpreter of the sacred Scriptures, and not unconnected with Psalmody in the Christian churches. It is true that more than fifty years have elapsed since Pfeiffer, who was a professor of Oriental languages at Erlangen, published the work. But the opinions entertained of it by scholars, and the obscure nature of the subject, around which there has not been much light formally collected by subsequent writers, may be a sufficient apology for gathering from the treatise some of its more curious particulars and views. Pfeiffer says,—

In the ancient poems of the Hebrews, that have been preserved to us in the collection of the Psalms, we meet with many names which have a most intimate relation to the more ancient music of the Hebrews. These names occur not merely in the superscriptions, but they are frequently found in other places, and places too which can be explained only by a knowledge of these names; and they are also very often mentioned in other books of the Old Testament.

Pfeiffer leaves it with teachers in polite literature to determine the time and manners in which music was discovered. He thinks that it may be the oldest of all the arts; because it is more than any other, an immediate work of nature. Hence we meet with it among all nations, even those who are ignorant of every other art. It is to be met with in the history of the ancient Hebrews, who without being the discoverers of the art, probably were the cultivators and improvers of it. Jubal, indeed, before the deluge, invented some kind of instruments; a thing confirmed by the common opinion of the Orientals. These instruments seem to have remained in use after the flood; at least their names continued to be in vogue.

Plato, indeed, would pretend, that all traces of the ancient music were lost in this disaster, so that the art was again discovered by Olympus and others; but he was obliged thus to write, in accordance with received traditions.

We must not, however, infer exactly as the authors of the "Universal History of the World" have done, that considering the great space of time which elapsed between Jubal and Moses, it is no wonder that music had attained to so great perfection in his era, and that it "must have been far more impressive than anything of the kind which we now possess." This contradicts all the testimonies from antiquity, the nature of the human mind, and the circumstances of the Israelites. The space of time between Jubal and Moses cannot be taken even as a period of one particular nation, and much less as a particular period of music; since the deluge in all probability destroyed several of the arts; and by Noah and his sons it was impossible that every thing could be preserved. Time enough must be assigned in this period for again searching out what there had been among the antediluvians; and even music might then have the honour of being a particular discovery. Hence, it has been remarked, that every nation may lay claim to having discovered its own kind; although the Hebrews do not appear, in this respect, to have had much that was peculiar. From their origin, indeed, they seem to have been a family, that mingled but very little with other inhabitants of the earth; but still they dwelt among them and often followed their customs.

Of the music of the Arabians in that primitive age, the best notion can be formed from the book or poem of Job; where we meet with the guitar, the tabret, and the pipe; and here they are described as being already connected with luxury. Syria, which bordered upon Arabia, was by no means poor in musicians; and hence Laban paid the fleeing Jacob the flattering compliment of telling him that he would have accompanied him with singing and music. It was from these regions that the Israelites received most of their instruments. Here formerly they themselves dwelt. They afterwards went down into Egypt, where they for the first time increased into a real nation. Yet they were in the midst of another nation, to which, in reference to the arts and sciences, especially in regard to the discovery of them, they were hardly competent to bear water. Their condition was soon changed into one of the most intolerable slavery,—a state which entirely disqualified them for the softer feelings of music and its sister arts. It is not denied that Moses and many other of the Israelites were learned and accomplished; but it was an Egyptian learning. Now, although the Egyptians may not have cultivated music much, lest it should render them effeminate; yet in Osiris they honoured its inventor; and, according to Plato, they were in possession of certain songs of

Isis which were performed to regular melodies at their feasts and public processions. Probably this was an artifice of their priests, who wished, by appropriating music, to preserve themselves in more respect with the nation. Too much, therefore, the Israelites may not have learned of them; although Moses, according to Plato, acquired a knowledge of all the music of the Egyptians. They may also have learned much of the shepherds who oppressed them; for these their tyrants were not, strictly speaking, Egyptians. If now we admit what some learned men have intimated, that these shepherds were properly Mongols and Tartars; then every one can judge for himself how much knowledge, which was otherwise dispersed, the Israelites were able to bring back in a collected form, to the land of Canaan.

When the Hebrews had passed through the Red Sea, the females united together under the guidance of Miriam, singing, in alternate chorus, the triumphal song of Moses. Were they especially those who had thus far made music their employment? The supposition is perfectly agreeable to the oriental taste, which continues even to the present day. There does not, however, particularly appear to be so very much in the performance on this occasion.

In regard to warlike music, God himself commanded Moses in the desert to make two trumpets. A distinction was made in the blowing of these instruments, as with one blast, with two blasts, and with a strong blast. The trumpet was perhaps especially an instrument which the Israelites, during the following years, could use to the best advantage; for in the times of Joshua and of the Judges, they had little opportunity to make choice of the fine arts for their employment. In saying this, Pfeiffer does not deny that here and there an Israelite sang his song or blew his shawm, an instrument which Burney states was a kind of bass clarionet. This amount of musical art may always have existed. That during this period, the Judges were at the same time the bards, the poets, and the musicians of the nation, is an assumption which cannot be proved. It is very difficult to show that the character of a prophet and bard was connected with the office of judge. The case of Deborah is the only one of the kind to be met with, unless, indeed, we also add that of Samson. When by him aroused, the Israelite sought at length to obtain liberty, and could again breathe in tranquillity, the art of music also again returned. In the schools of the prophets, the institution of which may be sought for in the times of Samuel, it certainly received attention. Samuel himself appears on this very account to have been no mean connoisseur of music, for that age; and if we consent to believe Patr. Delany, he derived his origin from a family which was particularly celebrated for its

science in church music. David received his education in or by means of the schools of the prophets, and gave to the music of the Hebrews a form entirely new. Of his strength in melody and feeling, his poems bear testimony; of his skill in playing upon instruments, we are taught in more than one passage. From his time onwards, many instruments are to be met with in the Old Testament, which had not before been named. Indeed, the Syriac and Greek collections of the Psalms honour him even with the invention of the instruments of Jubal. Certain it is that instrumental music, as well as vocal, very much advanced during his time. The example of the king in this respect must have exerted its influence upon the nation. It is true, that among those who shone as virtuosos under David, and who are expressly mentioned in the chronicles of the Israelites, we find none but persons of the tribe of Levi; and to this tribe alone did it particularly belong, in religious solemnities (and Moses gave the authority of such religious solemnities to all the public festivals) to go before the nation with singing and playing on musical instruments. Are we, however, on this account to suppose that private houses and individual families collected together, were prohibited from partaking in this kind of enjoyment? At least, David himself was no Levite; and when he played upon his cithara, his guitar, before Saul to tranquillize him, it was neither a public act, a solemnity, nor a worship of God. Even Saul mingled with their choir, and united his voice with theirs, as did also several others.

It is unquestionably and generally true, that David greatly encouraged the art of music. To it alone he devoted 4,000 Levites; whose regulations are described to us with sufficient minuteness, and whose dress was altogether peculiar to themselves. They were under the inspection of certain overseers. At David's time the musicians were divided into 24 classes, and placed under 288 excellent masters, at whose head were Asaph, Heman, and Jeduthun. The superiority of Asaph lay in playing upon the cymbals or castanets. Heman, whose skill is compared with the wisdom of Solomon, played not only upon the cymbals, but upon the trumpets. Jeduthun, otherwise called Ethan, was the best virtuoso upon the cithara; and in him many find Orpheus. Heman's three daughters, on account of the connexion, also belong to this place; and they furnish us with a new proof of the excellent skill to which oriental women attained in this art,—an art which, even at the present day, constitutes their favourite employment. Pfeiffer does not go so far as to maintain that these women also played and sang together in the Temple; although he thinks this very probable; seeing no reason why such persons should have been excluded from the orchestra of the more ancient times. The subject is one of controversy, in which Calmet has taken a part.

Most of the virtuosos who have been named continued under Solomon; and his peaceful reign must have furnished them with constantly increasing encouragement for cultivating their art. Luxury daily made advances. Josephus says that many instruments were made by this king in a very costly style. His court was the residence of many virtuosos of both sexes, who appear to have had no further connexion than this with the public musical college of the Levites; for he says that, among other delights, "he gat for himself men singers and women singers;" and, according to the language of the aged Barzillai, David may also have had similar persons attached to his court.

If the collection of the Psalms contains poems composed after the times of Solomon, we may thence conclude that the musical art never entirely perished from amongst the Hebrews. It is true, that the succeeding reigns, with their incessant troubles, were better adapted to banish the art than to improve or preserve it. Still we find very many allusions to music in the following books of the Bible, especially in the prophets; as Isaiah, for instance, who resided at court, frequently makes mention of instruments, and in such a way too that we can easily see they must have been very much in use. They belonged, according to him, to the effeminate and luxurious. People did not fail, however, under good kings, to recognize the use of instruments in the public worship of God. An attempt has been made to infer from the 137th Psalm, composed in the Babylonish captivity, that during this period, instrumental music had gone into desuetude, but with great injustice; for the opposite truth is perfectly manifest from this very Psalm. If the captives were inclined to hang up their citharæ, they must have had such instruments, and must have played on them. Their music, on the other hand, appears to have been distinguished from that of Babylon, and to have had its own definite character. They preserved it as such, had time enough and good opportunity to exercise it, and hence returned to their own country, with a choir of 200 musicians. The proportion is not extravagant; for in the time of David, when the number of the people was 1,300,000, there were 4,000 singers. Now among 42,360 who came back, there were 200 singers. If this proportion is not altogether the same as the other, yet, relatively considered, half as many musicians returned from Babylon, as the Israelites had in the time of David. They probably brought with them new instruments; although Pfeiffer inclines to the supposition that the instruments in the East were not much different. He has often wondered at the close resemblance of the modern oriental instruments to the more ancient representations of them. We see, it is true, from the book of Daniel, that the Chaldee names vary much from those of the Hebrews; but in the course

of the treatise he shows that most of the former were known to the Jews.

From the history of the Maccabees it appears that a tolerable taste in music was cherished. This taste, however, had already declined; and at length it approximated to that of the Romans; sinking, indeed, finally into that barbarous state in which it is now found in Palestine. So much for the history of music among the ancient Hebrews.

As to the nature of this art among the ancients in general, Pfeiffer goes on to observe, that it was made to consist not so much in harmony, as in unison or melody. This is the music of nature, and, for a long time even after the flourishing periods of the Hebrews, was common among the Greeks and Romans. From the Hebrews themselves we have no definite account in reference to this subject; but the analogous history of all other nations may here serve as a guide. It was not the harmony of differing and dissonant sounds, but the voice formed after the tones of the lyre, that constituted the beauty of the ancient music, and which so enraptured the Arabian servant of Niebuhr, that he cried out in contempt of the European music, "By God, that is fine! God bless you!" The whole of antiquity is full of stories in praise of this music. By its means battles were won, cities conquered, mutinies quelled, diseases cured. Pfeiffer does not say that it caused the taking of Jericho. This seems to be an extraordinary case, and was employed at the command of God. But Saul's melancholy was driven off by David's music. The prophets also appear to have availed themselves of its aid, in order to bring themselves into a state of inspiration. Why are these effects so seldom produced by our music? Are they among the things in music yet to be restored? The different parts which we now have are an invention of modern times. Respecting the bass, treble, &c., but a very few discriminating remarks had then been made; and the old and young, persons of both sexes, appear to have sung one part. The beauty of their music consisted altogether in melody, and the instruments by which, in singing, this melody was accompanied, occupied the place of a continued bass. If we are disposed to apply what Niebuhr has told us, the beauty of the concert consisted in this, that other persons repeated the music which had just been sung, three, four, or five notes lower or higher. Such, for instance, was the concert which Miriam held with her musical play-fellows, and to which the tabret furnished the continued bass; just as Niebuhr has also remarked of the Arabian women of the present day,—“That when they dance or sing in their harem, they always beat the time corresponding upon this drum.” To this mode of performance, Pfeiffer continues to state, belongs the 24th Psalm, which rests altogether, he says, upon the varied repetition; in like manner also the 20th and 21st Psalms.

Here is an illustration, the Psalm being from Schulz's translation :—

*Both Choruses.*

Jehovah's is the earth and its fulness :—  
The world and its inhabitants ;  
For he founded it upon seas ;  
He established it upon streams.

*First Chorus.*

Who can go up into the mount of Jehovah ?  
Who shall stand in the place of his holiness ?

*Second Chorus.*

He whose hands are clean, whose heart is pure ;  
Who aims not at fraud, and swears not in deceit :—  
He shall receive blessing from Jehovah,  
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.  
This is the generation that seek him :  
Jacob's generation, who seek thy face.

*First Chorus.*

Raise your heads, doors ;  
Lift up yourselves, everlasting [venerable] gates ; that the king of glory  
may enter !

*Second Chorus.*

Who is the King of glory ?

*First Chorus.*

Jehovah, the strong one and mighty ;  
Jehovah, the mighty one in battle.

*Second Chorus.*

Raise your heads, doors ;  
Lift up yourselves, venerable gates ; that the King of glory may enter !

*First Chorus.*

Who is the King of glory ?

*Both Choruses.*

Jehovah Zebaoth, he it is ; he is the King of glory !

Such is an example of all the change which the Hebrews admitted ; and Pfeiffer thinks it more agreeable to nature as well as to the object of Jewish music, which was consecrated to the most exalted of beings, than the modern harmonic or musical progressions, modulations, and cadences which were taken from the opera and the dance, and introduced into church music. The Hebrew system of music, or of melody instead of harmony, requires no better defenders than Sulzer and Kirnberger, his teacher ; even to say nothing of

Rousseau. Besides, does it depend neither upon us nor our scientific musicians, whether we find this monotonous or unisonous music fine or not? All the Orientals love it, for the very reason that it is monotonous and unisonous; and from Morocco to China we meet with no other. On the other hand, the people of the East despise ours as much as we despise theirs. Even the Chinese prefer melody, although harmony is not altogether objected to by them. Moreover, the unanimity of the Orientals in this respect may serve to refute those notions which ascribe higher knowledge to the Hebrews than is authorized by the customs of their country. We should certainly be obliged to look upon them just as we now look upon the uniform, the melodic character of their music, displeasing to us, as it is, if we should once try to force our dancing pieces upon them.

We may here introduce Rousseau's opinion, as found in Burney, accompanied with some additional remarks of the latter. "M. Rousseau," says this writer, in his *History of Music*, "is very explicit upon the subject in his musical dictionary, in the article *counterpoint*, which he terminates by saying, 'It has long been disputed whether the ancients knew counterpoint; but it clearly appears from the remains of their music and writings, especially the rules of practice in the third book of Aristoxenus, that they never had the least idea of it.' His reflections upon this subject in the article *harmony* are curious. 'When we reflect,' he says, 'that of all the people on the globe none are without music and melody, yet only the Europeans have harmony and chords, and find their mixture agreeable; when we reflect how many ages the world has endured without any of the nations who have cultivated the polite arts knowing this harmony; that no animal, no bird, or being in nature, produces any other sound than unison, or other music than mere melody; that neither the oriental languages, so sonorous and musical, nor the ears of the Greeks, endowed with so much delicacy and sensibility, and cultivated with so much art, ever led that enthusiastic and voluptuous people to the discovery of our harmony; that their music without it had such prodigious effects, and ours such feeble ones with it; in short, when we think,' continues he, 'of its being reserved for a northern people, whose coarse and obtuse organs are more touched with the force and noise of voices, than with the sweetness of accents and melody of inflections, to make this great discovery, and to build all the principles and rules of the art upon it; when,' says he, 'we reflect upon all this, it is hard to avoid suspecting that all our harmony, of which we are so vain, is only a Gothic and barbarous invention, which we should never have thought of if we had been more sensible to the real beauties of the art, and to music that is truly natural and affecting.'"

Burney proceeds: "This opinion is generally ranked among the



paradoxes of M. Rousseau. However, the sentiments of this wonderful writer seem here to proceed more from a refined taste, enlargement of thought, and an uncommon boldness and courage in publishing notions so repugant to established opinions, than from a love of singularity. Besides, M. Rousseau is not the only writer on music who has imagined it possible for melody to enrapture without harmony. Vincenzio Galilei and Mersennus went still farther, and thought that the contrary effects of grave and acute sounds in different progressions, must mutually weaken and destroy each other. Indeed Mersennus, in his *Harmonie Universelle*, declares that he thinks it no reproach to the ancient Greeks to have been ignorant of counterpoint."

Certainly it is melody that first attracts the child's attention; it is melody that affects the untutored ear and moves the heart; and those who have frequented musical entertainments cannot have failed to mark, that while intricate harmonical combinations and great displays of skill have surprised, it is melody in general that has produced visible effects, melting the soul and filling it with indescribable emotions; so that it is very questionable, speaking of the cultivated, whether the powers of harmony are not greatly overrated. Who has not gladly exchanged an overwhelming chorus for a solo or a duet and its simple bass accompaniment; and with the greatest reluctance again parted with the melody for harmony? Besides, the worship of God and the distinctness with which his praise should be heard, seem to claim for it more attention than it receives amongst us.

But again, to follow Pfeiffer: Sulzer, he says, in his *Theory*, has yielded himself up more to the guidance of what the ancient Greeks have said, respecting the discovery of the different sounds in music; and he paints their origin in the most natural manner,—in a manner which, unless we are disposed to reject all the rules of probability, we may even find among the ancient inhabitants of the East. To attend to nature as we still find it among uncultivated nations, is our surest course. The natural singer produces sounds just as feeling produces them in his throat. He knows of no system from which he might have chosen them. The use of instruments seems, in the first place, to have generated the notion of firmly establishing certain sounds. Pipes, however, as well as stringed instruments, are inventions which we meet with even before the great deluge. If, now, the inventor of such an instrument should produce anything upon it capable of being sung, he must necessarily establish for it a system of sounds; because the instrument does not, like the throat, give every sound that the ear of the player requires, but only those firmly established sounds, according to its nature and capacity, and which alone can be produced consistently with the character of the instrument.

Nature is everywhere the same; and therefore will fix and establish sounds. Admit that the inventor of the lyre wished to employ it as an accompaniment to his songs; and suppose him just on the point of so tuning its strings that he may gratify his ear; the question then arises, "What reason could he have for tuning these strings so and not otherwise?" Or we may ask, "How will the inventor probably go to work to tune his strings?" As it may naturally be presupposed that he has already long exercised himself in singing; so we may also take it for granted that he will endeavour to produce upon the instrument those sounds which, in his songs, pleased him the best, viz. the most pleasing consonances or concords. If we here confine ourselves to the invention of the lyre, as it is ascribed to Mercury by the Greeks, why then is it said that he furnished it with four strings, which were so tuned, that the lowest and the highest, when sounded together, made an octave; the lowest and the second, a fourth; and the lowest and the third, a fifth?

Pfeiffer goes on to remark, that this system of four strings, otherwise called the tetrachord, was gradually enlarged; and that we find instruments in the time of David, which may have received their appellation from the number of their strings. The multiplying of the strings naturally presupposes a multiplying of the sounds, and an enrichment of the system. Pfeiffer proceeds, after Sulzer, to speculate upon and to describe the ancient Greek system, and their several modes, even with but a few sounds. The Ionian mode was cheerful and spirited, and not at all plaintive, "as Haremborg would pretend, when he thinks he finds it in the superscription of the 65th Psalm." The Dorian was serious and devotional; and Pfeiffer thinks that if any of these ancient modes were common among the Hebrews with the Greek appellation, or had ever been known to those who added the superscriptions to the Psalms, that this is the one above all others, which must have been chosen.

Reference is made, in this part of the treatise, to several learned men's opinions who have speculated about the ancient modes, and the superscriptions of the Psalms. Scaliger, Bockhart, and, among later writers, Faber, suppose that various superscriptions may be deduced from master-pieces of ancient Hebrew music. The last-mentioned authority compares these master-pieces to the old master-tunes which Hans Sachs took for his guide; admitting, at the same time, "that he finds no title of the Psalms, from which reference to a master-tune or melody then in vogue, can be satisfactorily proved." [We insert a *note* which informs us who Hans Sachs was, and what were his productions.] "Sachs was born in 1494, and followed the business of shoemaking in Nuremberg, for a livelihood. He nevertheless early formed the purpose of devoting himself at the same time to the poetic art. He did so, and became one of the most

noted writers of hymns in his age; and by means of them exerted a powerful influence in favour of the Reformation among the lower orders of the people. At the time of his death he had written over 6000 greater or smaller poems or sacred odes, in many cases, as it seems, from the above allusion, expressly adapting them to some popular and well known tune or melody."

Pfeiffer proceeds to state that other writers make particular instruments out of the superscriptions, and he gives these theorists a hearing, laying open also the thoughts he himself has on the subject. He remarks, first of all, that the more distinct the voice, the more agreeable is it in the East; the singer who is listened to with the greatest pleasure being he who causes every word to be distinctly heard. They also unite such skilful manœuvres with their singing, and know how to avail themselves of music in so appropriate a manner, that one can easily guess at the contents of their songs, even without any knowledge of their language.

But as to singers and musicians, or players upon instruments, how did they know what sound they should produce; and how did they aid the memory in preserving for further use sounds that had once been discovered? We have our notes. About the eleventh century, Guido Aretinus aided himself in this respect, by his *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la*. The Italians had previously used the Latin letters for this purpose; and, for the same end, the ancient Greeks had also used the letters of their alphabet, either in its natural position or in an inverted one; or else turned to the left hand. Whether this was also done by the Hebrews, is a thing altogether uncertain. Abbé Fleury indeed says, whether in seriousness or joke Pfeiffer does not know, "that he had seen Hebrew fragments set to music, of as early a date as the times of the great synagogue." The author of the treatise then observes, "Fleury must either have looked upon a musical MS. composed by modern Jews as an old one, or else have suffered himself to be imposed upon by a fable respecting it. Probably," continues Pfeiffer, "the Hebrews took the quantity of their syllables, in regard to length and shortness, as their guide." But even in this respect, there is not much that can be maintained with positive certainty. Various attempts indeed, he says, have been made in modern times to determine the genera of the Hebrews and the different lengths of their syllables. Since, however, in regard to this subject, it is agreed that the present pronunciation and punctuation of our Hebrew text is not the old original one,—and the opinion derives very great probability from the too artificial system of the vowels,—Pfeiffer believes that in this particular we shall never arrive at any certainty, "which Jones himself has also said. When the vowels came up with all their accompanying points, they also brought up with them the accents as companions, which, according to a system assumed in modern times, pointed out the

elevation and depression of the syllables. Even this point, however, is again veiled in unhappy obscurity. It is now questioned whether, as once maintained, the characters standing over the words brought with them an elevation, and those standing under the words, a depression of the voice." The author next goes into the signification of certain Hebrew words attached to, or found in the Psalms, in order to discover what such words indicate with regard to the management of the voice, the tones and divisions in singing, the repetitions introduced, the instruments used, and so forth.

He says, that not every psalm or ode seems to have been sung after every instrument and to every tune. The different kinds of poems doubtless had also different melodies. Lowth has gone into a sufficient explanation of this point; and what slipped his memory, Michaelis has done after him.

In general, the Hebrews used in their superscriptions not only the words expressive of singing, but also those expressive of poetry and odes, as also expressive of instrumental music. Particular words and instances are quoted by Pfeiffer in confirmation of this statement. The same word sometimes is used of the music as is done of the poetry; others as often to designate instrumental music as singing. Particular instruments are at times indicated by the words. One, for example, is quoted, which is said to be limited to the softer instruments. "It was employed by Samson, when, at the close of his life, he was called upon to *make sport* for the Philistines."

As to the instruments of the Hebrews, in general they have a particular name, and were from ancient times divided into particular kinds, according as they were differently played. They were, 1st, Those furnished with strings; 2ndly, Wind instruments, being different sorts of trumpets and flutes; and 3rdly, Instruments which were struck, either with the hand or a stick, such as drums, castanets, bells, &c. The author goes much into detail concerning these different classes of instruments: but we cannot follow him. However, we must find room for a few general remarks.

Specifically to determine the character of the instruments, Pfeiffer observes, is indeed a matter attended with great difficulty. We are left, in regard to many of them, so entirely destitute of the means of investigation, that in the end, after numerous conjectures, we find ourselves in as much ignorance as at the beginning. Sometimes, however, he continues to say, the subject has been represented as more intricate than it really is. The Hebrew himself never made any pretensions to the invention of them. In inventiveness in general, his nation acted no important part. To it almost everything was taught by God himself, as he would rather say. We must search, therefore, for the origin of instruments among other nations,—nations with whom the Israelites resided, or with whom

they had intercourse. They first brought them from *Chaldea*, and afterwards from *Egypt*. The East was in general the region from which other nations also received their musical instruments. The proud Greeks do not indeed admit this. *Apollo*, *Minerva*, *Mercury*, *Pan*, none but gods, were the exalted inventors of their lyre, flute, and the whole of their music. And yet the Scriptures appropriate them to *Jubal*. The Romans, however, are far more candid. *Juvenal* gives *Syria* as their original source. The choir of singers and players on instruments was enlarged in *Rome* immediately after her wars with *Antiochus the Great*. This luxury, according to *Livy's* account, appears to have been brought to *Rome* from the East. It is probable, therefore, that neither the figures of the ancient Roman and Grecian instruments, nor their names, differed very materially from those of the Orientals. Some changes, indeed, they as well as the Israelites always made in them; but substantially they remained the same. "It is from a mutual comparison of these instruments of the ancients with the accounts which have been left us by the sacred writers of the instruments of the Israelites, and a critical estimation of these accounts, so far as my powers would permit, that I have drawn as sources of information, in the more specific details which follow. In connexion with the above, I have also made use of the few accounts which have been given us by modern travellers of the musical instruments of the present day in the East. From these we may draw inferences with almost perfect safety, since the Orientals in general change but very little. It is true, that at present with them music is a prohibited thing, and of course its instruments, as they are prepossessed of the opinion, that God wishes to be praised by the human voice alone. The inclination for it, however, still continues, and is perhaps rather increased by this very prohibition."

Thus far *Pfeiffer*: and seeing that his treatise was written so long ago as the year 1779; that since that time great progress has been made in oriental literature; and much additional information also obtained by travellers and antiquaries respecting the ancient social condition of the oriental world,—especially as respects the entire state of the arts and sciences, the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians, we should think that very considerable light might now be contributed with regard to the music of the ancient Hebrews, beyond that which the German professor has collected in his treatise. It may be impossible to recall the melodies of *David* and *Asaph*, and even the specific forms of the instruments they used. Among the obscure subjects of antiquity, few have occasioned more perplexity to the learned than that of music. Even as it existed among the earlier Romans and the Greeks, we can ascertain but little. We know indeed that music was always more or less cultivated,—that even in its rudest state, it was something which delighted, cheered,

and often produced almost magical effects. We even possess some of the poetic strains which it sent thrilling to the heart. The music itself, however, has become silent, with the generations that gave it birth; the lyre has mouldered with the hand by which it was strung. Of course, the obscurity of the subject increases as we penetrate into the more remote ages of Jewish and Egyptian history. After all, however, some important characteristics even of the Hebrew music may be yet made out, and some definite results as to the general construction as well as nature of their instruments. The subject is unquestionably one of difficulty; but it is also one of deep interest and real importance; importance even as regards the right understanding of passages of Holy Writ, and therefore deserving the most patient and learned investigation.

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ART. VI.—*Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arbly*. Vol. II. Colburn.

WE proceed with this entertaining work, so full of portraits, of anecdotes, of chroniclings, and of self-complacency. It fills the space of years, from 1781 to 1786, and keeps before us for a time the Thrales and Streatham, with the greater and lesser stars of the period; some of them who believed that they were of the first magnitude, having dwindled to a speck, or waned altogether from the ken of the present generation. We, however, have still much of Boanerges, and frequent interviews with Sir Joshua, Burke, and several other notables; while many of the most pleasant sketches, oddities, and incidents, belong to ephemeral, and now forgotten celebrities. Even Miss Burney, who contrives, or rather, in obedience to the vanity of her nature, and the temporary prominence which she attained, in a great measure through the whim and partiality of Johnson, to keep herself constantly in the foreground, is doomed to retire behind *blues* of our own age, who have not half the talent, and who will, to a certainty, be lost sight of in a far shorter space of time; and although the present publication will serve to revive an interest in her history, and induce a few to call for her "Evelina," "Cecilia," &c., the recollection, we predict, will be but transient, and the impression but slight. Our generation is that of a distinct age; what charmed the world sixty years ago, and engrossed the talk of wits and of coteries, has now lost its flavour; and the melancholy, or, rather, the instructive, fact is taught us by these volumes, that but extremely few, but one in a thousand, are enabled or permitted to earn a fame that will outlive them a century. Yet what is the price which multitudes are constantly paying for this uncertain reward? Reward! Tell us the worth of posthumous reputation to any one? But how often do men of letters make shipwreck of the present from some false and undefined idea of the

future! How many are there, who, without a call, rush into ranks where they deem it easy for them to win laurels with the pen, but who only reap bitterness and privation! Truly, "the little Burney's" volumes contain a moral as well as amusement. But it is not fitting that we should sentimentalize at any length over the book. Our more pleasant and profitable duty is to cull such passages as speak for one purpose or another, and in this or that fashion; that bring boldly or smartly out a character, a scene, or a truth.

We have intimated that the Streatham meetings continue to furnish their quota of anecdote and gossip, although, as we advance in the volume, the circle begins to dissolve, other and new characters coming upon the stage. The publication of "*Cecilia*" is an important event,—the theme of many extravagant flatteries and raptures, which we shall sedulously refrain from copying out. There is quite enough of self-commendation in the Diarist's ordinary egotism; nay, in her *humble* professions, and *modest* tremblings, to satisfy us with regard to her personal merits. Her works speak for themselves.

The Lexicographer is still the great lion of the journal; and even after his majestic nature displays fully as much of ferocity as of conscious strength. But years and disease were upon him, and he was but human. It is proper that we begin with him, and we cannot let him be seen to much better or characteristic advantage, than in a scene with Sir Philip Jennings Clerke, M.P. We ought to mention that this is one of the anecdotes to be found in the first volume, but which can never come amiss.

"Sir Philip, you are too liberal a man for the party to which you belong: I shall have much pride in the honour of converting you; for I really believe, if you were not spoiled by bad company, the spirit of faction would not have possessed you. Go then, sir, to the house; but make not your motion; give up the bill, and surprise the world by turning to the side of truth and reason. Rise, sir, when they least expect you, and address your fellow-patriots to this purpose: 'Gentlemen, I have for many a weary day been deceived and seduced by you. I have now opened my eyes. I see that you are all scoundrels; the subversion of all government and religion is your aim. Gentlemen, I will no longer herd among rascals, in whose infamy my name and character must be included; I therefore renounce you all, Gentlemen, as you deserve to be renounced.'" Then, shaking his hand heartily, he added, "Go, sir, go to bed; meditate upon this recantation; and rise in the morning a more honest man than you lay down."

As we step farther into the Burney gallery, we find the artist's drawing acquires greater facility, and displays more point. Her skill, too, appears to better advantage in regard to choice of subjects, and the appreciation of originals. Of course, the materials upon which to work, and the characters from whom to select, were

constantly growing more numerous, coupled with increase of experience, and with maturer years. These circumstances may also account for her more subdued egotism, and less obtrusive humility; and altogether the figures of other days are with ease and smartness pictured as they talked, walked, and lived.

One of the most original of the portraits is that of a sort of unhewn diamond, a Mr. Crutchley; a man as rich, rough, and genuine, as the image we have used can convey. It appears that there had been something like a flirtation between him and Miss Burney, and that she took care to show that his wealth was no temptation to her. But no doubt she was eager to penetrate his character; it was a study for her pencil, and she has handled it well.

I had new specimens to-day of the oddities of Mr. Crutchley, whom I do not yet quite understand, though I have seen so much of him. In the course of our walks to-day we chanced, at one time, to be somewhat before the rest of the company, and soon got into a very serious conversation; though we began it by his relating a most ludicrous incident which had happened to him last winter. There is a certain poor wretch of a villanous painter, one Mr. Lowe, who is in some measure under Dr. Johnson's protection, and whom, therefore, he recommends to all the people he thinks can afford to sit for their pictures. Among these, he made Mr. Seward very readily, and then applied to Mr. Crutchley. "But now," said Mr. Crutchley, as he told me the circumstance, "I have not a notion of sitting for my picture,—for who wants it? I may as well give the man the money without; but no, they all said that would not do so well, and Dr. Johnson asked me to give *him* my picture. 'And I assure you, sir,' says he, 'I shall put it in very good company, for I have portraits of some very respectable people in my dining-room.' 'Ay, sir,' says I, 'that's sufficient reason why you should not have mine, for I am sure it has no business in such society.' So then Mrs. Thrale asked me to give it to *her*. 'Ay sure, ma'am,' says I, 'you do me great honour; but pray, first, will you do me the favour to tell me what door you intend to put it behind?' However, after all I could say in opposition, I was obliged to go to the painter's. And I found him in such a condition! a room all dirt and filth, brats squalling and wrangling, up two pair of stairs, and a closet, of which the door was open, that Seward well said was quite Pandora's box—it was the repository of all the nastiness, and stench, and filth, and food, and drink, and — oh, it was too bad to be borne! and 'Oh!' says I, 'Mr. Lowe, I beg your pardon for running away, but I have just recollected another engagement;' so I poked the three guineas in his hand, and told him I would come again another time, and then ran out of the house with all my might." Well, when we had done laughing about this poor unfortunate painter, the subject turned upon portraits in general, and our conference grew very grave: on *his* part it soon became even melancholy. I have not time to *dialogue* it; but he told me he could never bear to have himself the picture of any one he loved, as, in case of their death or absence, he should go distracted by looking at it; and that, as for himself, he never had, and never would sit for his own, except for



one miniature by Humphreys, which his sister begged of him, as he could never flatter himself there was a human being in the world to whom it could be of any possible value: "And now," he added, "less than ever!" This, and various other speeches to the same purpose, he spoke with a degree of dejection that surprised me, as the coldness of his character, and his continually boasted insensibility, made me believe him really indifferent both to love and hatred. After this we talked of Mrs. Davenant. "She is very agreeable," said I, "I like her much. Don't you?" "Yes, very much," said he; "she is lively and entertaining;" and then a moment after, "'Tis wonderful," he exclaimed, "that such a thing as that can captivate a man!" "Nay," cried I, "nobody more, for her husband quite adores her." "So I find," says he; "and Mrs. Thrale says men in general like her." "They certainly do," cried I; "and all the oddity is in you who do not, not in them who do." "May be so," answered he, "but it don't do for me, indeed." We then came to two gates, and there I stopt short, to wait till they joined us; and Mr. Crutchley, turning about and looking at Mrs. Davenant, as she came forward, said, rather in a muttering voice, and to himself than to me, "What a thing for an attachment! No, no, it would not do for me!—too much glare! too much flippancy! too much hoop! too much gauze! too much slipper! too much neck! Oh, hide it! hide it!—muffle it up! muffle it up! If it is but in a fur cloak, I am for muffling it all up!" And thus he diverted himself till they came up to us. But never, I believe, was there a man who could endure so very few people. Even Mrs. and Miss Thrale, of whom he is fond to excess, he would rather not see than see with other company.

Mr. Crutchley was one of Mr. Thrale's executors. The death of this excellent man, and the second marriage of Mrs. Thrale with Mr. Piozzi, we may remark, were circumstances which could not but scatter the Streatham coterie. A Mr. Cator was another of Mr. Thrale's executors; and proved a most amusing variety. We must introduce a scene in which he figures, and where perhaps no other kind of relief could have been found to its painful character. In his hands, however, it becomes absolutely ludicrous; enabling one to forget the lion's ferocity, and the suffering of the tormented, mild, but firm Mr. Pepys. This is the scene and story: A long war had been proclaimed among the wits concerning Johnson's "Life of Lord Lyttelton," and which a whole tribe of *blues*, with Mrs. Montagu at their head, had vowed to execrate and revenge. Mr. Pepys was one of Mrs. Montagu's steadiest abettors; and this the Doctor knew, being determined to defend himself with the first of them he met; or rather to be the fierce assailant. Well, an occasion offered at last. "In a long *tête-à-tête* which I accidentally had with Mr. Pepys before the company was assembled," says Miss Burney, "he told me his apprehensions of an attack, and entreated me earnestly to endeavour to prevent it; modestly avowing he was no antagonist for Dr. Johnson; and yet declaring his personal friendship for Lord Lyttelton made him so much hurt by the 'Life,' that

he feared he could not discuss the matter without a quarrel, which, especially in the house of Mrs. Thrale, he wished to avoid." Miss Burney continues:—

It was, however, utterly impossible for me to serve him. I could have stopped Mrs. Thrale with ease, and Mr. Seward with a hint, had either of them begun the subject; but unfortunately, in the middle of dinner, it was begun by Dr. Johnson himself, to oppose whom, especially as he spoke with great anger, would have been madness and folly. Never before have I seen Dr. Johnson speak with so much passion. "Mr. Pepys," he cried, in a voice the most enraged, "I understand you are offended by my 'Life of Lord Lyttelton.' What is it you have to say against it? Come forth, man! Here am I, ready to answer any charge you can bring!"—"No sir," cried Mr. Pepys, "not at present; I must beg leave to decline the subject. I told Miss Burney before dinner that I hoped it would not be started." I was quite frightened to hear my own name mentioned in a debate which began so seriously; but Dr. Johnson made not to this any answer: he repeated his attack and his challenge, and a violent disputation ensued, in which this great but mortal man did, to own the truth, appear unreasonably furious and grossly severe. Mr. Pepys meantime never appeared to so much advantage; he preserved his temper, uttered all that belonged merely to himself with modesty, and all that more immediately related to Lord Lyttelton with spirit. Indeed, Dr. Johnson, in the very midst of the dispute, had the candour and liberality to make him a personal compliment, by saying—"Sir, all that you say, while you are vindicating one who cannot thank you, makes me only think better of you than I ever did before. Yet still I think you do me wrong," &c. &c. \* \* One happy circumstance, however, attended the quarrel, which was the presence of Mr. Cator, who would by no means be prevented talking himself, either by reverence to Dr. Johnson, or ignorance of the subject in question. To give a specimen—one speech will do for a thousand. "As to this question of Lord Lyttelton, I can't speak to it to the purpose, as I have not read his 'Life,' for I have only read the 'Life of Pope;' I have got the books though, for I sent for them last week, and they came to me on Wednesday, and then I began them; but I have not yet read 'Lord Lyttelton.' 'Pope' I have begun, and that is what I am now reading. But what I have to say about Lord Lyttelton is this: Mr. Seward says that Lord Lyttelton's steward dunned Mr. Shenstone for his rent, by which I understand he was a tenant of Lord Lyttelton's. Well, if he was a tenant of Lord Lyttelton's, why should not he pay his rent?"

The conflict was prolonged, but Mr. C. at length proved a cooler and a sedative:—

Mr. Cator had the book in his hand, and was reading the "Life of Lyttelton," that he might better, he said, understand the cause, though not a creature cared if he had never heard of it. Mr. Pepys came up to me and said,—“Just what I had so much wished to avoid! I have been crushed in the very onset.” I could make him no answer, for Dr. Johnson immediately called him off, and harangued and attacked him with a

vehemence and continuity that quite concerned both Mrs. Thrale and myself, and that made Mr. Pepys, at last, resolutely silent, however called upon. This now grew more unpleasant than ever; till Mr. Cator, having some time studied his book, exclaimed—"What I am now going to say, as I have not yet read the '*Life of Lord Lyttelton*' quite through, must be considered as being only said aside, because what I am going to say——"

"I wish, sir," cried Mrs. Thrale, "it had been *all* said aside; here is too much about it, indeed, and I should be very glad to hear no more of it." The speech, which she made with great spirit and dignity, had an admirable effect. Everybody was silenced.

What a contrast do the two ladies, now to be presented, form to Mr. Crutchley? The diarist is at one of Mrs. Paradise's parties, where she is introduced to two sisters, Lady Say and Sele, and Lady Hawke. The former "seems pretty near fifty—at least turned forty; her head was full of feathers, flowers, jewels, and gew-gaws, and as high as Lady Archer's; her dress was trimmed with beads, silver, Persian sashes, and all sort of fine fancies; her face is thin and fiery, and her whole manner spoke a lady all alive." Lady S. S. was particularly happy on seeing Miss Burney, in order to introduce her to Lady H., who "has written a novel; so you are sister authoresses. A most elegant thing it is, I assure you; almost as pretty as yours, only not quite so elegant." After a good deal more of this sensible sort of criticism, the little lioness is conducted to Lady H. "Miss Burney, ma'am, the authoress of '*Evelina*.'" "Lady Hawke arose and curtsied. She is much younger than her sister, and rather pretty; extremely languishing, delicate, and pathetic; apparently accustomed to be reckoned the genius of the family, and well content to be looked upon as a creature dropt from the clouds." Here follows a little more of the genius of the family:—

"Yes, I really can't help writing," said Lady Hawke. "One has great pleasure in writing the things; has not one, Miss Burney?" "Y—e—s, ma'am." "But your novel," cried Lady Say and Sele, "is in such a style!—so elegant! I am vastly glad you made it end happily. I hate a novel that don't end happy." "Yes," said Lady Hawke, with a languid smile, "I was vastly glad when she married Lord Orville. I was sadly afraid it would not have been." "My sister intends," said Lady Say and Sele, "to print her '*Mausoleum*' just for her own friends and acquaintances." "Yes," said Lady Hawke; "I have never printed yet." "I saw Lady Hawke's name," quoth I to my first friend, "ascribed to the play of '*Variety*.'" "Did you, indeed?" cried Lady Say, in an ecstasy.—"Sister! do you know Miss Burney saw your name in the newspapers, about the play!" "Did she?" said Lady Hawke, smiling complacently. "But I really did not write it; I never wrote a play in my life." "Well," cried Lady Say, "but do repeat that sweet part that I am so fond of—you know what I mean; Miss Burney *must* hear it,—out of your novel, you

know!" *Lady H.* "No, I can't; I have forgot it." *Lady S.* "Ob, no, I am sure you have not; I insist upon it." *Lady H.* "But I know you can repeat it yourself; you have so fine a memory—I am sure you can repeat it." *Lady S.* "Oh, but I should not do it justice, that's all,—I should not do it justice!" *Lady Hawke* then bent forward, and repeated, "If, when he made the declaration of his love, the sensibility that beamed in his eyes was felt in his heart, what pleasing sensations and soft alarms might not that tender avowal awaken!" "And from what, ma'am," cried I, astonished, and imagining I had mistaken them, "is this taken?" "From my sister's novel!" answered the delighted *Lady Say* and *Sele*, expecting my raptures to be equal to her own; "it's in the 'Mausoleum,' did not you know that? Well, I can't think how you can write these sweet novels! And it's all just like that part. *Lord Hawke*, himself, says it's all poetry. For my part, I'm sure I never could write so. I suppose, *Miss Burney*, you are producing another—a'n't you?" "No, ma'am." "Oh, I dare say you are. I dare say you are writing one at this very minute!"

We shift to another scene, and to other groups. We are now at *Miss Monckton's* assembly. *Miss M.* was the daughter of "the old Dowager *Lady Galway*," both of whom lived "in a noble house in *Charles-street, Berkeley-square*." *Dr. Johnson* was there, and *Burke*, and *Reynolds*, and many others of smaller renown, but prouder birth. Says the Doctor to *Mr. Metcalfe*:—

"It is you, is it, that are engrossing her thus?" "He's jealous," said *Mr. Metcalfe*, dryly. "How these people talk of *Mrs. Siddons*!" said the Doctor. "I came hither in full expectation of hearing no name but the name I love and pant to hear—when from one corner to another they are talking of that jade *Mrs. Siddons*! till, at last wearied out, I went yonder into a corner, and repeated to myself *Burney! Burney! Burney! Burney!*" "Ay, sir," said *Mr. Metcalfe*, "you should have carved it upon the trees." "Sir, had there been any trees, so I should; but, being none, I was content to carve it upon my heart." Soon after the parties changed again, and young *Mr. Burke* came and sat by me. He is a very civil and obliging, and a sensible and agreeable young man. I was occasionally spoken to afterwards by strangers, both men and women, whom I could not find out, though they called me by my name as if they had known me all my life. Old *Lady Galway* trotted from her corner, in the middle of the evening, and leaning her hands upon the backs of two chairs, put her little round head through two fine high dressed ladies on purpose to peep at me, and then trotted back to her place! Ha, ha! *Miss Monckton* now came to us again, and I congratulated her upon her power in making *Dr. Johnson* sit in a group; upon which she immediately said to him—"Sir, *Miss Burney* says you like best to sit in a circle." "Does she?" said he, laughing; "Ay, never mind what she says. Don't you know she is a writer of romances?" "Yes, that I do, indeed!" said *Miss Monckton*, and every one joined in a laugh that put me horribly out of countenance. "She may write romances and speak truth," said my dear *Sir Joshua*, who, as

well as young Burke, and Mr. Metcalfe, and two strangers, joined now in our little party. "But, indeed, Dr. Johnson," said Miss Monckton, "you *must* see Mrs. Siddons. Won't you see her in some fine part?"—"Why, if I *must*, madam, I have no choice." "She says, sir, she shall be very much afraid of you." "Madam, that cannot be true." "Not true," cried Miss Monckton, staring, "yes, it is." "It *cannot* be, madam."—"But she said so to me; I heard her say it myself." "Madam, it is not *possible*! remember, therefore, in future, that even fiction should be supported by probability." Miss Monckton looked all amazement, but insisted upon the truth of what she had said. "I do not believe, madam," said he, warmly, "she knows my name." "Oh, that is rating her too low," said a gentleman stranger. "By not knowing my name," continued he, "I do not mean so literally; but that, when she sees it abused in a newspaper, she may possibly recollect that she has seen it abused in a newspaper before." "Well, sir," said Miss Monckton, "but you must see her for all this." "Well, madam, if you desire it, I will go. See her, I shall not, nor hear her; but I'll go, and that will do. The last time I was at a play, I was ordered there by Mrs. Abingdon, or Mrs. Somebody, I do not well remember who; but I placed myself in the middle of the first row of the front boxes, to show that when I was called, I came." I felt myself extremely awkward about going away, not choosing, as it was my first visit, to take French leave, and hardly knowing how to lead the way alone among so many strangers. At last, and with the last, I made my attempt. A large party of ladies arose at the same time, and I tripped after them; Miss Monckton, however, made me come back, for she said I must else wait in the other room till those ladies' carriages drove away. When I returned, Sir Joshua came and desired he might convey me home; I declined the offer, and he pressed it a good deal, drolly saying—"Why, I am old enough, a'n't I?" And when he found me stout, he said to Dr. Johnson—"Sir, is not this very hard? Nobody thinks me very young, yet Miss Burney won't give me the privilege of age in letting me see her home. She says I a'n't old enough." I had never said any such thing. "Ay, sir," said the Doctor, "did I not tell you she was a writer of romances?"

It is painful to read at a period not distant from Miss Monckton's assembly, that Mr. Metcalfe was the only person out of Mrs. Thrale's house who voluntarily communicated with Boanerges. "He has been," we are told, "in a terrible severe humour of late, and has really frightened all the people, till they almost ran from him. To me only, I think, he is now kind, for Mrs. Thrale fares worse than any body. 'Tis very strange, and very melancholy, that he will not a little more accommodate his manners and language to those of other people. He likes Mr. Metcalfe, however, and so do I, for he is very clever, and entertaining when he pleases. Poor Dr. Delap confessed to us, that the reason he now came so seldom, though he formerly almost lived with us when at this place, was his being too unwell to cope with Dr. Johnson. And the other day,

Mr. Selwyn having refused an invitation from Mr. Hamilton to meet the Doctor because he preferred being here upon a day when he was out, suddenly rose at the time he was expected to return, and said he must run away, 'for he feared the Doctor would call him to account.'" But we must not conclude without some notices that will force our readers to part with the lexicographer, not only as friends, but reverential admirers. In the mean time, here is another oddity. How many and diversified were the studies which Miss Burney had at command for her novels !

I had afterwards a whispering communication with Mrs. Reynolds, which made me laugh, from her excessive oddness and absurdity. It began about Chessington. She expressed her wonder how I could have passed so much time there. I assured her that with my own will I should pass much more time there, as I know no place where I had more, if so much, happiness.

"Well, bless me !" cried she, holding up her hands, "and all this variety comes from only one man ! That's strange, indeed, for, by what I can make out, there's nothing but that one Mr. Quip there !"

"Mr. Crisp," said I, "is, indeed, the only man ; but there are also two ladies, very dear friends of mine, who live there constantly."

"What ! and they neither of them married that Mr. —, that same gentleman ?"

"No, they never married anybody ; they are single, and so is he."

"Well, but if he is so mighty agreeable," said she, holding her finger up to her nose most significantly, "can you tell me how it comes to pass he should never have got a wife in all this time ?"

There was no answering this but by grinning ; but I thought how my dear Kitty would again have called her the *old sifter*. She afterwards told me of divers most ridiculous distresses she had been in with Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Ord. "I had the most unfortunate thing in the world happen to me," she said, "about Mrs. Montagu, and I always am in some distress or misfortune with that lady. She did me the honour to invite me to dine with her last week,—and I am sure there is nobody in the world can be more obliged to Mrs. Montagu for taking such notice of any body ;—but just when the day came I was so unlucky as to be ill, and that, you know, made it quite improper to go to dine with Mrs. Montagu, for fear of any disagreeable consequences. So this vexed me very much, for I had nobody to send to her that was proper to appear before Mrs. Montagu ; for, to own the truth, you must know I have no servant but a maid, and I could not think of sending such a person to Mrs. Montagu. So I thought it best to send a chairman, and to tell him only to ring at the bell, and to wait for no answer ; because then the porter might tell Mrs. Montagu my servant brought the note, for the porter could not tell but he might be my servant. But my maid was so stupid, she took the shilling I gave her for the chairman, and went to a green-shop, and bid the woman send somebody with the note, and she left the shilling with her ; so the green-woman, I suppose, thought she might keep the shilling, and instead of sending a chairman she sent

her own errand-girl; and she was all dirt and rags. But this is not all; for, when the girl got to the house, nothing would serve her but she would give the note to Mrs. Montagu, and wait for an answer; so then, you know, Mrs. Montagu saw this ragged green-shop girl. I was never so shocked in my life, for, when she brought me back the note I knew at once how it all was. Only think what a mortification, to have Mrs. Montagu see such a person as that! She must think it very odd of me indeed to send a green-shop girl to such a house as hers!" Now for a distress equally grievous with Mrs. Ord:—"You must know Mrs. Ord called on me the other day when I did not happen to be dressed; so I had a very pretty sort of a bed-gown, like a jacket, hanging at the fire, and I had on a petticoat, with a border on it of the same pattern; but the bed-gown I thought was damp, and I was in a hurry to go down to Mrs. Ord, so I would not stay to dry it, but went down in another bed-gown, and put my cloak on. But only think what Mrs. Ord must think of it, for I have since thought she must suppose I had no gown on at all, for you must know my cloak was so long it only showed the petticoat."—"I am always," said she, "out of luck with Mrs. Ord; for another time, when she came, there happened to be a great slop on the table; so, while the maid was going to the door, I took up a rag that I had been wiping my pencils with, for I had been painting, and I wiped the table; but as she got up stairs before I had put it away, I popped a white handkerchief upon it. However, while we were talking, I thought my handkerchief looked like a litter upon the table, and, thinks I, Mrs. Ord will think it very untidy, for she is all neatness, so I whisked it into my pocket; but I quite forgot the rag with the paint on it. So, when she was gone—bless me!—there I saw it was sticking out of my pocket, in full sight. Only think what a slut Mrs. Ord must think me, to put a dishclout in my pocket!"

Miss Burney's introduction to the royal service, and to royalty, constitutes an important event in her Diary, and furnishes notices of peculiar interest. Here is an account of certain schoolings previous to an interview with the royal family:—

"I do beg of you," said dear Mrs. Delany, "when the Queen or the King speaks to you, not to answer with mere monosyllables. The Queen often complains to me of the difficulty with which she can get any conversation; as she not only always has to start the subjects, but, commonly, entirely to support them: and she says there is nothing she so much loves as conversation, and nothing she finds so hard to get. She is always best pleased to have the answers that are made her, lead on to further discourse. Now, as I know she wishes to be acquainted with you, and converse with you, I do really entreat you not to draw back from her, nor to stop conversation with only answering yes or no." This was a most tremendous injunction; however, I could not but promise her I would do the best I could. To this, nevertheless, she readily agreed, that if, upon entering the room, they should take no notice of me, I might quietly retire; and that, believe me, will not be very slowly. They cannot find me in this house without knowing who I am, and therefore, they can be at no loss whether

to speak to me or not from incertitude. In the midst of all this, the Queen came. I heard the thunder at the door, and, panic-struck, away flew all my resolutions and agreements, and away after them flew I. Don't be angry, my dear father—I would have stayed if I could, and I meant to stay; but when the moment came, neither my preparations nor intentions availed, and I arrived at my own room, ere I well knew I had left the drawing-room; and, quite breathless, between the race I ran with Miss Port, and the joy of escaping, Mrs. Delany, though a little vexed at the time, was not afterwards, when she found the Queen very much dispirited, by a relapse of the poor Princess Elizabeth. She inquired if I had returned, and hoped I now came to make a longer stay.

Again:—

After dinner, while Mrs. Delany was left alone, as usual, to take a little rest—for sleep it but seldom proves—Mr. B. Dewes, his little daughter, Miss Port, and myself, went into the drawing-room; and here, while, to pass the time, I was amusing the little girl with teaching her some Christmas games, in which her father and cousin joined, Mrs. Delany came in. We were all in the middle of the room, and in some confusion, but she had but just come up to us to inquire what was going forward, and I was disentangling myself from Miss Dewes, to be ready to fly off if any one knocked at the street-door, when the door of the drawing-room was again opened, and a large man, in deep mourning, appeared at it, entering and shutting it himself without speaking. A ghost could not more have scared me, when I discovered, by its glitter on the black, a star. The general disorder had prevented his being seen, except by myself, who was always on the watch, till Miss P——, turning round, exclaimed, “The King!—Aunt, the King!” O mercy! thought I, that I were but out of the room, which way shall I escape? and how pass him unnoticed? There is but the single door at which he entered, in the room! Every one scampered out of the way: Miss P—— to stand next the door; Mr. Bernard Dewes to a corner opposite it; his little girl clung to me; and Mrs. Delany advanced to meet his majesty, who, after quietly looking on till she saw him, approached, and inquired how she did. He then spoke to Mr. Bernard, whom he had already met two or three times here. I had now retreated to the wall, and purposed gliding softly, though speedily, out of the room; but before I had taken a single step, the King, in a loud whisper to Mrs. Delany, said, “Is that Miss Burney?”—and on her answering, “Yes, sir,” he bowed, and with a countenance of the most perfect good humour, came close up to me. A most profound reverence on my part arrested the progress of my intended retreat. “How long have you been come back, Miss Burney?” “Two days, sir.” Unluckily he did not hear me, and repeated his question; and whether the second time he heard me or not, I don't know; but he made a little civil inclination of his head, and went back to Mrs. Delany. He insisted she should sit down, though he stood himself; and began to give her an account of the Princess Elizabeth, who once again was recovering, and trying, at present, James's powders. She had been blooded, he said, twelve times in this last fortnight, and had lost seventy-five ounces of blood, besides undergoing



blistering and other discipline. He spoke of her illness with the strongest emotion, and seemed quite filled with concern for her danger and sufferings. Mrs. D. next inquired for the younger children. They had all, he said, the whoopingcough, and were soon to be removed to Kew. "Not," added he, "for any other reason than change of air for themselves; though I am pretty certain I have never had the distemper myself, and the Queen thinks she has not had it either:—we shall take our chance. When the two eldest had it, I sent them away, and would not see them till it was over; but now there are so many of them, that there would be no end to separations, so I let it take its course." Mrs. Delany expressed a good deal of concern at his running this risk; but he laughed at it, and said, he was much more afraid of catching the rheumatism, which has been threatening one of his shoulders lately. However, he added, he should hunt the next morning, in defiance of it. A good deal of talk then followed about his own health, and the extreme temperance by which he preserved it. The fault of his constitution, he said, was a tendency to excessive fat, which he kept, however, in order, by the most vigorous exercise, and the strictest attention to simple diet. When Mrs. Delany was beginning to praise his forbearance, he stopped her: "No, no," he cried, "'tis no virtue; I only prefer eating plain and little to growing diseased and infirm."

Much more of a like homely and agreeable nature is to be found in the diarist's notices of the royal family; but we must close with our promised Johnsoniana:—

Last Thursday, Nov. 25th, my father set me down at Bolt-court, while he went on upon business. I was anxious to again see poor Dr. Johnson, who has had terrible health since his return from Lichfield. He let me in, though very ill. He was alone, which I much rejoiced at; for I had a longer and more satisfactory conversation with him than I have had for many months. He was in rather better spirits, too, than I have lately seen him; but he told me he was going to try what sleeping out of town might do for him. "I remember," said he, "that my wife, when she was near her end, poor woman, was also advised to sleep out of town; and when she was carried to the lodgings that had been prepared for her, she complained that the staircase was in very bad condition—for the plaster was beaten off the walls in many places. 'Oh,' said the man of the house, 'that's nothing but by the knocks against it of the coffins of the poor souls that have died in the lodgings!'" He laughed, though not without apparent secret anguish, in telling me this. I felt extremely shocked, but willing to confine my words at least to the literal story, I only exclaimed against the unfeeling absurdity of such a confession. "Such a confession," cried he, "to a person then coming to try his lodging for her health, contains, indeed, more absurdity than we can well lay our account for."—I had seen Miss T. the day before. "So," said he, "did I." I then said—"Do you ever, sir, hear from her mother?" "No," cried he, "nor write to her. I drive her quite from my mind. If I meet with one of her letters, I burn it instantly. I have burnt all I can find. I never speak of her, and I desire never to hear of her more. I drive her, as I

said, wholly from my mind." Yet, wholly to change this discourse, I gave him a history of the Bristol milk-woman, and told him the tales I had heard of her writing so wonderfully, though she had read nothing but Young and Milton; "though those," I continued, "could never possibly, I should think, be the first authors with anybody. Would children understand them?—and grown people who have not read, are children in literature." "Doubtless," said he, "but there is nothing so little comprehended among mankind as what is genius. They give to it all, when it can be but a part. Genius is nothing more than knowing the use of tools; but there must be tools for it to use; a man who has spent all his life in this room will give a very poor account of what is contained in the next." "Certainly, sir; yet there is such a thing as invention. Shakespeare could never have seen a Caliban." "No; but he had seen a man, and knew, therefore, how to vary him to a monster. A man who would draw a monstrous cow, must first know what a cow commonly is; or how can he tell that to give her an ass's head or an elephant's tusk will make her monstrous? Suppose you show me a man who is a very expert carpenter; another will say he was born to be a carpenter—but what if he had never seen any wood? Let two men, one with genius, the other with none, look at an overturned wagon:—he who has no genius, will think of the wagon only as he sees it, overturned, and walk on; he who has genius, will paint it to himself before it was overturned,—standing still, and moving on, and heavy loaded, and empty; but both must see the wagon, to think of it at all." How just and true all this, my dear Susy! He then animated, and talked on, upon this milk-woman, upon a once as famous shoemaker, and upon our immortal Shakespeare, with as much fire, spirit, wit, and truth of criticism and judgment, as ever yet I have heard him. How delightfully bright are his faculties, though the poor and infirm machine that contains them seems alarmingly giving way! Yet, all brilliant as he was, I saw him growing worse, and offered to go, which, for the first time I ever remember, he did not oppose; but, most kindly pressing both my hands, "Be not," he said, in a voice of even tenderness, "be not longer in coming again for my letting you go now." I assured him I would be the sooner, and was running off, but he called me back, in a solemn voice, and in a manner the most energetic, said, "Remember me in your prayers!" I longed to ask him to remember me, but did not dare. I gave him my promise, and, very heavily indeed, I left him. Great, good, and excellent that he is, how short a time will he be our boast! Ah, my dear Susy, I see he is going! This winter will never conduct him to a more genial season here! Elsewhere, who shall hope a fairer! I wish I had bid him pray for me.

Again:—

I have been a second time to see poor Dr. Johnson, and both times he was too ill to admit me. I know how very much worse he must be; for when I saw him last, which was the morning before I went to Norbury, he repeatedly, and even earnestly, begged me to come to him again, and to see him both as soon and as often as I could. I am told by Mr. Hoole,

that he inquired of Dr. Brocklesby if he thought it likely he might live six weeks; and the doctor's hesitation, saying—No—he has been more deeply depressed than ever. Fearing death as he does, no one can wonder. Why he should fear it, all may wonder. He sent me down yesterday, by a clergyman who was with him, the kindest of messages; and I hardly know whether I ought to go to him again or not; though I know still less why I say so, for go again I both must and shall. One thing, his extreme dejection of mind considered, has both surprised and pleased me: he has now constantly an amanuensis with him, and dictates to him such compositions, particularly Latin and Greek, as he has formerly made, but repeated to his friends without ever committing to paper. This, I hope, will not only gratify his survivors, but serve to divert him. The good Mr. Hoole and equally good Mr. Sastres attend him, rather as nurses than friends; for they sit whole hours by him, without even speaking to him. He will not, it seems, be talked to—at least, very rarely. At times, indeed, he reanimates; but it is soon over, and he says of himself, “I am now like Macbeth,—question enrages me.” My father saw him once while I was away, and carried Mr. Burke with him, who was desirous of paying his respects to him once more in person. He rallied a little while they were there; and Mr. Burke, when they left him, said to my father, “His work is almost done; and well has he done it!”

One sentence more :—

“Dec. 20th.—This day was the ever-honoured, ever-lamented Dr. Johnson committed to the earth. Oh, how sad a day to me! My father attended, and so did Charles. I could not keep my eyes dry all day; nor can I now, in the recollecting it; but let me pass over what to mourn is now so vain!”

It is late in the day to pronounce any opinion of Madame D'Arblay's novels; but a word may be said ere dismissing this second volume of her *Diary and Letters*, for the ears of our younger readers, who may chance to hear her works mentioned in the list of standards of the old school. Quick, but limited observation, and spirited dialogue, are her excellences. But then her observation is superficial, she has little passion, and her characters are caricatures, or are only touched off as seen in one light, and as known by one feature; and, therefore, when she gets hold of a novelty, or a striking variety, which she readily does, she only protracts and prolongs your view of that single point, from beginning to end. She marks distinctly external oddities and palpable affectations, but dips not to the sources of these peculiarities so as to discover and lay hold of the main-spring of all that is outwardly characteristic. With regard to her dialogue, again, with all its spirit and cleverness, and although kept up consistently with the first display of each of the distinct speakers, we have it just so much elongated, and so often repeated as the author's talent for smartness and taste for

repartee were inclined to be indulged, without obedience to nature or the necessity of the story. In fact, her stories are tedious, have little of truth in them, and might (according to the principles pursued) have been extended to twice of any of her five volumes, or have ended with the first of them. In a word, when Miss Burney, when Madame D'Arblay undertook to picture life, and to satirize follies, she had an artificial and conventional theory of proprieties of her own, which not only appears to have required that her heroes and heroines should be constantly running into cross purposes, without any assignable reason, and thus kept asunder for a specified time, but that some punctilio of quite an inadequate nature, should often be the bar to reconciliation and union. Thus it was that she contrived to carry out her fictions to a wearisome length, and generally failed after all to impress a deep sinking lesson, or evolve a high-souled sentiment. She was clever, accomplished, and finely cultivated; but she was not a genius.

ART. VII.—*What to Teach and How to Teach it: so that the Child may become a Wise and Good Man.* By HENRY MAYHEW. Smith.

PART I. of a treatise on education, and treating of the "Cultivation of the Intellect;" two *parts* more being promised, the *second* having for its subject "the Cultivation of Morality," the *third*, "the Cultivation of Prudence." There are several things worthy of particular notice about this publication. We may commence with mentioning that the portion before us extends only to forty-four pages; and yet its double columns are so closely printed, and so honestly filled with letterpress, that, according to a very general practice in getting up books, a neat volume might have been constructed out of it. This circumstance alone shows that the author has not had a single eye towards the business of book-manufacturing; and the reader's conviction that a higher motive has been cherished, will be strengthened when it is perceived that the publication may be had for *one shilling*. Some books, however, are dear at any price; others are worse than worthless. The question therefore now is, what is the character, what the nature of the contents of Mr. Mayhew's treatise on "the cultivation of the intellect?" Perhaps before uttering a judgment, it will be as well to let him show himself, or be heard, where he starts. Accordingly we quote two or three paragraphs from the second of his *thirty-nine* chapters. The subject is, "What is Reading and Writing?"—

Writing is the art of describing certain figures symbolical of the sounds used by man, as signs to convey his sensations, thoughts, and emotions, to others; reading, the act of translating those figures into the sounds of which they are the symbols. What miracles are wrought in our simplest

acts! How vulgar, and yet how marvellous, is writing! or "putting down words upon paper," as it is commonly called—words! which are without form and substance! impalpable as moonshine! thoughts wrapt in air! ethereal couriers from mind to mind! volatile as lightning! short-lived as an instant! and yet we transfix them, drag them from the air of which they are part, and render that which is by nature as transient as time, as permanent as space; giving figure to what the wildest imagination cannot conceive to be figured; sketching sound; making the voice visible, and the eye to hear. It is the distillation of thought! Even as we write our mind runs liquid through our pen; the very ink grows eloquent, discoursing like the waters of a brook as it flows along the page; the quill (the sage's tongue) speaks like a living thing, and the clear paper mirrors each thought, as it flits across our brain, as a lake reflects each cloud that traverses the sky. Consummate art! that can give mind to matter, sense to the insensate. The dull sheet lies before us, blank as an infant's brain! A few magic marks are made upon its surface and, lo! it lives, it feels, it thinks! A human intellect speaks from out of it; the mind is painted on it like a landscape; idea after idea glides pictured before our eyes; the diorama of thought—of thought, which (to use the words of D'Alembert) "sees so many things so distant, and yet cannot see itself which is so near."

Nor is the act of reading a whit less wonderful. We glance at a few fantastic figures, and the inmost recesses of another's soul are instantly revealed to us; the secret processes of his mind are laid bare to us like so much clockwork: we see him think, and look, as it were, into his very conscience. We cast our eyes along a series of grotesque cyphers, and lo! the absent are with us; the past becomes the present; the dead are brought to life. Space melts, and Time rolls backwards: Death no longer kills. One word, and the gates of the grave are flung back, and the long-deceased start into life, as Lazarus did of old when Jesus spoke. See, here is what we call a book: what is it really—in itself—physically, what but a sundry collection of scraps of paper, tattooed with curious characters? Has it voice, soul, intellect, imagination? No! it is a dull lump of senseless matter—barren as so much granite—thoughtless as the rags from which it sprang. What is it mentally? What, when looked upon by those skilled in its magic mysteries? The works of William Shakspeare! the heart's historian! nature's evangelist! It is the sacred urn treasuring that part of him which could never die—the mausoleum of his immortal mind. To lift back the cover, is as it were to roll the stone from before the sepulchre, and to see him rise again in all his native glory. These leaves are but the scented cerements embalming his precious fancy—these characters but so many mystic symbols telling of his high ability. Here is a page covered with strange cyphers, (cyphers which are in themselves only little lines of ink,) and yet which, contemplated by the mind, become a garden of most beauteous flowers, in which dwell fairies, honey fragrance, and all the rosy riches of luxurious imagination. Cast but the eye on this, and you shall think as he thought, feel as he felt, dream as he dreamt, two hundred years ago. His spirit shall be with yours, and yours with his, mingling like two rivers. You shall fly with him beyond all space, and look into the

bright world of fancy ; you shall see with him the springs and movements of the planets. And yet what is there to connect us living with him dead ? What but these mystic characters, and that wonderful little orb the eye ? These are the links which bind him to us—these the spells which can win him back to life and song, though the hand and all of him that penned them be crumbled into dust ; nay, though part of that very dust be clinging, as if in fond remembrance, around the pages that it glorified.

This system of perpetual transmigration, which was but a fable, as believed by Pythagoras, becomes reality," it has been happily remarked, "applied to the soul and its feelings in connexion with literature. This is indeed the true metempsychosis by which the poet and the sage spread their emotions and conceptions from breast to breast ; and so may be said to extend their existence through an ever-changing immortality." That strange illusion, the mirror of ink, of which travellers in Egypt speak with so much wonder, and which, on being looked into, presents to the sight the apparition of whomsoever the Magi may command, is no longer a juggle as shown in that most common, and yet most amazing of all arts, reading. There truly is the ink a magic mirror, in which we have but to look, not only to behold the form, but to hear the voice, nay, to imbibe the very passions of those whom the wizard writer would conjure to our view. In this the mother sees and listens to her absent child ; in this, the lover gazes once more upon the darling features of her whom Fate has severed from his sight ; in this, the lonely widow looks, and hears again the counsellings of him whose voice the grave has hushed ; and, poring into this, the student sits and communes with the glorious dead, while the long train of past events, in shadowy procession, sweep before his eyes.

We presume that by the time our readers have come to the end of this extract, they will be ready to say, "Well, there is some substantial stuff here, some mind, some facts, however familiar, that are put into a more arresting shape than we have been in the habit of framing : we shall keep the writer's company while he sustains himself after this fashion."

Mr. Mayhew's design or effort has been, as he states in the advertisement, "to deduce the *subject, means, and object* of education, from the laws of mind ;" considering education "rather as a science than an art ; believing the philosophy of it to bear the same relation to mental philosophy, as the science of agricultural chemistry bears to that of chemistry in general." Dr. Brown's view of the laws of the human mind are those which he has chiefly followed ; and the mode or style adopted is that which it has been thought will be more acceptable "to the advocates of precision than to the admirers of prettiness : in a word, to the logician than to the *littérateur*."

We shall now proceed to notice some of the opinions and statements, and to copy out a few of the paragraphs, of this able and at times singular production ; postponing certain observations of a more critical character, to the latter portion of the paper.

We have already shown how Mr. Mayhew can express himself with regard to the extraordinary nature of those ordinary arts, reading and writing; and whoever peruses the chapter to the close will find a good deal more that is equally striking, and quaintly illustrative of the benefits to be derived from each of these arts. He then goes on to expound his views with regard to education; and happily lays down its grand principles, means and ends, as indicated and required by the circumstances in which we are placed by the constitution of the human mind, as well as by the character of our duties and the weighty importance of our destinies. He also pithily exposes some of the errors and absurdities of the existing systems of education; at the same time correcting the ideas attached to the common term. This is his chapter on its meaning:—

The term Education is compounded chiefly of two Latin words, *ducere*, to draw, and *e*, out; and, consequently (if uncorrupted), should, in its signification, refer to some such process. It still retains its original meaning, and accordingly conveys the idea of drawing out, extending or expanding some quality or thing expressed by the substantive which may succeed it. Thus, when we speak of the education of Man, we allude simply to the act of educating or expanding his nature. To educate a man is, therefore, literally, to bring out his manliness; to develop and strengthen, not any one attribute or accident of his constitution, but all those peculiar powers and qualities which make him, or rather distinguish him as Man. Now the peculiar faculties or distinctive properties of human nature, are evidently its intellectual and moral capacities. Man is possessed of, and characterised by, not only understanding, but conscience. He can feel the rectitude and criminality of actions, as well as perceive the agreements and differences of things; and it is, consequently, to the cultivation of those two specific qualities or characteristics of human nature, that the education of Man should always have reference.

By the majority of persons, however, the phrase is understood as signifying the evolution of only one of these faculties. Education is commonly conceived to consist of, and the labours of the greater number of our instructors are accordingly directed to, solely the intellectualisation of the subject. While, to many people, the term has not apparently even this limited construction; for (judging by the process adopted in several of our schools, and especially in those which are esteemed as among the best), it would seem that Education is thought, both by the tutors and parents of the scholars there, to lie almost entirely in what may be called the *latinisation* of the being. Indeed, I am not acquainted with any system, whether intended or not to intellectualise, that does positively anything else than parrotise the pupil. All our modes of instruction are framed apparently on the notion that the memory and the intellect are one and the same principle; when, perhaps, there are not two more distinct faculties appertaining to the mind. Remembrance is only the blind mill horse that sets the mechanism of thought in motion. Intelligence, the engine that divides, sifts, and prepares the mental nutriment. Learning seems to be to the pedagogues of the present day, synonymous with wisdom.

Grammar, one would imagine to constitute, in their opinion, the chief ingredient of genius, and a knowledge of the dead languages, the grand aim and end of existence; while to their classic eyes, Latin appears to be the true *summum bonum*, and Greek, the real *το καλον* of life.

But even among the more intellectual of the class, Education seems, from what the pupils are taught, to be generally considered to have little or no reference to the moralisation of the being. We are to make a boy wiser, is the common notion of the object of instruction; but not better than he would otherwise become. There are many professed schools for the head, but none that I know for the heart. The classics, according to the popular opinion, are *essential*; morality is only *incidental* to education. The New Testament, it is true, is studied in many classical establishments; but studied—for the Greek! The doctrines of Christianity (that vast system of ethics, which required a special life in order to be inculcated), are certainly taught in most infant academies; but taught—by a catechism! In fine, the main defect, nay, evil, of our present mode of education, lies in the fact that the chief object and tendency of all our instruction, is the formation of good scholars, rather than good men. "The exaltation of talent and learning over virtue and religion," as Channing has truly remarked, "is the great curse of the age."

The prime source of this error is to me a profound and popular ignorance as to the nature and use of the intellect. Upon a sound knowledge of the functions and purport of the intellectual principle, together with its relation to the moral one, a correct system of mental cultivation can alone be founded; for in Education, as in Chemistry, it is evident that we can operate with precision only by knowing the qualities and laws of the subjects of our operations. To acquire such knowledge, is, therefore, the first, and not the least important object, which, in an inquiry like the present, should engage our attention.

This then is Mr. Mayhew's primary and prominent idea, this the principle laid hold of by him, that education properly understood and conducted, is a bringing out, is a developement of the faculties; and that this should be done not only by aiding nature in her efforts towards perfection, but that we should follow her method of operating upon the human, especially the juvenile mind; that is, by presenting pleasing and interesting objects for emotion and thought, instead of mere words,—things instead of signs.

He philosophizes at some length concerning the use and the functions of Intellect, and also as to what constitutes the Intellectualisation of a being. "Our intellect is of real use only as far as it is made subservient to our moral disposition;" and hence, he concludes that this disposition must be properly developed and strengthened, *previous* to the cultivation of the understanding, in the being to be educated; so that the intellect may have a constant guide and pilot. As to the intellectualisation of a being, it is said to mean the eduction and expansion of intellect, together with the inculcation of a habit of intelligence; intelligence being the act of



perceiving and gathering the relations, or points of agreement and difference among the various objects in material or mental existence.

But how is Intellectualisation to be effected? This is to be done by knowing and selecting what ought to be taught; viz. the laws of the Material, Mental, and Moral Universe, classes of science which Mr. Mayhew says are so very much overlooked in almost all the schools of the present day, that the pupils are "instructed in every thing *except these*."

We must pass over what he has to state with regard to these three classes of science, their nature, scope, and uses; and go forward to a chapter belonging to that branch of the treatise which is concerned about "How to Teach that which should be Taught." The particular branch of the subject which we have to refer to, is "The means of Exciting Attention" on the part of the pupil. These means are set down as being of a nature to excite emotion, the emotion necessary to produce attention. Now, it is said, this may be done "either by the prospect of some pain or pleasure attached to the performance or non-performance of the required task—or by the remembrance of the gratification before derived from the study of something similar to it—or by the perception of some novel and extraordinary circumstance connected with it." The system that recognises and uses the excitement of attention through the mere love of knowledge itself and the remembered gratification which every new acquisition yielded; the system that relies also upon a feeling of curiosity, a desire to know the nature and circumstances of something novel and extraordinary to the inquirer, meets with our author's approbation; whereas the system which operates by means of rewards and punishments, he sternly denounces. We extract his chapter on the prize and flogging system:—

These are the great principles of education in our schools of the present day. The means generally resorted to is a prize or a flogging. I shall begin with the latter, because it is the more common, and certainly the more barbarous of the two. It shows the grossest ignorance of Man's nature. I know no two places where the principles of human action are *less* studied and known—and yet none where they should be *more*—than in our schools and prisons. The birch is the great intellectual preceptor in the one—the gallows is the grand moral teacher in the other: both are branches of the same tree—the rod, indeed, may be said to be made of the twigs from which the gibbet is grown. Man has yet to learn to have faith in the greatness of the nature of his fellow-man. He has still to be made to feel, that Plato is but Nero with his natural sympathies more strongly educed, and that Nero is but Plato with his native selfishness more fully developed. But the birch is even more wrong than the gallows. Allowing corporal punishment to be justifiable, still it is most unjust to ill-use a boy for not attending to his task. *To excite this attention is the whole*

*and sole duty of the teacher ; and if, from the want of a proper knowledge of the means, he fail in so doing, it is surely HE who should be made to suffer—for undertaking and receiving a certain sum to do that of the very first principle of which he shows himself to be utterly ignorant. As an instrument of education, however, the birch is totally useless. The dread of it may direct the attention of the pupil for a while to the task, but it never can impress the matter, for any length of time, on the mind. That which we are forced to acquire through fear, we soon forget ; but that which we learn with delight, lives in the brain for years. The rhymes learnt in the nursery are ever the greenest spots in memory's waste ; whereas, the task taught at school soon fades from our recollection. But the birch is not only useless—it is positively pernicious as an instrument of education. It associates pain with that with which the Great Author of human nature has connected intense pleasure—the acquisition of knowledge ; and so creates in the pupil an habitual aversion to all study and contemplation. Thus it does a greater wrong to the man than it does to the child ; it plucks out the natural and instinctive love of knowledge which God has planted in his heart ; it robs him of his noble birthright—his intellectuality ; it strips the man from the animal, and leaves him a naked beggar, as it were, in happiness, with nothing but his mere brute appetites and passions to depend upon. But the use of the birch inflicts a still severer injury upon the moral, than it does upon the intellectual, being. It makes fear a principle of action, and thus breeds habits of cunning, lying, and hypocrisy in the child, which can hardly fail to grow and strengthen with the man ; it evokes and cherishes all the evil and malevolent impulses of our nature—anger, hatred, revenge—and the dark swarm of black and savage passions that spring up like giants from the dragon's-tooth cruelty, and consequently crushes, in an equal degree, all those good and benevolent feelings that live and flourish on kindness ; nay, it violates the very first principle of all morality—that Man is sacred from injury—and thus it may be said to sow the seed of murder.*

Nor is the incitement to attention, by the prospect of a prize, less insane, though it certainly is somewhat less pernicious than the preceding. This is also the result of ignorance. Were the teacher himself capable of perceiving, and then of making the pupil perceive, the beauty of the knowledge he was inculcating, it is certain that the mere pleasure attendant on the perception of that beauty would be a sufficient reward—and the remembrance of that pleasure, and the consequent desire and expectation of renewing it, a sufficient stimulus to the attention of the student for the future. To be able to do this, however, the teacher must be intelligent as well as learned ; he must know not only the sense and construction of the dead languages, but also something respecting the sense and construction of the living mind upon which he has to operate. It is the want of this knowledge, and the consequent inability to excite this feeling, that forces the teacher to attach some extrinsic reward to the lesson, as an incentive to the attention of the pupil. Now, the attachment of this extrinsic reward does a double wrong to the scholar. It teaches him, in the first place, that there is a greater prize than the acquisition of the knowledge itself.—It says to the young enquirer, as plainly as it can speak, that study and

contemplation are dull, irksome, and unprofitable things in themselves, and that this is a reward for doing that which is naturally unpleasant and repulsive. A child should be taught to seek knowledge for the beauty of the thing itself. He should be made to feel that there can be no higher premium for the pursuit of truth, than the intense happiness which God has linked with the discovery of it in the mind, and certainly he should not be given to imagine that a silver-medal, a gold-pen, a picture-book, or some such trumpery, is the chief thing to be gained by it. Moreover, this prize-giving system cannot fail to develope among the pupils feelings of jealousy, envy, and all those hateful and malignant passions which necessarily arise on any interference by others with the gratification of our desires. It breeds habits of selfishness and rivalry in and among those with whom we should endeavour to educe and cherish only sympathy and love.

We hasten to the conclusion of the pamphlet, where the author gives a summary of his proposed system, which is followed up by a consideration of the relation of Reading and Writing to Education :—

I have first shown that a knowledge of the principles of the material, mental, and moral universe, is all that constitutes real knowledge, and all that leads directly to happiness ; and that these, therefore, should constitute the *subjects* of education. Secondly, that the *mode* of education, or means of imparting a knowledge of these subjects, should consist in bringing before the pupil all the most extraordinary circumstances connected with the particular fact or truth which the teacher desires to communicate, leading him to expect a certain result, which is in conformity with his limited experience—producing some other result, which is in direct opposition to that experience—thereby exciting his surprise and wonder, together with his curiosity—and thus creating in him a desire to learn that which the tutor desires to teach. Thirdly, that having stimulated his curiosity, we should proceed to gratify it, by pointing out to him the agreements and differences upon which a knowledge of the subject necessarily depends, and so producing in his mind that feeling of beauty or vivid delight which invariably attends the perception of any novel agreement. And, lastly, that we should, in order to give a greater liveliness to the impression of the subject, teach by means of perceptible objects, when *possible*—as in natural and moral philosophy, as well as those branches of mental science which are commonly termed the Fine Arts—and, when *impossible*, as in the more abstract parts of that science—that we should defer all instruction upon such subjects until the volatile temperament peculiar to childhood should have subsided, in a measure, into the more sedate and contemplative disposition of maturer years ; and the pupil, by the continual exercise of his intelligence upon more definite objects, as well as by experiencing the delight consequent upon the exercise of it, shall have acquired a habit and taste for attending to the more abstruse agreements of things.

The above method, it will be perceived, differs from that at present pursued ; in so much as it purposes, in the first place, to give the pupil a knowledge of facts and truths, instead of signs and words—of nature,

instead of books ; in the second, to create in him a desire to learn that which the tutor desires to teach, instead of compelling him to do so by the dread of the birch ; in the third, to make study and contemplation a source of intense delight, instead of being as now a cause of extreme suffering to the student ; and in the fourth and last place, it purposes to make this knowledge the result of actual experience, instead of mere reading—or, to sum up the whole system in a few words, Nature is to be the book—the World the school-room—Experience the tutor—Wonder the incitement—and Beauty the reward. \* \* \* \*

Education, I have also shown, is literally the act of educing and expanding those intellectual and moral capacities, which constitute the chief characteristics of Man's nature. Now, that the tutor in order to do this properly and effectually, should be proximate or in close communion with the pupil, certainly cannot admit of a doubt ; and if the tutor be thus proximate or in close communion with the pupil, then, as I said before, it is absurdly idle to have recourse to a means of education like reading and writing, which is of use only in precisely opposite circumstances. The real and natural means of education is experience ; and it is the duty of the master to give the pupil this experience, by bringing before him those things and events which it is absolutely necessary for him to know, and pointing out to him the circumstances or qualities in which they agree or differ with others. This constitutes real education—that is, the fact of being educated by another. Whereas, to teach reading and writing, is to teach only the means of educating one's-self. Here lies the sole relation between these arts and education—namely, as being the means of self-instruction. And it is from the fact that we give the pupil a knowledge of little else than reading and writing in our schools of the present day, and so turn him upon the world, *destitute of all PRINCIPLE—intellectual as well as moral—leaving the REAL EDUCATION of the being ENTIRELY to himself*—that the *instruction* now given is so often a curse, rather than a blessing, both to the individual and society at large. To teach a person all that is known, and to implant in him such a spirit of inquiry as shall make him seek to increase the knowledge, respecting the order and harmony of the beautiful world without him, and also of the still more beautiful world of thought and feeling within him, is, or rather should be, the great aim and end of all education. And, having given the pupil this knowledge, and implanted in him this spirit, we are then to add a knowledge of reading—so that he may be able to trace the history and progress of it, which is extremely curious and interesting—and of writing—so that he may be able (should he have it in his power, by any new discovery, to increase the general knowledge) to give that discovery to the world. We must recollect that, educationally considered, writing is the means of educating those who are absent and future—reading, the means of being educated by those who are absent and past—and speaking, the means of educating those who are present.

Of the present system of education, it surely must be needless for me to speak further. The reader will, doubtlessly, be able now to perceive, that in the generality—if not in all—of our schools of the present day, we exercise only the memory, to the *neglect, as well as injury*, of the intellect.

This evil, by the plan here set forth, I have endeavoured to remedy. The object of the system of instruction I have proposed, is to give an individual a knowledge of Nature—Man—and God. The object of the system of instruction at present pursued, is to give an individual a knowledge of Reading—Writing—and Arithmetic. I leave it to the reader to decide between the two.

We have now presented some of the more striking passages in the treatise, and directed attention to several of the views which lend an insight into Mr. Mayhew's science of education. Unquestionably, the work displays real ability, the results of much thinking, and a deep philanthropic earnestness. It contains many valuable truths which require to be urged with our author's energy; truths, which if not original in substance, are yet set forth in a manner that is novel in regard of arrangement and of expression, exposition and philosophy. The treatise is so excellent indeed, that every parent as well as every teacher will do well to make himself thoroughly acquainted with its principles and plan, and also with many of its detailed arguments. We observe that there is a People's Edition of the pamphlet; and it is worthy of the significant distinction: at the same time it abounds with suggestiveness for the reflecting and investigating minds of educated persons.

Still, there is matter for question and objection, for modification and guarded acceptance, we think, in the work. Things like paradoxes and sophisms occur in it. We think also that it is encumbered with metaphysics that may not be very intelligible to the common reader, and still less satisfactory to the philosophical. There appears to be even a straining for effect in the style and in the collocation of words,—witness the title, which is not in the best taste.

But we think there are graver faults and more misleading crudities in the pamphlet than we have yet referred to. With all Mr. Mayhew's profession of regard to nature both as a guide and a thing to be developed and cultivated, he appears to us at times to take but a one-sided view of this grand abounding field for contemplation and practical culture. What could our author be thinking of when he proposes and recommends, that reading and writing should be postponed and entirely avoided until a certain amount or extent of *real* experience has been acquired, and consequently a very considerable advance in years has been made? Is this the method he would adopt, after all that he has said, with his own son? At what age of the world's history has ever such a plan been followed? Is it credible, judging of human nature, of parental anxiety, pride, and hope—or even of juvenile, yea infantile curiosity—that such a method will ever find general acceptance? No doubt, preposterous are the attempts that are very generally used to cram a child's memory with words, and to oppress its powers at

periods of tenderness with symbols, when the young mind should be fed with realities, and trained to take the highest delight in, as well as to receive the most lasting benefits from actual experience of the things suitable to be presented and taught. But in the gentle and gradual system of teachings in the department of letters, or symbols of things, which many persons understand and pursue, there certainly is a fine scope for improving, aiding, and developing the intellect, even directly, were it but by the permanency of the physical signs in reading, and the still more interesting process of guiding the pen as it slowly sets down the symbols of one's own thoughts, or the thoughts of others. With regard to the salutary discipline and the indirect benefits to be derived from an early and cautious introduction to the arts of reading and writing, we shall not here utter a word.

Consistently enough with Mr. Mayhew's views about postponing and avoiding the arts of reading and writing to a considerably advanced period in youth, he argues that a "knowledge of languages, history, &c., should be *added*, instead of being as now, *prefixed* to intellectual education." We quote a few sentences regarding the knowledge of languages :—

A man may be conversant with every language and history, from Sanscrit to Slang, from Confucius to yesterday's "Times," and yet know no more of Nature, or himself, than the veriest animal that crawls. Languages are the ornaments of education. If we would *intellectualize*, we must teach relations, and not words—truths, and not signs. A man is to be educated as a man, an intellectual and moral being, and not as a parrot, a lequacious one. It has been said by a king more learned than wise, that a man is as many times a man as the number of languages he knows ; that he is as many times a parrot I am ready to allow ; but parrotry does not seem to me to be the great aim and end of man's existence. Language is certainly a most wonderful power and benevolent gift ; and one to which I believe man owes more of his reason than is generally supposed ; but in a mere verbal repetition of that power I can see little or no benefit. It appears to me as senseless and idle as creating two instruments to effect that which would be as well compassed by one. I love language much ; but I love that which is, in my opinion, the whole and sole use of language—the communication of knowledge—more. Latin is a fine intellectual luxury ; it partakes of literary epicurism, and there is generally little health in your epicure.

This is taking for granted that which we deny ; for we say, that relations and truths may be interestingly taught to the young mind by means of words and signs ; we assert that there is much intellectual benefit, much valuable knowledge, directly to be gained from foreign languages. To the indirect advantages, however, we shall more particularly address ourselves.

Says Niebuhr, "He who calls departed ages back again into

being, enjoys a bliss like that of creating;" and this may be added, he who carefully studies the records and memorials of past ages, enjoys the pleasure of a new existence. God has implanted in the soul an instinctive reverence for antiquity. Every tie that binds us to former generations is sacred; and every memorial which time has spared serves to guide and to warn us in our pilgrimage to eternity. How worthy of study then must those authors be who treasured up the learning and the mind of the most civilized nations of antiquity, whose works still live, and from whom all the succeeding races who have approached or equalled them in light and refinement have drunk as from a common fountain! Thus it has come to pass that the treasury of modern science and literature is resplendent with the spoils of ancient times; and that the literature of our own age possesses elements as old as the origin of human civilization.

The languages to which modern nations are most deeply indebted are thus beautifully characterized by Coleridge:—"Greek—the shrine of the genius of the old world, as universal as our race; as individual as ourselves; of infinite flexibility; of indefatigable strength; with the complication and distinctness of nature itself; with words like pictures; with words like the gossamer film of summer; at once the variety and picturesqueness of Homer; the gloom and intensity of *Æschylus*; not compressed to the closest by *Thucydides*, nor fathomed to the bottom by *Plato*; not sounding with all its thunders, nor lit up with all its ardours, under the *Promethean* torch of *Demosthenes*: and Latin—the voice of empire and of war, of law and of state, rigid in its construction, reluctantly yielding to the flowery yoke of *Horace*, although opening glimpses of Greek-like splendour in the occasional inspirations of *Lucretius*, proved to the utmost by *Cicero*, and by him found wanting; yet majestic in its barrenness, impressive in its conciseness; the true language of history, modern in its air, whether touched by the stern and haughty *Sallust*, by the open and discursive *Livy*, or by the reserved and thoughtful *Tacitus*."

But it is unnecessary to indulge at present in raptures about the intrinsic excellence of these languages, as instruments of thought, as the reservoirs of poetry, history, and philosophy. We rather wish to direct contemplation towards them as respects their influence, when diligently and judiciously studied, upon the development of the youthful mind.

It is true that the Greek and Latin classics have probably been as much injured by indiscreet friends as by declared enemies. Some have pronounced them the storehouses of all knowledge, and that they are the only efficient helps to an efficient education. But the common sense of any intelligent person revolts at such a groundless assertion. There is no need, no propriety for saying, that the

ancients possessed all wisdom, or all knowledge. The fact is, the moderns are the ancients in respect of the harvest which mind has gathered in; every generation having added something to the world's intellectual granary. But we say that the ancients were wise; and that their knowledge is worthy of the student's attention, in every system of liberal education, merely taking the study of them as an intellectual discipline. The design of such training is to develop and strengthen the native faculties of the mind; to enable us to learn *how* to think, rather than *what* to think; providing intellectual strength and skill, rather than intellectual stores.

The great object of the young student, therefore, in devoting a large portion of his time to classical reading or interpretation is to expand and to invigorate the mind, to promote a harmonious development of all its powers; to improve the memory, control the attention, give accuracy and discrimination to the judgment, refinement and elegance to the taste, and to impart to all these faculties such a manly vigour and compactness, as will enable him to grapple successfully with the most difficult and abstruse questions of philosophy, and, at the same time, appreciate and enjoy the most splendid creations of imagination. Not that the classics can accomplish this alone; or that a mere classical scholar is a thoroughly learned man. Mr. Mayhew has forcibly and eloquently shown that a complete education contemplates physical and moral, as well as mental training. Man has a will to be regulated, passions to be governed, appetites to be checked, and affections to be cultivated; and how far the study of the classical languages may go to effect these ends, it is not our business at present to inquire; for we are merely indicating the utility of such a branch of study as an intellectual discipline. Indeed, the exclusive application of the mind at any one period of life to any department of thinking, of feeling, or of action, is to be avoided. Certainly, at least, it is only the combined influence of different studies which can make the finished scholar, the profound thinker, and the able reasoner; and is not the study of the classics one of the best disciplines for the tyro, as well as one of the most valuable helps to the matured in scholarship?

A great part of the work of education is preparatory. The foundation must be laid broad and deep before a stable superstructure can be reared. How common is the remark, that the mind and the moral principles also require exercise in order to their full development! Who does not know that without that exercise the mind must remain infantile and weak? Intellectual activity, therefore, must be urged and promoted by the teacher. But, it is said, crowd the young mind with facts, with things. Must there not, however, be a previous and also a concomitant process for enlarging of the understanding,—a strengthening of the memory, a maturing of the judgment, a cultivation of the taste, that the mind may be



able to receive, to contain, to digest, and to treasure up in due order the facts and things presented? But besides, the aim should not be to expand, or merely to prepare a receptacle for knowledge, a mere reservoir of other men's thoughts, or even of the nature of the facts or things with which we have become conversant. A greater end should be proposed and kept in view; viz., the power to originate and to execute,—the formation of a fountain that shall send forth its own refreshing streams.

Much eloquence and sound thought have been expended with regard to the claims of the ancient classics as an intellectual discipline; or as their influence has been long experienced upon the individual faculties of the mind, the memory, the attention, judgment, imagination, reasoning, and taste.

How often has the acquisition of the words and the grammatical forms of a new language been seen to improve the memory! True, the memory is more easily trained than any other faculty of the mind, and its improvement is perhaps the least important result of intellectual discipline. But every one must acknowledge that accuracy of the recollective faculty is essential to correct judgment; for unless a person, when required to discriminate between things that differ, is able to call to mind the circumstances which constitute that difference, he will decide preposterously, and very probably erroneously.

The study of languages enables the student to command the attention at will, to fix it for any length of time, by an effort habitual to him, and to form those practices of patient investigation and nice discrimination which are essential to intellectual eminence. This is the most painful and difficult part of the whole business of education. But ought difficulty and pain to be held as an objection to the system? Ought the pleasant and the royal road principles alone to be adopted? We predict, if the latter method were implicitly followed, and the incitement of curiosity mainly regarded, that few would be the conquests in science; ease and amusement being naturally preferred to toil and solid improvement. A habit of controlling the emotions, passions, and thoughts, must be acquired before the mind can be pronounced to be philosophic; and such a habit can only be produced by intense application, as an exercise, to some department, that of the study of languages being found to be an excellent remedy for languid attention and intermittent thought. In such an exercise reflection and reasoning are indispensable, as well as attention or close application.

The study of the classics tends also to refine, to chasten, and exalt, the imagination. Perhaps there is no one of the native powers of the mind which usually exerts so important an influence upon our happiness or misery in this life as the imagination. It is a faculty, however, that is exquisitely susceptible of improvement

and culture. Now, in those departments of literature which are the peculiar province of imagination, the ancients stand unrivalled. It has, for instance, been said, that the student can best kindle the true poetic enthusiasm in his own bosom by stealing a coal from the altar of the ancient muses. Nor does this training of the imagination solely concern the province of poetry, or merely equip the student for the poetic art. Beyond, and better than this, it fits the mind to reproduce in itself the same sort of inspiration that filled the ancient bard or orator; and even to invoke and cherish with cordial fondness that enthusiasm which is essential to originality and to eminence in any department of science or art, be it the science of geology, for example, or the art of symbolizing one's thoughts in the most delightful order upon paper.

The taste is refined and matured by this same discipline, just as by constant association with refined society the individual himself is refined; so also must the mind be affected and moulded by the contemplation of the ancient finished models of composition. The principles of philosophic criticism are thereby gradually acquired, and a cultivated taste unconsciously formed, so that the student necessarily adopts what is beautiful in sentiment and faultless in expression, rejecting what is coarse and irregular.

Classical study is eminently useful in strengthening the reasoning powers. The art of reasoning can only be acquired by long and laborious training. The study of the classics is a good and highly serviceable medium towards the acquisition of this art. Dugald Stewart says, that "the mind, in following any train of reasoning beyond the circle of the mathematical sciences, must necessarily carry on, along with the logical deduction expressed in words, another logical process, of a far nicer and more difficult nature,—that of fixing, with a rapidity which escapes our memory, the precise sense of any word which is ambiguous, by the relation in which it stands to the general scope of the argument." Now, this is precisely the student's occupation who is translating a foreign language. He is incessantly employed in determining the meaning of words from the connexion in which they stand, constantly weighing evidence and drawing conclusions; and thus in the course of years, in consequence of certain hours each day being devoted to the most accurate discrimination in comparing words, and adjusting nice shades of meaning, he learns to practise the most delicate and difficult part of reasoning.

It has been remarked that "The real way to gain time is to *lose* it; that is, to give it up to the natural development of the faculties; not to be in haste to construct the edifice of knowledge, but first to prepare the materials and lay deep the foundations. The time that is yielded to the mind for unfolding itself though slowly is not lost; but to derange its natural progress, by forcing on it pre-

mature instruction, is to lose not only the time spent, but much of the time to come. Give your pupil memory, attention, judgment, taste; and believe, whatever his avocation in life may be, he will make more rapid and certain proficiency than if you had loaded him with knowledge, which you cannot answer for his bringing to any result, and which his organs, weak and variable, and his unconfirmed habits, are as yet little able to bear."

The common objection against the study of the classics is, that they are not practically useful. But if they serve, were it merely for the sake of intellectual discipline, surely herein they are eminently practical. It would not be difficult, however, to advocate their utility even as the medium of communicating valuable information that cannot conveniently be learned from other sources. Words and thoughts, signs and things, are so intimately associated, that the study of language is, in one sense, the study of mind; and comparative philology may be justly styled the comparative anatomy of the mind. But to pursue this view of the subject would carry us away from the idea of intellectual discipline to which we intended to confine ourselves in this portion of our paper. We shall conclude it with a striking passage which can hardly be misplaced at any time on the subject of education. "Many men think no employments practical, but those that are immediately mechanical; or those that minister to our bodily necessities; or those that afford knowledge whose application is immediate and evident. To such men God himself cannot appear, as the Creator of the universe, as an architect of practical wisdom; for he has covered the earth with objects, and the sky and the clouds with tints, whose surpassing beauty is their only utility; but whose beauty is eminently useful, because the man who beholds it is immortal; because it wakes the soul to moral contemplation, excites the imagination, softens the sensibilities of the heart, and throws around every thing in man's temporal habitation the sweet light of poetry, reflected from the habitations of angels, telling him both of his mortality and his immortality, giving him symbols of both, and holding with him a perpetual conversation of the glory, wisdom, and goodness of God.

'To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts, that do often lie too deep for tears.'

To such men the employment of Milton, while writing *Paradise Lost*, would have seemed less practical than that of the shoemaker at his next door; nor would it alter their views to represent that all the shoes the man could possibly make in a whole lifetime would be worn out in a very few years, while the divine poem would be a glorious banquet and a powerful discipline to all good men and great minds for ages. Whatever in any degree disciplines the mind for effort is practical, though for everything else it be utterly useless."

Our author, we think, has injured the excellent fundamental principles which he clearly apprehends, viz., of honestly and fairly educating the nature of man,—and also of paying obedience to nature's mode of procedure in eliciting emotions, and otherwise operating upon the tender mind,—by his adoption of the modern fancy, that instruction should always be rendered pleasing and enticing to the pupil. We believe that any system which does not demand sacrifices, impose difficulties, and require hardy work, will not meet the exigencies of after-life, nor tend to the necessary formation of character. There surely may be a medium method between the old-fashioned and, we admit, often absurd one, and the more new-fangled and untried which our author advocates. But we pass from this to another branch of the subject as handled by Mr. Mayhew.

He objects to and energetically denounces the system of rewards and punishments as the means of exciting the emotion necessary to produce attention in the pupil; knowledge for its own sake, or the gratification of curiosity, being the only legitimate modes, as we understand him, for stimulating human nature in regard to education. Now, according to this part of the theory Mr. Mayhew must object to all academic honours; to every thing, in short, that appeals to the principles and feelings of emulation. Let us look into this matter for a moment, although it may be only to observe what has often been made manifest, and to utter that which has many times been repeated.

Is the principle of emulation really objectionable, as a motive of action? If by the term we understand, the *mere desire of surpassing others*; and still more, if it be the *desire of surpassing others for the sake of the pleasure of surpassing them*, we have no defence of the principle to offer. Nor indeed do we believe that these incentives are held forth in any respectable seminary of learning as the chief motive and end. But when we interpret emulation to be that emotion which leads us to regard academic honours and distinctions as being strictly the reward of merit,—as being the desire of securing those benefits which naturally belong to superiority in knowledge, abilities, and virtue, we see nothing in it which is incompatible with morality as a rule of action, nor as an incentive to diligence in the discipline of a school or college. It is nothing more than being actuated by the desire and hope of an honourable reward.

One thing is certain, distinctions in all ages have been the reward of superiority, whether in games or in grammar. We go farther,—the hope and desire of these distinctions have been found powerful inducements to honourable exertion: farther still,—the love of approbation is inherent in human nature, especially in the young bosom, and is useful and necessary in the present condition of our race. We add, that this love of distinction is quite compatible with

the well-being of others and of society : indeed, essential to their highest practical good. That good may consist in personal advantages, such, for instance as the means of an easy and comfortable living, the acquisition of wealth and its attendant enjoyments, the pleasures of a cultivated intellect and refined taste; or it may consist in an increased ability to promote the welfare of others, and to advance the best interests of the human race. In the mind of the student the honours and distinctions referred to are very often the contemplated means of attaining these benevolent ends, as well as the personal advantages mentioned. His first object is to merit and secure an honourable distinction among his associates; and after this he feels that he will enter upon professional or social duties, with the advantages of a fairly-earned reputation and a good preparation. Farther still, the Bible and the providence of God hold out rewards as the fruit of industry, of cultivated opportunities and means, and of well-doing. Public confidence proceeds upon the same kind of grounds. And is not public confidence a natural object of desire? We therefore think that Mr. Mayhew has not taken an enlarged and really practical view of human nature, when he advises that all prospect of rewards should be banished from a right system of education. He must eradicate as well as educe before he is likely to succeed with his plan. He must distinguish between ambition and emulation. He must, according to our opinion, when explaining and urging the necessity of attending anxiously to the moral training as well as the intellectual cultivation of the young, and when pointing out the advantages which arise from accommodating the manner and matter of education to the capacity and disposition of the pupil,—he must be careful not to entangle himself so deeply in metaphysical theory as he has done, which seems to have carried him onward to sundry conclusions that, if not absurd, are certainly too startling to meet with regard, or to operate otherwise than to the disadvantage of his really able and interesting essay.

Rewards and distinctions, every one knows, have widely obtained in the most celebrated schools of learning, foreign and domestic, ancient and modern. Take Germany, for example, where, as at Cambridge and Oxford, severe and extended are the ordeals, before distinctions or degrees can be won; and think of the scholarship which emulation stimulates and achieves. Why, in Germany there is generally no discipline. No student, however, is admitted to a degree, or to any responsible employment, hardly even to teach the elements of classical learning in the lowest gymnasia, without sustaining the most rigid examination on all the branches of a university education. Yet in what part of the world is there such thorough scholarship? But we must close our paper, at the moment when we fancy ourselves overhearing Mr. Mayhew urge, that scholarship is

not wisdom, learning not virtue, benevolence, or happiness. Would these blessings and beauties, we might interject, be more certainly secured if the principle of emulation were entirely repudiated? and is not scholarship better than idleness, rash experiment, or crude philosophy?

ART. VIII.—*The Tasmanian Journal of Natural Science, Agriculture, Statistics, &c.*—No. I. Van Diemen's Land: Barnard. London: Murray.

ABEL JANSEN TASMAN made one of his voyages from Batavia, in 1642, for the Mauritius; whence steering south and eastward upon discovery, he fell in with land, to which he gave the name of *Anthony Van Diemen's Land*, in honour of the governor-general, "our master, who sent us out to make discoveries;" meaning, the Dutch governor-general in the East Indies. *Diemen's Land*, the name frequently given to the northern part of New Holland, and also discovered by a Dutch navigator, indicates that the governor mentioned, encouraged such enterprises; his name being imposed upon various regions in that part of the world.

The Journal before us, then, with the euphonious title derived from a navigator's name, furnishes a proof, that as colonization enlarges the territory of any civilized people, so also, as a necessary consequence, will the empire of science be widened and cultivated. The material interests, of course, of settlers in a new country, will be first of all studied; but wherever there is intelligence, curiosity must also be gratified, and the higher fields of thought traversed, in order that man may commune with things that are akin to his spiritual nature.

The Introductory Paper in this first number of the *Tasmanian Journal*, and which has been written by the Rev. John Lillie, of St. Andrew's Church, Hobart, the work having also been printed and published in Van Diemen's Land, gives a luminous account of the objects of the Journal; affording, also, along with the other papers, good promise to the lovers of science, as the work advances.

Mr. Lilly in a happy manner points out the circumstances in which the publication originated, and also succeeds in impressing upon the reader the importance of such a work, both to the particular good of the Colony, and to the general interests of science.

The plan had its origin with a few individuals, who recently formed themselves into a philosophical society, principally with the view of assisting each other in the study of the natural history of their adopted country. "The meetings of this society have been held once a fortnight, in the library of Government House, where

every facility and encouragement have been afforded them by their distinguished patron Sir John Franklin." At such meetings, generally one of the members reads a paper upon some scientific subject, which is afterwards made the theme of discussion and conversation; and from these papers the materials for the publication are supplied. Most of the members, however, are actively engaged during the greater part of their time in other pursuits; and therefore their scientific objects and the character of the contributions are modestly set forth. They also necessarily labour under great disadvantages, being so far removed from the philosophical men and institutions in Europe. Still, the public as well as the scientific world have reason to welcome heartily this proof of enterprise and of early Tasmanian conquest in the empire of philosophy. We welcome the Journal, not merely because it cannot fail to give method to the exertions of the members of the society, stimulating also a kindred spirit of inquiry among their fellow colonists, but because the work is likely to form a model, or at least to suggest similar institutions in other young settlements, wherever these are seen to smile under the benign sway of Britain.

The Tasmanian philosophers say, they feel that they are now living at the fountain-head of what promises, ere long, to swell into a mighty stream of civilization, and are anxious to impress upon that stream, while it is yet susceptible of it, a salutary direction towards liberal pursuits. They are therefore to be looked upon as pioneers in untrodden regions, while they are sure to suggest and indicate how others may profitably direct their steps and garner up precious knowledge, whatever be the untamed and unexplored territory upon which they alight.

The leading object of the Journal is to furnish original papers upon the natural history of Tasmania, in the first instance more particularly embracing the departments of zoology, botany, geology, and meteorology. Other and subordinate objects are contemplated by the originators of the Society. The principal thing, however, at present intended is to furnish a trustworthy repository of well-ascertained facts,—a faithful record of the interesting forms and laws under which mineral, vegetable, and animal existences exhibit themselves in a comparatively unknown region of the globe.

The culture of science necessarily becomes the parent of numerous and valuable practical results. The agriculture suitable to Tasmania, must be benefited by the geological and botanical researches of the Society; and very erroneous opinions may be in consequence corrected. It has, for instance, been represented, that the island consists almost entirely of barren mountains; so that now increased production is to be sought for, not in breaking up new soil, but in improving that which is already under cultivation. The dry and faded aspect of the country, in its natural state, has counte-

nanced this opinion. But says Mr. Lillie, "No one who has witnessed the beautiful verdure of our *cultivated* fields in spring, and the almost unequalled perfection to which the more valuable kinds of grain and fruit arrive, under the exquisitely genial influence of our climate, can hesitate for a moment about the high natural capacity of the country for agriculture; while the undeniable success which has followed the few attempts that have been made, even under a confessedly rude and imperfect system of agriculture, to carry cultivation up the sides of the hills, together with the very large tract of remote country which still remains unoccupied and almost unknown, clearly shows that the available extent of agricultural territory has been even more erroneously estimated than its fertility."

Tasmania abounds in minerals that are of most importance for economical purposes; such as coal, lime, iron, and sandstone: some of these have either not been as yet worked at all, or very partially. Little or no attention, for example, has been paid to the adaptation of particular kinds of lime to particular soils. A greater and more prevailing oversight has taken place with regard to the peculiar character of the country,—its climate, geographical position, and almost every important relation to the happiness of man. The information therefore which a journal of the nature of that now under consideration is calculated to circulate important information with respect to what may be called the idiosyncrasy of Van Diemen's Land, and the channels in which industry and skill ought to flow, together with the rules and methods to be adopted. How obvious is it to one's reason that the system of cultivation and management which is practised with the utmost propriety in Great Britain, will be unsuitable in Australia! and yet, there appears to have been a prevailing adherence to early ideas and habits on the part of the settlers that has greatly marred their progress and prosperity. The climate of England, for instance, is remarkable for its humidity; that of Australia for its dryness. How emphatically then does this diversity point to modes of culture, such as surface draining in the one region, and irrigation in the other! It requires, however, that the principles upon which such operations should be conducted, be explained and urged, according to the large and comprehensive views of science.

But agriculture is not the only subject in reference to which scientific information in the domain of nature may be immediately conducive to the advantage of a community. The human body and the human mind are both very much under the influence of climate alone. That of Australia is generally allowed to be much more stimulating and exciting than the climate of Great Britain. The natives of the colonies in question, born of European parents have their faculties developed at an earlier age than persons in the



mother-country. But there is also a less complete development in manhood, and also, it seems, a premature decay. An important practical matter for investigation therefore must be, whether the mode of living,—particularly the profuse consumption of animal food—which the colonists have adopted, or continued from the habits of the mother-country,—is not out of all harmony with the climate and circumstances of Australia. Disease and climate are also related in many cases. How valuable then may scientific investigations prove in the departments mentioned! Nay, investigations of the kind may be made to bear upon the intellectual and moral character of a community, by leading men to the study of Nature, and habituating them to mental exercise and enjoyment; things which are peculiarly desirable and necessary when far removed from the stir of Europe, and cast upon a shore where monotony and seclusion predominate, and which if not alleviated by the dignified and pure occupations which the fields of nature copiously furnish, are ready to have their mental faculties deteriorated through inactivity, or, what is worse, not only narrowed by exclusive converse with petty details, but debased by sordid, perhaps gross, passions.

These and other benefits are happily noticed by the author of the Introductory Paper, as likely to result from the Society, of which he no doubt forms an efficient and enlightened member.

An important part of the plan of the Journal, and of which the first number presents a promising specimen, is to publish in consecutive articles all the species of indigenous plants and animals which are yet known, as well as such as may from time to time be discovered in Australasia, but particularly in Tasmania; the scientific descriptions to be accompanied with such details of the economy, habits, geographical distribution, &c., of each of the species, as can be satisfactorily ascertained and described by those who have had opportunities of examining the individual in its living and natural state. To scientific men in Europe such facts and descriptions will often be desiderata. We shall extract from three of the contributions in the number before us. The first is "On the *Callorynchus Australis*," by Edward C. Hobson, M.D.—

This specimen was a male of 2½ feet long: the splendour and ever-varying hues of the skin render it extremely difficult to give a minute or accurate description of its colour, from its changing with every movement of the spectator. The under surface and sides of the body were of a brilliant silver white; the muscular part of the first dorsal fin is covered with a beautiful golden-coloured skin: this is connected with a band of the same colour of an inch broad, which extends the whole length of the dorsal fin. On the front of the head, and anterior to the first dorsal fin, there is a bright black spot of a metallic lustre, which becomes lighter from the organ of prehension on the front of the head, and continues to the extremity of the proboscis. The upper part of the body, above a raised line which

extends the whole length of the fish, is of a dark colour, with a metallic lustre; the iris is of light brown, and the pupil bright orange. The skin is traversed by a raised line, which runs from a point posterior to the eye to the extremity of the tail: from its commencement others extend in various directions over the head. The fins are large, and disposed in the same manner as in the true shark. The pectorals are very large; the scapular arch is supported by attachment to the occipital bone and last branchial arch. The abdominal fin is considerably smaller and rounder; it is supported on the base of a triangular piece of cartilage, the analogues of the pelvic bones in higher animals: attached to the base of these abdominal fins are two tubular organs, analogous in form and formation to those found in the rays.

Anterior to the caudal fin, which occupies the under surface of the tail, is a small fin supported on a cartilaginous piece, as in the sharks. The first dorsal fin is supported by a curved bony ray 5 inches long, which extends above the fin  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches; ankylosed to the posterior edge is a triangular piece corresponding to ankylosed epi-vertebral elements, which supports the soft rays of the first dorsal fin: these osseous supports are sustained by the ankylosed peri-vertebral elements of the cervical vertebræ. Connected with this fin there is a vascular structure, which I consider to be an accessory organ of respiration; it is situated betwixt the posterior rays of the dorsal fin and the spinal column. It consists of a fine net-work of vessels inclosed betwixt the two layers of depressor muscles arising from the sides of the spinal column, and inserted into the triangular piece sustaining the fin. Although from want of time I was unable to detect any communication with the gullet, yet I have no doubt one exists, from being able to squeeze out the gaseous matter contained in this rudimentary lung; in fact, it is the air-bladder of the Chimera, and is placed on that part of the body best suited for the oxidation of the fluids contained in the vascular structure it incloses. It serves the fish in the essential movements of sinking and rising to the surface; which is in others performed by the air-bladder situated within the body and below the spinal column. This hydrostatic machine is worked by the elevation and depression of the fin, which fills the cavity when drawn down, and either produces condensation of the gas sufficient to make the fish heavier than the water, or forces it out of the sac. The erection of the fin above allows the gas, by its elasticity, to expand, when the body of the fish becomes specifically lighter than the water, and then rises.

*Skin.*—The skin is soft and smooth, and lubricated by the secretion of a peculiar bilobate gland, situate in front of the head before the toothed organ of prehension: the lobes are about an inch long and half an inch in a transverse diameter. From the external sides issue a great many large ducts, which are distributed to all parts of the body, and contain an albuminous matter very like the outer layer of the crystalline lenses: these ducts terminate on all parts of the skin, and the glands no doubt serve the purpose of lubrication.

The general form of the Chimera indicates its power of very rapid progression through the water.

*Assimilating organs.*—Anterior to the under jaw there are two triangular

cartilages, which, together with the integuments, form a highly moveable upper lip. The sides of the upper lip are also capable of being moved extensively, so as to form a kind of tube anterior to the mouth; the lateral parts of the mouth are two Y-shaped cartilages, and the anterior part of the vomer forms the upper part of the mouth. The whole of the internal surface of the under jaw gives support to two large crushing teeth, concave, with a small tubercle or convexity in their centre. The upper jaw, or rather palate bones, are paved with four teeth of the same character; the two in front, by their union, form a kind of beak, and are much smaller than the posterior, which cover the entire roof of the mouth: tubercles are observed to correspond with those on the inferior teeth.

These powerful organs of mastication serve to crush the testaceous mollusca on which these fishes subsist, and exemplify that beautiful law in nature of adaptation.

The œsophagus, or gullet, is wide and short, and opens at once into a stomach which passes straight through the body—the best and most convenient form for a fish of rapid motion. The mucous membrane forms a spiral valve from one extremity of the stomach to the other: this disposition is seen in the rays and sharks. The whole of the mucous membrane is covered with glandular crypts for the purpose of affording a powerful gastric juice; and the liver and pancreas are also proportionably large, so that the conversion of foreign matter into the likeness of the Chimera is a process of great energy. Along the pyloric extremity of the stomach there is a zone of glandular follicles, of about an inch in depth, and large enough to admit a crow-quill; the secretion is of a dark brown mucous character, and appears to be a special secretory organ, the analogue of which I am not aware exists in any other animal. The pancreas has two ducts; one uniting with the gall-duct, and the other opening separately.

In the Chimera these secretions are poured immediately into the stomach: in truth, the stomach performs the office of the whole alimentary canal of other animals.

*Ossæous system.*—The head of the Chimera is of an osteo-cartilaginous character; the whole is formed of one consolidated piece. The cranial cavity is remarkably small, and separated from the orbits by a dense dura mater only. The proboscis is supported by two cartilages, which I consider the analogues of the superior maxillary bones. The orbits are large, and open anteriorly, and are separated from the brain merely by a membrane.

The face in front of the orbits is compressed, and gives origin to large masseter muscles for the movement of the lower jaw.

The base of the skull is formed of one consolidated piece, which gives support to the branchial arches, and the pharyngeal bones. On the summit of the head, and in front of the orbits, is situate a singular organ, which forms a kind of forceps: the upper or moveable piece is attached to the front of the head, betwixt the orbits, by a ligament: it is slightly arched in its form, with its concavity downwards; its extremity is armed with a great many recurved spines or teeth, which are applied to a corresponding set placed upon the summit of the skull itself. The depression of the upper piece would secure a firm hold, either on living prey, or any

body moving rapidly through the water. The occipital ridge is very large, to give attachment to the large muscles which move the pectoral fins. The spinal column consists of one entire piece of tough elastic cartilage. There are no ribs of transverse processes: for about half the distance down the back you observe spinous processes; but in the lower half the column consists of a plain tube, inclosing the spinal marrow. This undivided condition of the spinal column is seen in the cyclostome fishes; and as the *Chimera* swims with great rapidity, the flexibility of the tail is indispensable.

The scapular arch consists of one solid piece, attached, as in other fishes, to the occipital bone, and also to the last branchial arch.

The inferior extremity is especially interesting from its quadruped-like form: here is, in reality, the pelvis in the fish.

It has no solid union with the vertebral column. Attached to its anterior extremity are two organs of prehension, which are fixed by ligaments that admit of a high degree of mobility, and are either drawn into a cavity formed by a doubling of the skin, or are extended for the purposes of prehension during coition, to which function they especially belong. These organs of prehension terminate by a broad disc  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch in diameter, which is beset with sharp recurved spines, for the purpose of retaining firm hold on the slippery skin of the female. Besides the cuticular covering, the body of the pelvis itself is hollowed for the reception of this organ. A small gland is seen, situated on the inner side, which terminates in a cartilaginous tube by the side of the toothed disc. Its secretion is of a viscid glairy character, and may either have some vivifying influence on the ova, or serves to form a nidus in which they are to float securely in the tempestuous ocean. An organ analogous is observed in the rays.

*Organs of Reproduction.*—The reproductive functions of the *Callorhynchus* appear to be highly active from the size of the testes in the male; and there is no doubt a corresponding development in the ovary of the female.

The testes are of an elongated form, extending from the cloaca to the diaphragm, on each side of the spine. The tubuli are large, and resemble those of the organs in the ophidian reptiles. At the upper part of the extremity, the testis is closely connected with a kidney-shaped body, which lies to its outer side: this is a reddish looking, smooth, kidney-shaped body, with a white spot in the middle, resembling a cicatrix; it is highly supplied with blood-vessels; and is granular in its structure much resembling the ova in a very early state. I examined it carefully to find a duct, supposing it to correspond to the Wolffian body; but I was unable to discover any outlet: its use, and the minute anatomy, is as yet unknown.

The tubuli terminate in the vas differens, which is short, and soon dilates into two large vesiculæ seminales, of upwards of two inches long, of a pale sea-green colour, which is derived from their contents, consisting of a mucous secretion, in which are suspended the sacs that contain spermatory oil. They are, apparently, of a compound character. The orifices of the vesiculæ terminate in the cloaca, very near its orifice, and anterior to the ureters. At the extremity of the cloaca there is a small conical

projection, which is slightly grooved, and appears to be an organ of excitement.

The next extract is "On the Habits of the *Alectura Lathamii*" by John Gould, Esq. F.L.S.—

Among other birds which this journey gave me an opportunity of observing, was the Bush Turkey, (*Alectura Lathamii*, Gray,) respecting the history of which nothing has yet been made known; and, as its habits and mode of nidification are both singular and curious, I think it is a subject that may interest you,—although I cannot give so scientific a paper on the subject as I might do if I had access to my ornithological library.

By Latham this bird was considered a vulture, while subsequent writers placed it among the rasorial birds; and, still later, Mr. Swainson has returned it to its former station among the *Raptores*, considering it one of the aberrant forms of that order. Had this gentleman known anything of the internal structure of this anomalous bird, or been in possession of any facts relative to its habits and economy, he would doubtless have allowed it to remain among the *Rasores*, to which order it decidedly belongs.

The *Alectura* was supposed only to inhabit the thick brushes near the coast; but I find it enjoys a much more extensive range, being tolerably common in all the mountain districts of New South Wales, and also, as I have ascertained from my assistant, being found at Swan River. The size of this bird is nearly equal to that of the female common turkey, and in carriage and gait resembles the curassows of South America. The general plumage is dark brown; the head and neck, which are almost denuded of feathers, of a rich red: pendent from the lower part of the neck is a large wattle of brilliant orange-yellow, which the bird has the power of inflating and depressing at will. This appendage is common to both sexes, although it is much more developed in the male than in the female. The legs and feet are strong, and well formed for scratching. The tarsi are not furnished with spurs. The bony structure, particularly the sternum, strictly resembles that of the typical *Gallinacea*; the gizzard is extremely strong and muscular. On dissecting this bird, I found the organ in question filled with seeds and berries. The flesh is white, and excellent eating.

In disposition these birds are shy and wary, dwelling in the thickest and most scrubby brushes: eluding pursuit rather by swiftness of foot than by their powers of flight, which are limited: when hard pressed, they spring into a tree, and, by a succession of leaps "upwards" from branch to branch, soon attain a sufficient elevation to enable them to fly off to a place of greater security.

But the most singular part of the history of this bird is its mode of nidification. Early in the spring, in the most secluded spots, it commences forming a large heap, by scratching together all the loose herbage, sticks, and leaves, for a considerable distance round; and this it continues to do until the heap has attained a very considerable size: some that I have myself measured being more than 30 feet round, and from 3 to 4 feet in

height. The form of this mound is conical; and this mass is brought together, not by the bill of the bird, but entirely by the feet—the bird walking to a distance from the site of the mound, and scratching and throwing backwards every thing that comes in its way; in the performance of which it gives such a cleanly-swept appearance to the ground, as to cause its own destruction, or the loss of its eggs, by attracting the observation of the blacks, who eagerly seek after them for the purpose of eating. It must be understood that this bird does not sit upon or hatch its own eggs: the great mass of vegetation which has been thus brought together soon beginning to undergo a partial decomposition, engenders sufficient heat for the purpose of incubation. The eggs are then deposited in the heap by the female in a most singular manner; not side by side as is usual, but singly, arranged round the interior of the mound, at about 9 or 10 inches apart, and about an arm's length from the outside: the eggs being planted perpendicularly, with the *small end downwards*. That several females sometimes lay their eggs in the same mound, is evident from the circumstance of many a "bucket-full" of eggs being, as the blacks say, taken at one time from one spot. The egg is perfectly white, of an oblong form, and nearly the size of that of a goose. I have myself personally visited several of these breeding places, and taken the eggs. During the period of hatching, the birds, as I am informed by the natives, are constantly in the neighbourhood of the heap, over which they strut with great pride, particularly the male, whose brilliantly-coloured wattle is at these times swollen out to its fullest extent, while he parades backwards and forwards, displaying great pugnacity on the approach of an intruder. The natives also say that the female is constantly watching the heat, by uncovering or adding more herbage, as her instinct teaches her the process may require. I have not fully satisfied myself whether the young, as soon as hatched, leave the heap and accompany their parents, or whether they remain without their fostering care. I am inclined to believe the latter is the case, and that the heated mass brings forth a sufficient supply of insects, upon which they can subsist until their strength enables them to seek further. My opinion on this point is strengthened by the circumstance of the young bird being frequently found under the leaves when nearly half fledged. In examining one of these mounds, I myself found the remains of a dead young one, of considerable size. Mr. Macleay, of Sydney, had one of these interesting birds quite tame, and which fed and ranged about with his fowls. This specimen, which was a male, annually scraped together a mound of a very large size. It is evident, therefore, that the male, and in all probability both sexes, unite in forming this singular receptacle for the eggs.

There are *eight* articles in this first number: besides those quoted, we have the following,—“On the Examination of some Fossil Wood from Macquarie Plains, Tasmania,” by Joseph D. Hooker, Esq., M.D., Assistant Surgeon of H.M.S. Erebus—“Geological Remarks on Kerguelen's Land,” by Robert M'Cormick, Esq. Surgeon of H.M.S. Erebus—“Remarks on the Indigenous Vegetable Productions of Tasmania available as Food for Man,” by

Robert C. Gunn, Esq. The plants are noticed according to their natural orders, as they follow in the system of De Candolle. It has long been known that Australia stands singularly apart from every other portion of the known world in respect of indigenous plants, these being extraordinarily few. Mr. Gunn remarks, that there is not one of them which is of sufficient value, whether as regards, roots, fruits, or leaves, to be worthy of the attention of the agriculturist or horticulturist. The seventh article contains a "Catalogue of the Birds of Tasmania," by the Rev. T. J. Ewing, F.S.S. and Cor. M.E.S.; and the last gives a "Description of a Collection of Fish formed at Port Arthur, Tasmania," by John Richardson, M.D., &c. There is also a Miscellaneous Division, both for including original articles not falling under any of the preceding heads, and for furnishing the Australian colonists with occasional interesting extracts from recent European journals and books of science.

Among the *miscellanea* before us, there is an abridgment of the more interesting portion of a narrative by Count Streleski, describing his discovery of "Gipp's Land," in the early part of 1841, and the particulars of a journey, part of which led through a country which was never before trodden by white men.

Our readers will learn from the extract which is to follow, in what region of Australia Gipp's Land is situated. The narrative has been compiled from the Count's notes by Mr. Gisborne, and appeared, some months before its publication in the *Tasmanian Journal*, in the "Port Philip Herald;" thus showing that literature and science are springing up in the Southern Hemisphere.

The main objects which the traveller had in view are thus stated, —First, to trace from latitude  $29^{\circ} 30'$  to latitude  $39^{\circ} 30'$  the course of the great range or chain of mountains dividing the eastern and western waters of New South Wales; secondly, to examine the adjacent country, extending on an average 100 miles from the sea-shore; and thirdly, to ascertain the mineralogical and geognostic character of the country, and contrive to collect such materials as a contemplated geological chart required. Three thousand miles on foot over that area had put him in possession, we are told, of the leading and characteristic features of the range. Some valuable meteorological and magnetic intensity observations have also been secured, and the line of perpetual snow determined. The tracing of the dividing range obliged the traveller to carry his own survey, both by observations from the Murrumbidgee, where the colonial survey ceases, down to Wilson's promontory. He was finally led to the discovery of Gipp's Land, with its beautiful lake, its eight rivers, its luxurious pastures, and picturesque scenery. The account now to be quoted is akin in many parts, in respect of description and enterprise, to Grey's "Journal of Two Expeditions

of Discovery in North-west and Western Australia, during the Years 1837-8-9," a publication which we some months ago introduced to our readers. This is Mr. Gisborne's abridgement:—

The party, consisting of Count Streleski, Messrs. M'Arthur and Riley, with servants, &c., began by following the valley of the Murray for seventy miles, till they arrived at the foot of the highest peak of the Australian Alps. An ascent was immediately commenced; and on the 15th of February, at noon, the Count attained the summit of the mountain amid perpetual snows. The scene described is most beautiful; above, a transparent sky, and below, an uninterrupted view of 7000 square miles, embracing the sources of the Dumutt and Murrumbidgee, the windings of the Murray, the course of the dividing range, and the tops of Mount Aberdeen and Mount Butler. The elevation from which this view was obtained was named Mount Kosciuszko; and I should not be doing justice to the distinguished author of this journal, if I attempted to convey in other language than his own, the feelings which induced him to fix upon that particular name. They are feelings with which all must sympathise who reverence the names of those who have died for their country's freedom. I subjoin an extract from the original document;—"The particular configuration of this eminence struck me so forcibly, by the similarity it bears to a tumulus elevated in Krakow over the tomb of the patriot Kosciuszko, that, although in a foreign country, on foreign ground, but amongst a free people who appreciate freedom and its votaries, I could not refrain from giving it the name of Mount Kosciuszko." The party thence retraced their steps to the source of Cowrang Creek, pursuing a course which finally brought them to Lake Omeo. The waters of this lake are scanty, and it has a basin-like shape, similar to that of Lake George or Lake Bathurst.

The valley of the Murray, with those adjacent, are clothed with the finest pasture, and offer the most suitable locations for settlers; the Omeo country also is described as not less naturally desirable, while a communication between the vale of the Murrumbidgee about Cowrang Creek, the Omeo country, and Port Phillip is represented as feasible and expedient.

That division of the country which received the name of Gipps' Land, from its discoverer, Count Streleski, in honour of His Excellency Sir George Gipps, begins seventeen miles to the S.S.E. of Omeo, after crossing the dividing range. It is bounded by the meridian of 148° from the N.E., by the sea-coast and dividing range from the east and west respectively, and by Corner Inlet and Western Port from the S. and S.W. Within these limits are rich plains and open forests, watered by eight large rivers; fine timber is also to be met with; and the climate, as shown by the meteorological table, is apparently salubrious. This country adjoins the sea-coast, and has facilities for inland navigation, together with an easy access to Western Port, and a still easier to Corner Inlet, which is navigable for vessels of 300 tons.

On entering Gipps' Land the Count and his party crossed a beautiful stream—the first of the eastern waters—which soon swells into a river. Its source is marked by the cattle stations of Messrs. Butler and M'Alister,



who are the first pioneers into the new country. Ascending a culminant ridge to the south of the river, there is a splendid view of the sea upon the S.E. horizon, with a fine undulating country in the foreground; to the N.E. the scene changes to ridges and mountains. The river, after a course of 70 miles through a fine forest country, empties itself into an oblong lagoon of 100 feet in breadth, which joins an extensive lake bordering on the sea-coast. A south-eastern course leads to a second and a third lagoon; the latter, three hundred yards in width, spreads its waters for about twenty-two miles in a river-like shape, till it finally terminates in a river, with a gravelly bottom, about twenty yards in width. This river runs from the high north-westerly protuberances of the dividing range, and its banks are steep and hilly. Having crossed it, the scene opens at once upon a rich undulating country, which, sloping away to the south, shows a third large river.

The banks of the above-mentioned lagoons are accessible, their waters being, with the exception of the middle one, fresh, deep, and clear of timber. They appeared to be stationary; but on a closer examination proved to be slightly affected by the action of the tide and of their tributaries.

The lake, which has been already alluded to as affording facilities for inland navigation, was named Lake King, after Captain P. P. King, R.N. It is a fine sheet of water, fifteen miles in length, disemboguing in a broad sea channel, which does not appear; as far as could be ascertained by the telescope, to have any bar at its entrance. The first river was named River Thomson, in honour of Mr. Thomson, the Colonial Secretary; and the last two rivers, Rivers Riley and M'Arthur, in honour of the Count's two travelling companions.

South west of M'Arthur River lies a fine forest, insensibly sloping towards the sea-coast. This section of Gipps' Land presents no difficulties to the explorer; and a direct course between the main range and the sea, was accordingly maintained for some days.

Thirty-five miles from M'Arthur river was a fourth river, twelve miles from that a fifth, and at four more a sixth; the largest of the three, after having received the two former, follows the fall of the country to the S.E. coast. The last three rivers were named after Captain Perry, Surveyor-General, Mr. Dunlop, of the Paramatta Observatory, and Major Barney. Two fine plains, one about thirty, the other about fifty miles, in breadth, lying contiguous to this last river, were named Barney Plains. The average depth of the rivers is about three feet.

The scenery in this neighbourhood is the finest in Gipps' Land. Upon your right the Alps are towering into the regions of perpetual snow,—before you, lies an undulating country of hill and valley and plain, intersected by sinuous waters; while far away in the south-east, the first elevations of the coast range begin to appear.

Pursuing a south-west course the party traversed, as the crow flies, twenty miles of magnificent forest land, gradually narrowing into an open valley, as the coast range and the dividing range approached to each other. The spurs of these ranges soon intercepted the direct course, being succeeded by a thick willow scrub, fringing another river, to which the party began to draw near. At this point it became necessary to change the

course to about north-west; and after two days a crossing place was found considerably higher up the river. This river was called Maconochie River, after Captain Maconochie, R.N. Fourteen miles farther in the direction of Corner Inlet is an eighth river, larger than any of the preceding, which was named River Latrobe, in compliment to His Honor C. J. Latrobe.

The aspect of the country varies in this portion of Gipps' Land. The River Maconochie is almost a boundary between the valleys and the hilly ground of the south-west, and the flat or undulating forest extending to the N.E. On the River Latrobe rich plains are no more to be seen, but in their place are wide and deep valleys to the N.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W., and hilly ranges to the S. and S.W., interspersed with innumerable creeks, and clothed with exuberant vegetation. From a neighbouring hill a panoramic view of the whole country is obtainable, including the dividing range running from N.W. to S.W. on to Wilson's Promontory, also a spur detached from the main range, which bending eastward from the S.W. crowns all this quarter with summits of moderate elevation; and bordering the sea-coast from one side, from the other embraces with the main range the extensive valleys to the N.E. and W.

After leaving the River Latrobe the course to Corner Inlet was resumed, but the utter exhaustion of the horses began seriously to impede the progress of the party. In a few days it was found necessary to abandon them. All those engaged in the expedition had now been for five weeks on an allowance of one biscuit and a slice of bacon per day; and even at this rate the remainder of the provisions would only last four days. It was thus only from dire necessity, and with deep regret, that the original intention of pursuing the main range down to Wilson's Promontory, was at length relinquished, and the most direct course to Western Port immediately determined upon.

The route now commenced led for twenty-two days through a scrubby country, timbered with the finest sort of blue gum and black butt. The scrub in places was almost impassable, more particularly from the weakness of the adventurers; who, being by this time entirely out of provisions, were reduced to live upon the Australian bear or monkey, which was only occasionally obtainable. Happily both the ascent and descent of the dividing range in the direction of Western Port, was gradual; not presenting the bold features or lofty protuberances which characterize that range elsewhere. Some minor spurs on the western side, form an extensive valley almost opposite to that watered by the River Latrobe on the eastern; others, which a further survey proved to divide creeks running in the direction of Cape Liptrap and Western Port, were the sole elevations in the rest of this undulating country.

I shall conclude the description of Gipps' Land with a literal extract from Count Streleski's own narrative. After noticing the excellence of the climate, and some scientific discoveries, he proceeds, "That which, however, is already open to industry—ready to reward the toil and perseverance of the unwearied and thriving settlers of Australia—is the country itself, considered as an agricultural and pastoral one. Scarcely any spot I know, either within or without the boundaries of New South Wales, on a

large or small scale, can boast such advantages as Gipps' Land. On an extent of 5000 square miles it has upwards of 250 miles of sea-coast, two already known harbours—that of Corner Inlet and Western Port, besides those for small craft, which may probably exist where her waters disembogue; eight rivers, in addition to a navigable lake and lagoons, which bisect 100 miles of her length; with 3600 square miles of forest—plains—valleys, which in richness of soil, pasturage, and situation cannot be surpassed."

The most distant of the northern points of Gipps' Land is only 120 miles from Corner Inlet and 160 from Western Port. A communication for seventy miles could be established by the construction of bridges across the rivers; the rest of the road, if a course is pursued through the ranges, would require to be cleared of brush and logs: but an apparently easier route would be to follow the course of a valley lying on the western side of the dividing range, and mounting the ridge, which is there of easy ascent, to descend into the valley running to its foot upon the eastern side.

There remains only to point out to the public what course will conduct any enterprising individual into this favoured land. In the opinion of Count Streleski it would be advisable for any person wishing to visit Gipps' Land, either to go to Western Port, and thence retrace the tracks of the party which he conducted, or otherwise turning off at Mr. Dodds' station, to follow the tracks of Mr. J. M'Arthur's overseer and a small party which have been despatched after the horses, which were abandoned on the River Latrobe.

We have said and cited enough to create an interest on the part of our readers in behalf of this infant journal. The number before us contains two figures of the *Callorynchus Australis*, which convey a good idea of the external form of that remarkable tenant of the Southern seas.

We now merely add, that the list of *resident* members of the Tasmanian Society gives us the names of ten gentlemen, and that the list of the *corresponding* members is much larger, containing not only names of persons belonging to the different Australian colonies, but of officers in Her Majesty's naval service. We also find some that reside in the mother country. M. Dupont D'Urville, rear-admiral in the service of his majesty the King of the French, is one of the correspondents.

The Society anticipate very important assistance from the magnetic observatory about to be established at Hobart Town, by the authority of the Home Government.

ART. IX.—*A Visit to the United States, in 1841.* BY JOSEPH STURGE.  
Hamilton and Co.

JOSEPH STURGE, a distinguished member of the Society of Friends, had for his main objects in visiting the United States the "universal abolition of slavery, and the promotion of permanent international peace." He visited the principal towns between Washington and the Falls of the Niagara; and besides being rapid in his movements, in a great measure not only confined himself to the objects mentioned, but examined these objects for the most part within a limited range of observation; or, in other words, at the meetings, and in the society of anti-slavery folks. A very considerable portion of his time was spent in attending religious and philanthropic meetings, without, however, confining himself to one sect. He also paid and received visits, and in a manner consistent with his station and influence, and his activity at home in public questions. Part of his occupation in America was to advise and to exhort the people by writings as well as speeches with regard to slavery; and he was at pains personally to make himself acquainted with the condition and system of prisons, as well as of slave-marts. Towards the conclusion of the account of the visit we meet with pertinent observations on such subjects as the following:—education, temperance reform, public worship, the American feeling towards England, and the manner in which many of the ministers of religion uphold the slavery system.

We have alluded to the limited sphere, and even the brief period to which the author's observation was confined; and we may now add that his volume had not only exclusive objects chiefly in view, but that it is written in such a style, and filled with such arguments and doctrines as will confine its influence almost exclusively to the abolitionists. We have not even much that will attract attention of a personal nature. Still, there are many statements that furnish significant tokens of the feelings, the opinions, and the manners of a powerful section of the American people; while, as regards slavery and slave-masters, there is such an honest, plain, and candid representation, whether the facts be extenuating or aggravating, that the reader is forced to come to the author's conclusions, unless, indeed, a far less stern and unflinching system of moral and religious principles govern the one than the other.

It will help to increase the reader's respect for Joseph Sturge's book, when, besides observing the soundness and clearness of his ideas, there is seen to pervade the entire narrative not only earnest and serious sentiment, but an unflinching impartiality of tone and statement. For example, he seeks not to disguise the dissensions and the lukewarmness of Friends; one ground of schism being a

foolish and an absurd dispute about "Women's Rights," and whether they are eligible to sit in committees, &c., with men. We shall throw into our larger type specimens of his fair-dealing spirit and manner. "We are told," says he, "on the highest authority, that 'by their fruits' we are to judge of the labourers in the Christian vineyard; and, while I am fully aware of the greater difficulties in the way of emancipation here as compared with Great Britain, I have been almost irresistibly led to contrast the difference in the results of the course pursued by Friends in the two countries. In America, during the last twenty-five years, it is evident that slavery and the slave-trade have greatly increased; and even where the members of our society are the most numerous and influential, the prejudice against colour is as strong as in any other part of the world, and Friends themselves, in many places, are by no means free from the prejudice." He also acknowledges that it was with deep sorrow he found Friends favourable to the scheme of African colonization, which has for its chief support hostility to anti-slavery, and strong prejudice against colour.

Sturge is no half-way goer; he holds that a true abolitionist must say that "he who is not with us is against us," while the pro-slavery party can witness, "he that is not against us is on our side." He proceeds to say, "Hence the praise bestowed on the neutrality of the Society of Friends by the great slave-holding senator Henry Clay. Hence also the auspicious compliments of the late president Van Buren, the first act of whose administration was a pledge to refuse his signature to any bill for the abolition of slavery in the district of Columbia." Our author indeed fears that it is undeniable the Friends have for several years been throwing their influence into the pro-slavery scale. "The abolitionists of the United States have been treated by too many influential Friends, as well as by the leading professors of other denominations, as a party whose contact is contamination; yet to a bystander it is plainly obvious that the true grounds of offence are not always those ostensibly alleged, but the activity, zeal, and success, with which they have cleared themselves of participation in other men's sins, and by which they have condemned the passive acquiescence of a society making a high profession of anti-slavery principles. I do not intend to defend all the proceedings of the anti-slavery societies. That they have sometimes erred in judgment and action—that they have had unworthy men among their numbers, I have little doubt. But the same objections might have been raised to the old anti-slavery societies, in which the leading Friends of the United States took an active part."

Then what has he to say of the leading professors of some other denominations? We quote one passage: "We looked in upon the Triennial Convention of the Baptists of the United States, then in

session in the city of Baltimore, where I found slave-holding ministers of high rank in the church, urging successfully the exclusion from the Missionary Board of that Society of all those who, in principle and practice, were known to be decided Abolitionists; and the results of their efforts satisfied me that the darkest picture of slavery, is not to be found in the gaol of the slave-trader, but rather in a convocation of professed ministers of the gospel of Christ; expelling from the Board of a Society formed to enlighten the heathen of other nations all who consistently labour for the overthrow of a system which denies a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures to near three millions of heathen at home."

These statements admit of nothing in the way of comment. Such facts thus calmly stated would be weakened were a word added to the plain narrative of them. The two passages which we next quote are equally free from colouring, and pro-slavery people may make of them what they please. One thing, however, is clear, that Joseph Sturge freely blames whatever he thinks wrong wherever met with, and even concedes or praises although it may be in opposition to his previous notions and his cherished belief. For example, although he had heard of planters who treated their slaves with great barbarity, and had been told of slave-depôts which were full of horrors, yet he gives this account of the superintendent at one of these depôts:—

The American slave-trade is carried on in the most open manner in this city (Baltimore). We paid a visit to the establishment of an extensive slave-dealer, a large new building in one of the principal streets. The proprietor received us with great courtesy, and permitted us to inspect the premises. Cleanliness and order were every where visible; and might we judge from the specimens of food shown us, the animal wants of the slaves are not neglected. There were only five or six Negroes in stock, but the proprietor told us he had sometimes three or four hundred there, and had shipped off a cargo to New Orleans a few days before. The premises are strongly secured with bolts and bars, and the rooms in which the Negroes are confined surround an open court-yard, where they are permitted to take the air. We were accompanied and kindly introduced by an individual who has often been engaged in preventing Negroes from being illegally enslaved; and the proprietor of the establishment expressed his approval of his efforts, and that when such cases come before himself in the way of trade he was accustomed to send them to our friend for investigation: he added, that slaves would often come to him and ask him to purchase them, and that he was the means of transferring them from worse masters to better; that he never parted families, though of course he could not control their fate, either before they came into his hands or after they left him. He said he frequently left his concerns for weeks together under the care of his head slave, whose wife he had made free, and promised the same boon to him if he conducted himself well a few years longer. I thought it right to intimate my view of the nature of slavery and the slave-trade, and that I deemed it

wholly inconsistent with the plain precept "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." This he did not attempt to controvert; yet he stated in extenuation, that the law permitted the trade in slaves, though he should be as willing as any one to have the system abolished if the State would grant them compensation for their property. He further said, that he was born in a Slave State, that his mother had been for fifty years a member of the Wesleyan body, and that though he had not joined a Christian church himself, he had never sworn an oath nor committed an immoral act in his life. He also showed, I think, convincingly, that dealing in slaves was not worse than slave-holding. On leaving the premises, we found the door of his office had been locked upon us during this conference. I subsequently learned that this person, though living in considerable style, was not generally received in respectable society; and that a lady whom he had lately married was shunned by her former acquaintance.

Our friend was anxious to impress upon the mind of this slave-dealer the duty of relinquishing the business, and wrote to him with warm exhortations to that end. Our next extract is from a paper in the Appendix contributed by another Quaker, who had proceeded to Kentucky with the view of negotiating the manumission of a family, for whom a person in the North felt a deep interest. Sturge himself cannot be said to have had direct means of judging of slavery in the Planting States. Says the Friend, in his sketch of the mission:—

The large price (3,500 dollars) paid for the redemption of this family may surprise thee, especially if thou hast not forgotten that passage in Worthington's letter, where he says, "I am, to some extent, opposed to slavery; nor do I object to the efforts of Abolitionists when done in a good spirit." It is however, but justice to say that the description he gave of the family is strictly correct. "They are all sprightly, remarkable for good character, and of course most valuable for house-servants." He said he had repeatedly been offered 2,000 dollars for Sam; and he believed he would command that sum any day from those who knew his worth; that his old master prized him very highly—particularly for his moral excellence; and, speaking of his conduct, described him as "a gentleman." Yet he talked as if he were certain that Sam and his family would be reduced to beggary if left to themselves at the North. The children, it is true, have had little preparation in slavery for self-reliance: for the most favoured of them cannot spell their own names.

S. Worthington said many had inquired of him what business brought me there; and being informed of the object of my mission, they advised him to have nothing to do with me. "But," said he, "though I am certain the condition of Sam and his wife cannot be bettered, I do not think the same with regard to their children; and as Mr. Smith seems disposed to do a kind action, I cannot, in conscience, attempt to frustrate it. If I were to send you home without this family, I should have a troubled mind."

One of Worthington's greatest difficulties in parting with these slaves

was, that it would leave his wife destitute of servants. I pitied her, and felt it right to express my sympathy. I told her my compassion was increased, because I apprehended there was a struggle in her own breast between duty and interest; and I appealed to her whether she did not know it was a duty to let them go, though personal interest would induce her to keep them in her service. I was glad to perceive that these remarks enabled her to relieve herself of a weight; her countenance brightened up, and she appeared quite willing I should take them away. She showed great kindness to Harriet and her children, and evidently felt deeply moved at parting with the nurse, who had thrice been with her through nature's sorest trials. She appeared to me to be a nice lady-like person; and if I judge aright, she knows what estimate ought to be placed upon slavery in a woman's mind.

It is added that when the stage drove up to convey the family northward, Mr. Worthington "came to inform me that it was ready. I found it surrounded by many persons principally coloured, who had assembled to bid farewell to the objects of my charge. Their master shook each slave by the hand, and bade them farewell. I observed him as we moved away, and thought he seemed to be a good deal moved from some cause or other." But Friend Sturge's representations are not always so extenuating as is the picture of Mr. and Mrs. Worthington. Besides, he says that the "general superiority of condition in Kentucky slaves over those of Maryland and Virginia cannot fail to strike the most superficial observer." In Virginia, however, there must also be considerable care taken, at least of the animal condition of the blacks, because it is "in fact, a negro-raising state for other states;" and therefore every inducement is furnished to the master "to attend to the negroes, to encourage breeding, and to cause the greatest number possible to be raised." But what is the mental and moral breeding? We stop not to inquire; we prefer stringing together a few sentences from the volume before us, culled here and there.

One of my fellow passengers had recently been travelling in the Southern States, and showed me a letter given to him, as a curiosity, at the post-office at Charleton, South Carolina, which was addressed by a slave to her husband, but from insufficient direction had never reached its destination. It was to convey the tidings, that she was about to be sold to the south, and begging him, in simple and affecting terms, to come and see her, as they would never meet again.

#### Concerning the City of Washington:—

In passing from a free to a slave state, the most casual observer is struck with the contrast. The signs of industry and prosperity on the broad face of the country are universally in favour of the former, and that to a degree which none but an eye-witness can conceive. This fact has been often noticed and has been affirmed by slave-holders themselves in the most



emphatic terms. In cities the difference is not less remarkable, and was forcibly brought to our notice in the hotel at which we took up our residence on arriving at Washington, and which, though the first in the city, and the temporary residence of many members of Congress, was greatly deficient in the cleanliness, comfort, and order, which prevail in the well-furnished and well-conducted establishments of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, &c.

Again,—

Washington is one of the best supplied and most-frequented slave-marts in the world. The adjoining and once-fertile and beautiful States of Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina, are now blasted with sterility and ever-encroaching desolation. The curse of the first murderer rests upon the planters; and the ground will no longer yield to them her strength. The impoverished proprietors find now their chief source of revenue in what one of themselves expressly termed their 'crop of human flesh.' Hence the slave-holding region is now divided into the 'slave-breeding' and 'slave-consuming' states. From its locality, and from its importance as the centre of public affairs, the district of Columbia has become the focus of this dreadful traffic, which almost vies with the African slave-trade itself in extent and cruelty, besides possessing aggravations peculiarly its own. Its victims are marched to the south in chained coffles, overland, in the face of day, and by vessels coastwise."

Again,—

In Virginia, in 1832, T. Jefferson Randolph declared that the province had been converted into "one grand menagerie, where men are reared for the market, like oxen for the shambles." This same gentleman thus compared the foreign with the domestic traffic. 'The trader (African) receives the slave, a stranger in aspect, language, and manner, from the merchant who brought him from the interior. But *here*, sir, individuals whom the master has known from infancy,—whom he has seen sporting in the innocent gambols of childhood,—who have been accustomed to look to him for protection,—he tears from the mother's arms, exiles into a foreign country, among a strange people, subject to cruel task-masters.'"

And again,—

"In the afternoon I proceeded by a steam-packet, with one of my friends, to Alexandria, about six miles distant, on the other side of the Potomac. A merchant, to whom I had an introduction, kindly accompanied us to a slave-trading establishment there, which is considered the principal one in the district. The proprietor was absent; but the person in charge, a stout, middle-aged man, with a good-natured countenance, which little indicated his employment, readily consented to show us over the establishment. On passing behind the house, we looked through a grated iron door into a square court or yard, with very high walls, in which were about fifty slaves. Some of the younger ones were dancing to a fiddle,—an

affecting proof, in their situation, of the degradation caused by slavery. There were, on the other hand, others who seemed a prey to silent dejection. Among these was a woman, who had run away from her master twelve years ago, and had married and lived ever since as a free person. She was at last discovered, taken, and sold along with her child, and would shortly be shipped to New Orleans, unless her husband could raise the means of her redemption, which we understood he was endeavouring to do. If he failed, they are lost to him for ever. Another melancholy-looking woman was here with her nine children, the whole family having been sold away from their husband and father, to this slave-dealer, for two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. This unfeeling separation is but the beginning of their sorrows. They will, in all probability, be re-sold at New Orleans, scattered and divided, until not perhaps two of them are left together."

The passage which we next quote, carries the reader to other sorts of persons and scenes. This is the sketch of the prison of Sing Sing:—

After dinner we were permitted to visit the male prisoners at their cells—list shoes being provided for us, that we might walk along the galleries without noise. Those who wished to do so, were suffered to speak to us through their grated doors in a low voice. A number embraced this opportunity; of the sincere repentance and reformation of some of whom I could scarcely doubt. One prisoner, a man of colour, appeared to enjoy a state of perfect happiness, under a sense of being at peace with his Maker. Another prisoner manifested such a feeling of his spiritual blessings, and especially of that change of heart he had been favoured to experience, as scarcely to have a desire for his liberation, though his health was visibly sinking under the confinement, and there appeared little other prospect but that of his dying in the prison, as he had been condemned for ten years, of which three yet remained. Several were Englishmen, who were mostly under feigned names—keeping their real names secret, from a natural unwillingness to disgrace their families. Some of these were men of education, and communicated to me in confidence, their family names. One referred to gentlemen standing deservedly high in the estimation of the British public, as well knowing him. Two or three of this class wept much when speaking of their situation, and of the offences that had brought them there. I gathered from the prisoners themselves that a great change had been introduced, both in the affairs and in the management of the prison within the last eighteen months, by the present excellent superintendent and chaplain, and their coadjutors, and with the happiest effects. The former system was one of brutal severity; now, without any relaxation of discipline, needless severity is discarded, and the floggings have been reduced nine-tenths—the great object being the reformation of the prisoners. One of these, speaking of the superintendent and chaplain, said, "there was not a prisoner in the jail but rejoiced to hear the sound of their feet."

We are desirous to give variety to our pages, and therefore cite a passage in which our author is speaking of the capability of large regions of the United States for agricultural purposes; and which, he thinks, might supply Great Britain with cheap corn, and take our manufactures in return, to an incalculable extent. He says:—

All parts of the United States, between thirty-seven and forty-four degrees of north latitude, will produce wheat. But that part of the country best adapted to furnish an abundant foreign supply is, beyond all question, the northern part of the Mississippi valley, and the contiguous country south of the great lakes. It has been styled *par excellence* the wheat-growing region of America. Within its limits lie the six north-western States of the American Union, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin (including as States the two territories of Iowa and Wisconsin, about to be admitted into the Union.) These states, exclusive of two hundred thousand square miles, the title to which is yet mostly in the Indian tribes, cover an area of two hundred and thirty-six thousand and eleven square miles. The country is, generally, an undulating prairie, interspersed with groves of trees, and unbroken by hill or mountain. The soil commonly rests upon a strata of limestone, is fertile beyond description, and abundantly watered by the finest springs and streams. Its climate is clear and salubrious, and the country as well calculated as any other on the globe to minister to the support and happiness of civilized man. As already explained, for an inland country, it possesses unequalled facilities for foreign intercourse and commerce, by means of its great lakes and rivers.

But friend Sturge does not tell us how the Indian tribes, who have still a title to a large portion of the region, would fare, if the lands were made to minister to the support and happiness of civilized man. He, however, states that he felt deeply interested relative to the expatriation, by the United States, of Indians lying within certain limits, and from lands, too, which had been secured to them “by treaty, in the most solemn manner, under plea of a fraudulently-obtained cession of their lands, by a few of their number.” He goes on to state, that what greatly aggravates the case is the fact, “that these Indians were making rapid progress in civilization, and from a nation of hunters had become an agricultural people.” He says their whole history is “a reproach and blot on the American Government, and shows either that public and private virtue amongst the people is at a very low ebb; or that ‘the wicked bear rule.’” He also states, that Friends appear to have made strenuous efforts on behalf of these injured people, but have failed in producing any decidedly favourable impression on the Government. The report on this subject embodied, he tells us, a very affecting letter from the chiefs of the tribe, describing their griefs and dis-

tress at the prospect of a cruel removal from the houses of their ancestors. We quote from it:—

Brothers, we want the president of the United States to know that we are for peace; that we only ask the possession of our just rights. We have kept, in good faith, all our agreements with the government. In our innocence of any violation, we ask its protection. In our weakness, we look to it for justice and mercy. We desire to live upon our lands in peace and harmony. We love Tonawanda; it is the residue left us of the land of our forefathers: we have no wish to leave it. Here are our cultivated fields, our houses, our wives and children, and our firesides; and here we wish to lay our bones in peace.

We now present distinct and pleasing notices of the manufacturing establishment at Lowell:—

The most striking and gratifying feature of Lowell, is the high moral and intellectual condition of its working population. In looking over the books of the mills we visited, where the operatives entered their names, I observed very few that were not written by themselves; certainly not five per cent. of the whole number were signed with a mark, and many of these were evidently Irish. It was impossible to go through the mills, and notice the respectable appearance and becoming and modest deportment of the "factory girls," without forming a very favourable estimate of their character and position in society. But it would be difficult indeed for a passing observer to rate them so high as they are proved to be by the statistics of the place. The female operatives are generally boarded in houses built and owned by the "corporations" for whom they work, and which are placed under the superintendence of matrons of exemplary character, and skilled in housewifery, who pay a low rent for the houses, and provide all necessaries for their inmates, over whom they exercise a general oversight, receiving about one dollar and one-third from each per week. Each of these houses accommodates from thirty to fifty young women, and there is a wholesome rivalry among the mistresses which shall make their inmates most comfortable. We visited one of the boarding-houses, and were highly pleased with its arrangement. A considerable number of the factory girls are farmers' daughters, and come hither from the distant States of Vermont and New Hampshire, et cet., to work for two, three, or four years, when they return to their native hills, dowered with a little capital of their own earnings. The factory operatives at Lowell form a community that commands the respect of the neighbourhood, and of all under whose observation they come. No female of an immoral character could remain a week in any of the mills. The superintendent of the Boott Corporation informed me, that, during the five and a half years of his superintendence of that factory, employing about nine hundred and fifty young women, he had known of but one case of an illegitimate birth—and the mother was an Irish "immigrant." Any male or female employed, who was known to be in a state of inebriety, would be at once dismissed.

The following more minute statistical facts are equally striking and suggestive:—

The average wages, clear of board, amount to about two dollars a week. Many an aged father or mother, in the country, is made happy and comfortable, by the self-sacrificing contributions from their affectionate and dutiful daughter here. Many an old homestead has been cleared of its incumbrances, and thus saved to the family by these liberal and honest earnings. To the many and most gratifying and cheering facts, which, in the course of this examination, I have had occasion to state, I here add a few others relating to the matter now under discussion, furnished me by Mr. Carney, the treasurer of the Lowell Institution for Savings. The whole number of depositors in this institution, on the 23rd July, was nineteen hundred and seventy-six; the whole amount of deposits was three hundred and five thousand seven hundred and ninety-six dollars, and seventy cents (about 60,000*l.*) Of these depositors, nine hundred and seventy-eight are factory girls, and the amount of their funds now in the bank, is estimated by Mr. Carney, in round numbers, at one hundred thousand dollars. It is a common thing for one of these girls to have five hundred dollars in deposit, and the only reason why she does not exceed this sum, is the fact, that the institution pays no interest on any larger sum than this. After reaching this amount, she invests her remaining funds elsewhere.

The great object of Joseph Sturge's "Visit," as we have already intimated, was the furtherance of the anti-slavery cause in *free* America; and a necessary collateral result of his examination, researches, and efforts, is the disclosure of various circumstances and facts which are calculated to set the mind upon deep speculations regarding probabilities, and the future as well as the present and the actual.

Independent of what many sincere and believing persons may consider to be a coming certainty, according to the wise and benevolent providence of God, viz., that all men shall one day enjoy the perfect liberty and the meridian light offered and promised by revelation, there appear to be feelings and measures at this moment in active operation that will demolish slavery in the United States; but at what sacrifice it is appalling to speculate. That the abolition cause is gaining ground, not only in the general feeling of Europe, but on the other side of the Atlantic, seems to be indicated by evidences in the present volume. Prejudices against the coloured people are said not only to be abating in some parts of the North, but many of the planters in the slave-holding states are described as in the habit of regretting the existence of slavery, as anxious for its abolition, if done safely, and even as willing to discuss temperately the question. The difficulty, however, is to suggest any plan by which the terrible evil can be peaceably put an end to.

That it must sooner or later cease, all reflecting persons appear to regard as a certainty. That a war with any of the great European maritime powers would effect this revolution very speedily, need not be doubted; especially if with Britain. But who can endure to contemplate what the price in bloodshed might be, in the case of the servile insurrection that would be prompted—that would ensue. Even the diversion of the British demand for cotton, to the East Indies, would probably in a short time set the bondsman free in the United States, to the destruction for a period, perhaps, of the South, and the derangement of the Union. The prospect is appalling; and yet no man entertaining the moral sentiments and religious principles of Joseph Sturge can consistently refrain from making every peaceful effort to crush the enormity, and to stem all its hideous consequences without waiting for legislative enactments or the accidents of time. What then can be the present duty and certain interest of the slave-owners? The answer clearly is, to prepare themselves for the event, by educating, elevating, and enlightening the servile population; by taking some gradual measures to attach the black people to the soil; and by avoiding as much as possible those outrages to humanity, such as separating of the members of a family, which not only degrade but must exasperate. If the planters do not themselves regulate the movement which assuredly exists, the power will be taken out of their hands, and most probably disaster will suddenly come upon the entire community with a terrific and resistless sweep.

Our author's examination and statements cannot fail to direct the thinking mind to the great, although comparatively silently working power, which has grown up, and is daily increasing, among certain co-operating sects in America as well as in Great Britain. Wherever these sects agree upon religious grounds with regard to the main doctrines of Christianity, and the mighty obligations which its canons impose upon mankind, it will utterly be impossible, we feel convinced, for any mere worldly policy or interests to withstand the combined impulse and the swelling movement. Therefore let slave-holders be wise, and prepare themselves with cordial assent and helping hands for the development and the triumph of man's full capacities and rights, even although his skin be dark, and his fathers have been bondsmen.

ART. X.—*The Pilgrim of Glencoe, and other Poems.* By THOMAS  
CAMPBELL. MOXON.

“THE Pilgrim of Glencoe,” is a way and war-worn soldier. He—

————— could vouch the sad romance of wars,  
And count the dates of battles by his scars;  
For he had served where o’er and o’er again  
Britannia’s oriflamme had lit the plain  
Of glory— \* \* \* \* \*  
Nor sign of even loquacious age he wore,  
Save when he told his life’s adventures o’er;  
Some tired of these; the terms to him were dear,  
Too tactical by far for vulgar ear;  
As when he talked of rampart and ravine,  
And trenches fenced with gabion and fascine—  
But when his theme possess’d him all and whole,  
He scorn’d proud puzzling words and warm’d the soul;  
Hush’d groups hung on his lips with fond surprise.  
That sketched old scenes like pictures to their eyes:  
The wide war-plain, with banners glowing bright,  
And bayonets, to the furthest stretch of sight;  
The pause, more dreadful than the peal to come  
From volleys blazing at the beat of drum—  
Till all the field of thundering lines became  
Two level and confronted sheets of flame.  
Then to the charge, when Marlbro’s hot pursuit  
Trode France’s gilded lilies underfoot;  
He came and kindled—and with martial lung  
Would chant the very march their trumpets sung.

The veteran is benighted in Cona’s vale on his return to the  
Highlands; for the very mists darken around him. He however  
finds hospitable shelter in a shepherd’s cottage, where—

None asked his name,  
Nor whither he was bound, nor whence he came;  
But he was beckon’d to the stranger’s seat.

The abode was “no common sordid shieling cot,” for plenty and  
hospitable welcome waited on the stranger, with true Highland  
warmth and simplicity; and “the Jacobite white rose festooned the  
floor.”—

The family were three—a father hoar—  
Whose age you’d guess at seventy years or more—  
His son looked fifty—cheerful like her lord,  
His comely wife presided at the board:

All three had that peculiar courteous grace  
 Which marks the meanest of the Highland race ;  
 Warm hearts that burn alike in weal and woe,  
 As if the north-wind fann'd their bosom's glow !  
 But wide unlike their souls : old Norman's eye  
 Was proudly savage even in courtesy.  
 His sinewy shoulders—each, though aged and lean,  
 Broad as the curled Herculean head between,—  
 His scornful lip, his eyes of yellow fire,  
 And nostrils that dilated quick with ire,  
 With ever downward-slanting shaggy brows,  
 Marked the old lion you would dread to rouse.  
 Norman, in truth, had led his earlier life  
 In raids of red revenge and feudal strife ;  
 Religious duty in revenge he saw,  
 Proud honour's right and nature's honest law.  
 First in the charge and foremost in pursuit,  
 Long-breathed, deep-chested, and in speed of foot  
 A match for stags—still fleetier when the prey  
 Was man, in persecution's evil day ;  
 Cheered to that chase by brutal bold Dundee,  
 No Highland hound had lapped more blood than he.  
 Oft had he changed the Covenanter's breath  
 From howls of psalmody to howls of death ;  
 And though long bound to peace, it irked him still  
 His dirk had ne'er one hated foe to kill.  
 Yet Norman had fierce virtues, that would mock  
 Cold-blooded Tories of the modern stock,  
 Who starve the breadless poor with fraud and cant :  
 He slew, and saved them from the pangs of want.  
 Nor was his solitary lawless charm  
 Mere dauntlessness of soul and strength of arm :  
 He had his moods of kindness now and then,  
 And feasted ev'n well-mannered Lowland men,  
 Who blew not up his Jacobitish flame,  
 Nor prefaced with " Pretender " Charles's name.

The poet " has endeavoured," he tells us, " to colour the person-  
 ages of the tradition, and to make them as distinctive as possible." This he accomplishes by making the old Jacobite represent one age, and Ronald, the son, another, who at length comes to question, then flatly to deny, the " right divine of kings to govern wrong." We have had Norman's character ; let us now have the other's history and portrait :—

Far happier times had moulded Ronald's mind,  
 By nature too of more sagacious kind. \* \*  
 Contemning strife as childishness, he stood  
 With neighbours on kind terms of neighbourhood,



And whilst his father's anger nought avail'd,  
*His rational remonstrance never fail'd.*  
Full skilfully he managed farm and fold,  
Wrote, cipher'd, profitably bought and sold ;  
And, bless'd with pastoral leisure, deeply took  
Delight to be inform'd, by speech or book,  
Of that wide world beyond his mountain home,  
Where oft his curious fancy loved to roam.

We have the portraits of father and son carefully finished and contrasted, even in argument and debate. Ronald's—

———proud instinct sought not to enjoy  
Romantic fictions, like a minstrel boy ;  
Truth, standing on her solid square, from youth  
He worshipp'd—stern uncompromising truth.  
His goddess kindlier smiled on him, to find  
A votary of her light in land so blind ;  
She bade majestic History unroll  
Broad views of public welfare to his soul,  
Until he look'd on clannish feuds and foes  
With scorn, as on the wars of kites and crows ;  
Whilst doubts assailed him, o'er and o'er again,  
If men were made for kings, or kings for men.  
At last, to Norman's horror and dismay,  
He flat denied the Stuarts' right to sway.

No blow-pipe ever whitened furnace fire,  
Quick as these words lit up his father's ire ;  
Who envied even old Abraham for his faith,  
Ordain'd to put his only son to death.  
He started up—in such a mood of soul  
The white bear bites his showman's stirring pole ;  
He danced too, and brought out, with snarl and howl,  
“ O Dia ! Dia ! and Dioul ! Dioul ! ”\*

But sense foils fury—as the blowing whale  
Spouts, bleeds, and dyes the waves without avail—  
Wears out the cable's length that makes him fast,  
But, worn himself, comes up harpoon'd at last—  
Ev'n so, devoid of sense, succumbs at length  
Mere strength of zeal to intellectual strength.  
His son's close logic so perplex'd his pate,  
Th' old hero rather shunn'd than sought debate ;  
Exhausting his vocabulary's store  
Of oaths and nick-names, he could say no more,  
But tapp'd his mull, roll'd mutely in his chair,  
Or only whistled Killicranky's air.

\* God and the Devil—a favourite ejaculation of Highland saints.

The old soldier, Allan Campbell, having heartily partaken of the shepherd's supper and other good cheer, is neither taciturn nor ungrateful; and what else can he do but give utterance to his reminiscences? he accordingly allows license to his speech and the beatings of his bosom; and tells them that,—

In boyhood long ago,  
I roam'd, and loved each pathway of Glencoe;  
Trapp'd leverets, pluck'd wild berries on its braes,  
And fish'd along its banks long summer days.

He tells them also of clannish feuds, and that he had been present at the massacre of Glencoe, as a page to Glenlyon; little thinking that Norman had vowed deadly vengeance against all who had taken part in that infamous and never-to-be-forgotten atrocity. It availed nothing with the old Jacobite that the Pilgrim "Mourn'd the sin, and redden'd for the shame of that foul morn;" savage and fierce he arose:—

Wroth that, beneath his roof, a living man  
Should boast the swine-blood of the Campbell clan;  
He hasten'd to the door—call'd out his son  
To follow! walk'd a space, and thus begun:—  
"You have not, Ronald, at this day to learn  
The oath I took beside my father's cairn,  
When you were but a babe a twelvemonth born;  
Sworn on my dirk—by all that's sacred, sworn  
To be revenged for blood that cries to Heaven—  
Blood unforgiveable, and unforgiven:  
But never power, *since then*, have I possess'd  
To plant my dagger in a Campbell's breast.  
Now, here's a self-accusing partisan,  
Steep'd in the slaughter of Macdonald's clan.

The son's philosophy and humanity are not a match for the old lion's wrath; and all that can be won from Norman is a promise to stay revenge, until the Pilgrim is a little more closely questioned:—

"Much," said the veteran, "much as I bemoan  
That deed, when half a hundred years have flown,  
Still on one circumstance I can reflect  
That mitigates the dreadful retrospect.  
A mother with her child before us flew,  
I had the hideous mandate to pursue;  
But swift of foot, outspeeding bloodier men,  
I chased, overtook her in the winding glen,  
And show'd her palpitating, where to save  
Herself and infant in a secret cave;

Nor left them till I saw that they could mock  
Pursuit and search within that sheltering rock."  
"Heavens!" Ronald cried, in accents gladly wild,  
"That woman was my mother—I the child!"

Clannish hatred is now turned into real Highland friendship. But the story does not end here; for it is carried forward to the Rebellion in 1745, by which time an apoplectic stroke has rendered Norman but the wreck of a man. The veteran Allan, however, figures at the battle of Culloden, and afterwards returns to close his pilgrimage at the cottage.

With regard to the story, which we are told, is a tradition, the reader will find it extremely simple, even to baldness, as respects incident as well as involution. Its merits lie in description, in delineation of character, and in the mechanical art of the poet. This art exhibits itself on the present occasion as that of a practised hand, with a considerable amount of exceptions, where repetition of phrases, for example, are evidences of carelessness, and feebleness of thought intimate something like a decay of powers. Other passages, however, are as rich in harmony and as glowing in spirit as any that Campbell ever wrote. His pictures of the Highlands, at sunset, or when the mist caps the mountains, and gathers around the traveller, and also his grouping and portraits of the shepherd's family, are noble and masterly pieces, which yet appear to have cost the author the least possible trouble, and rather to have dropt from his pen during moments of amusing himself in a once favourite pastime, than to be the production of effort. In fact, but for the consummate artistic skill of the poet, and the golden passages that stud the poem, the work would be forgotten in a month. As it is, it deserves to be bound up with the performances that established his reputation.

There is a variety of minor pieces, several of which have from time to time appeared before. Some of them are pretty, simple, and sweet; others fanciful. A few rise to excellence; and several are trifling in subject and treatment, yet pleasant and playful. "The Launch of a First-Rate" may almost take rank with the "Mariners of England," we have therefore great pleasure in quoting a specimen that tells us Campbell's spirit is not quenched, nor his mastery lost:—

England hails thee with emotion,  
    Mightiest child of naval art,  
Heaven resounds thy welcome; Ocean  
    Takes thee smiling to his heart.  
Giant oaks of bold expansion  
    O'er seven hundred acres fell,  
All to build thy noble mansion,  
    Where our hearts of oak shall dwell.

*Campbell's Pilgrim of Glencoe.*

'Midst those trees the wild deer bounded  
 Ages long ere we were born,  
 And our great-grandfathers sounded  
 Many a jovial hunting-horn.

Oaks that living did inherit  
 Grandeur from our earth and sky,  
 Still robust, the native spirit  
 In your timbers shall not die.

Ship to shine in martial story,  
 Thou shalt cleave the ocean's path,  
 Freighted with Britannia's glory,  
 And the thunders of her wrath.

Foes shall crowd their sails and fly thee,  
 Threat'ning havoc to their deck,  
 When afar they first descry thee,  
 Like the coming whirlwind's speck.

Gallant bark ! thy pomp and beauty  
 Storm or battle ne'er shall blast,  
 Whilst our tars, in pride and duty,  
 Nail thy colours to the mast.

From "Cora Linn" we extract stanzas, where the verse is not more simple than the description is beautifully true, or the sentiment fine and full. How exquisite is the imagery in the last line but one quoted ! It is Claude-like :—

The time I saw thee, Cora, last,  
 'Twas with congenial friends ;  
 And calmer hours of pleasure past,  
 My memory seldom sends.

It was as sweet an autumn day  
 As ever shone on Clyde,  
 And Lanark's orchards all the way  
 Put forth their golden pride :

Even hedges, bushed in bravery,  
 Looked rich that sunny morn ;  
 The scarlet hip and blackberry  
 So prank'd September's thorn.

In Cora's glen, the calm, how deep !  
 That trees on loftiest hill  
 Like statues stood, or things asleep,  
 All motionless and still.

"Moonlight," a fantastic thing, is our third specimen of the miscellaneous poems :—

The kiss that would make a maid's cheek flush,  
Wroth, as if kissing were a sin  
Amidst the Argus eyes and din  
And tell-tale glare of noon,  
Brings but a murmur and a blush,  
Beneath the modest moon.

Ye days, gone—never to come back,  
When love return'd entranced me so,  
That still its pictures move and glow  
In the dark chamber of my heart;  
Leave not my memory's future track,  
I will not let you part.

'Twas moonlight when my earliest love  
First on my bosom dropt her head;  
A moment then concentrated  
The bliss of years, as if the spheres  
Their course had faster driven,  
And carried Enoch-like above,  
A living man to heaven.

'Tis by the rolling moon we measure  
The date between our nuptial night  
And that blest hour which brings to light  
The pledge of faith; the fruit of bliss,  
When we impress upon the treasure  
A father's earliest kiss.

The moon's the earth's enamour'd bride;  
True to him in her very changes,  
To other stars she never ranges;  
Though cross'd by him, sometimes she dips  
Her light, in short offended pride,  
And faints to an eclipse.

The fairies revel by her sheen:  
'Tis only when the moon's above  
The fire-fly kindles into love,  
And flashes light to show it:  
The nightingale salutes her queen  
Of heaven, her heavenly poet.

Then ye that love—by moonlight gloom  
Meet at my grave, and plight regard,  
Oh! could I be the Orphean bard  
Of whom it is reported,  
That nightingales sung o'er his tomb,  
Whilst lovers came and courted.

Mr. Campbell has given us in a blithesome mood, and with a neat pen, some notes to the Pilgrim, characteristic and illustrative

of the Highlanders. This is one of them, telling us about his wraith:—

It happened to me, early in life, to meet with an amusing instance of Highland superstition with regard to myself. I lived in a family of the island of Mull; and a mile or two from their home there was a burial-ground without any church attached to it, on the lonely moor. The cemetery was enclosed and guarded by an iron railing, so high that it was unscaleable. I was, however, commencing the study of botany at the time; and thinking that there might be some nice flowers and curious epitaphs among the grave-stones, I contrived, by help of my handkerchief, to scale the railing, and was soon scampering over the tombs. Some of the natives chanced to perceive me, not in act of climbing over to, but skipping over, the burial-ground. In a day or two I observed the family looking on me with unaccountable though not angry seriousness; at last, the good old grandmother told me with tears in her eyes, that I could not live long, for that my wraith had been seen. "And, pray, where?" "Leaping over the stones of the burial-ground." The old lady was much relieved to hear that it was not my wraith, but myself.

Before bidding adieu to the "Pilgrim," &c., we may with propriety quote a few passages from an American volume, lately published, having for its title "The Poetry and the History of Wyoming: containing Campbell's Gertrude, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author. By Washington Irving." This esteemed transatlantic writer with cordial warmth characterizes the man as well as the poet. With regard to the latter capacity, the biographer says, "Many years since, we hailed the productions of Campbell's muse as 'beaming forth like the pure lights of heaven, among the meteor exhalations and paler fires with which our literary atmosphere abounds;' since that time, many of those meteors and paler fires that dazzled and bewildered the public eye, have fallen to the earth and passed away, and still we find his beams like the stars, shining on with undiminished lustre." But we must go back to the beginning, and observe the man:—

Thomas Campbell was born at Glasgow on the 27th September, 1777. He was the youngest son of Mr. Alexander Campbell of that city, highly spoken of for his amiable manners and unblemished integrity; who united the scholar and the man of business, and amidst the engrossing cares and sordid pursuits of business cherished an enthusiastic love of literature. It may not be uninteresting to the American reader to know that Mr. Campbell the poet had near relations in this country. His father passed several years of his youth at Falmouth, in Virginia, but returned to Europe before the revolutionary war. His uncle, who had accompanied his father across the Atlantic, remained in Virginia, where his family uniformly maintained a highly respectable station in society. One of his sons was district attorney under the administration of Washington, and was celebrated for his demeanour. He died in 1795. Robert Campbell, a brother of the poet,

settled in Virginia, where he married a daughter of the celebrated Patrick Henry. He died about 1807. The genius of Mr. Campbell showed itself almost in his infancy. At the age of seven he displayed a vivacity of imagination, and a vigour of mind, surprising in such early youth. He now commenced the study of Latin under the care of the Rev. David Alison, a teacher of distinguished reputation. A strong inclination for poetry was already discernible in him, and it was not more than two years after this that, as we are told, "he began to try his wings." None of the first flutterings of his muse, however, have been preserved, but they had their effect in rendering him an object of favour and attention, aided no doubt by his personal beauty, his generous sensibility, and the gentleness and modesty of his deportment. At twelve, he entered the University of Glasgow, and in the following year gained a bursary on Bishop Leighton's foundation, for a translation of one of the comedies of Aristophanes, which he executed in verse. This triumph was the more honourable from being gained, after a hard contest, over a rival candidate of nearly twice his age, who was considered one of the best scholars in the university. His second prize-exercise was the translation of a tragedy of Æschylus, likewise in verse, which he gained without opposition, as none of the students would enter the lists with him. He continued seven years in the university, during which time his talents and application were testified by yearly academical prizes. He was particularly successful in his translations from the Greek, in which language he took great delight; and on receiving his last prize for one of these performances, the Greek professor publicly pronounced it the best that had ever been produced in the university. He made equal proficiency in other branches of study, especially in moral philosophy; he attended likewise the academical course of law and physic, but pursued none of these studies with a view to a profession.

His passion for literature was strong, we are told, and his father indulged him.

After leaving the university, he passed some time among the mountains of Argyleshire, at the seat of Colonel Napier, a descendant of Napier, Baron Merchistoun, the celebrated inventor of logarithms. It is suggested that he may have imbibed from this gentleman his taste and knowledge of the military arts, traces of which are to be seen throughout his poems. From Argyleshire he went to Edinburgh, where the reputation he had acquired at the university gained him a favourable reception into the literary and scientific circles of that intellectual city. Among others, he was particularly noticed by Profs. Stewart and Playfair. To the ardour and elevation of mind awakened by such associates may we ascribe, in a great measure, the philosophical spirit and moral sublimity displayed in his first production, "*The Pleasures of Hope*," written during his residence in Edinburgh, when he was but twenty years of age.

The martial spirit of some of the noblest effusions of the bard of "*Hope*," must have been sustained and fired to its highest soarings, when, in 1800, on his route to Germany, he turned his steps

towards the seat of war, "the single hope of seeing human nature exhibited in its most dreadful attitude," as he has expressed himself in a letter, occasioning a diversion in his intended course. He says,—

I got down to the seat of war some weeks before the summer armistice of 1800, and indulged in what you will call the criminal curiosity of witnessing blood and desolation. Never shall time efface from my memory the recollection of that hour of astonishment and suspended breath, when I stood with the good monks of St. Jacob, to overlook a charge of Klenaw's cavalry upon the French under Grennier, encamped below us. We saw the fire given and returned, and heard distinctly the sound of the French *pas de charge*, collecting the lines to attack in close column. After three hours' awaiting the issue of a severe action, a park of artillery was opened just beneath the walls of the monastery, and several wagoners that were stationed to convey the wounded in spring wagons, were killed in our sight. My love of novelty now gave way to personal fears. I took a carriage in company with an Austrian surgeon back to Landshut, &c. This awful spectacle he has described with all the poet's fire, in his *Battle of Hohenlinden*; a poem which perhaps contains more grandeur and martial sublimity, than is to be found anywhere else in the same compass of English poetry.

He returned in 1801. We must find room for one biographical passage more:—

The recent visit of Mr. Campbell to the continent had increased rather than gratified his desire to travel. He now contemplated another tour, for the purpose of improving himself in the knowledge of foreign languages and foreign manners, in the course of which he intended to visit Italy, and pass some time at Rome. From this plan he was diverted, most probably by an attachment he formed to a Miss Sinclair, a distant relation, whom he married in 1803. This change in his situation naturally put an end to all his wandering propensities, and he established himself at Sydenham, in Kent, near London, where he devoted himself to literature. Not long afterward he received a solid and flattering token of the royal approbation of his poem of the *Pleasures of Hope* in a pension of 200*l*. What made this mark of royal favour the more gratifying was, that it was granted for no political services rendered or expected. Mr. Campbell was not of the court party, but of the constitutional whigs. He has uniformly, both before and since, been independent in his opinions and writings; a sincere and enthusiastic lover of liberty, and advocate for popular rights. Though withdrawn from the busy world in his retirement at Sydenham, yet the genius of Mr. Campbell, like a true brilliant, occasionally flashed upon the public eye in a number of exquisite little poems, which appeared occasionally in the periodical works of the day. Among these were *Hohenlinden* and *Lochiel*, exquisite gems, sufficient of themselves to establish his title to the sacred name of poet; and the *Mariners of England* and the *Battle of the Baltic*, two of the noblest national songs ever written, fraught with sublime imagery and lofty sentiments, and delivered in a gallant swelling



vein, that lifts the soul into heroics. In the beginning of 1809, he gave to the public his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, connected with the fortunes of one of our little patriarchal villages on the banks of the Susquehanna, laid desolate by the Indians during our revolutionary war. There is no great scope in the story of this poem, nor any very skilful development of the plan, but it contains passages of exquisite grace and tenderness, and others of spirit and grandeur; and the character of Outalissi is a classic delineation of one of our native savages:—

A stoic of the woods, a man without a tear.

What gave this poem especial interest in our eyes at the time of its appearance, and awakened a strong feeling of good-will toward the author, was that it related to our own country, and was calculated to give a classic charm to some of our own home scenery.

ART. XI.—*The History of Holland, from the beginning of the Tenth to the end of the Eighteenth Century.* By C. M. DAVIES. Vols. I. and II. Parker.

A SINGULAR apathy exists in this country with regard to the history of Holland, although England, in a variety of respects, might be supposed to take a special interest in the subject. Not to dwell particularly on the circumstances belonging to the times of William, the stadtholder of Holland, who ascended the throne of England in 1688, when a stricter intercourse than ever began to subsist between the two countries, and when Holland became the grand channel of our commerce with the continent, there is such an extent of similarity in the languages of the two nations, and still more in their institutions, pursuits, and social habits, that the neglect referred to seems to be very remarkable, although there had been no great exploits and historical events to recommend the provinces in question to the attention of the historical student. These exploits and events shone most gloriously during the patriotic wars with the Dukes of Burgundy, and their heirs the monarchs of Spain; but altogether independent of this spirit-stirring era in the annals of the Hollanders, their constitutional history previously,—that of the rise and progress of their system of freedom, which they but desired to preserve in their struggles for independence as transmitted to them by an illustrious ancestry,—furnishes a rich, and what ought to be a congenial, field, for the researches of the English reader.

The earlier periods of the history of Holland supply for our consideration the most strikingly complete municipal government that Europe has presented. After the establishment of Charlemagne's immense empire, and the feudal system was introduced, the powerful vassals of the crown, to whom the lands were granted, by degrees acquired a sort of mitigated sovereignty; but being unable to maintain themselves unassisted by their under feudatories,

they were obliged, in order to secure their fidelity, to grant them advantageous conditions of tenure. The clergy, too, by pious usurpations or donations, became a powerful and independent corporate body. Thus, during the tenth, the eleventh, the twelfth, and the thirteenth centuries, the whole of Belgium and of Batavia—the last name that by which Holland was known to the Romans—was split into several small dominions, the princes of which acknowledged a limited allegiance, some of them to the German empire, and others to the kings of the Franks. Some of them obtained the title of dukedoms, others of countships. Utrecht was a bishopric, the prelate of which exercised civil authority. Amongst all these chiefs the Count of Flanders was the most powerful; and as, in 1383, that countship fell to the then more powerful house of Burgundy, the prince of that family, partly by intermarriages, partly by force, and partly by voluntary or purchased submission, obtained supreme authority over the whole of what became the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands.

With regard to the municipalities, these were in outward constitution aristocratic, but in practice and working they became popular and democratic. Even although the power in the cities was intrusted to but a few individuals, these were so often engaged in trade, and their tenure of office was so brief, that exclusiveness and tyranny were in a great measure kept at bay; at the same time that the people were gradually gaining ground and strength, and the feudal lords at an equal rate losing theirs.

The government of the Dukes of Burgundy, again, was tempered by the privileges enjoyed by the cities, and by the nobility who possessed the land. No doubt, contests frequently occurred between the sovereign and the states; but were seldom of long duration, or so extensive as to interrupt the rapid growth of general wealth and progressive improvement. Events, however, approached that were mightily to change the condition of the people and the form of government. The last of the Dukes of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, was killed in battle with the Swiss. This was in 1477. His daughter Maria married Maximilian, duke of Austria, and received the Netherlands as her portion. Her grandson, afterwards Charles V., emperor of Germany, consequently became sovereign of those countries and of the kingdom of Spain; so that, at his accession, the situation of the provinces became widely changed, being now converted into a dependent, and, though rich and populous, an insignificant part of a large empire, to the promotion of whose greatness, whether for their own good or evil, they must in future be almost wholly subservient.

Diversified as well as great were the causes which offended the Netherland subjects of Charles. First of all, there was a vast difference between the Spaniards and Flemings, which was reciprocally

felt and cherished, as respected government, customs, manners, and character. Secondly, the demands of Charles upon the commercial and wealthy people of the provinces were frequent and heavy, and often, also, inconsistent with their ancient right of levying taxes. Again, he introduced many foreign troops, besides recruiting his army in the states, without their consent, contrary to the constitution. But, above all, the religious reformation which had commenced in Germany, soon found favour, especially in the trading cities of the Netherlands, producing an excitement and a repugnance in regard to the Spanish sway, which appeared in full fervour and energy after the abdication of Charles, when his gloomy and fanatical son, Philip II., was elevated to vast dominion.

Philip's tyranny and duplicity were of the vilest, the darkest, and the most cruel kinds; and his ministers were the fit instruments of such a bigot and despot. Among these the Duke of Alva occupied a bad pre-eminence; his madly wicked administration soon bringing the discontent and the determination of the Hollanders, whom he nicknamed Gueux, or "beggars," to a crisis. Whoever of them had revolted, if not seized and dreadfully punished, were expelled the country; he at the same time threatening war, or at least insinuating menaces, against any nation that would afford the fugitives an asylum. The Gueux had directed their course towards England; but even Elizabeth at this time refused them shelter, fearing to draw upon herself the enmity of Philip. "Thus driven from that last refuge, and left without a single spot of earth in Europe whereon to set their foot, the Gueux, under the command of the admiral, William van der Mark (one of those who had sworn to let their hair and beard grow till the death of Egmond was avenged) set sail in their vessels, twenty-four in number, for the Texel, purposing to attack the duke's ships of war, which were lying there. On their way they captured two large Spanish vessels, and being driven by stress of weather into the Meuse, presented themselves suddenly before Briel. The town being destitute of a garrison, and the poorer people favourably inclined to the Gueux, the more wealthy inhabitants fled precipitately, and Van der Mark took possession in the name of the Prince of Orange, as stadtholder, with little opposition. The lives and property of the citizens remained untouched; but the Gueux wreaking a cruel vengeance on the priests and monks, hanged no less than thirteen of them; they likewise stripped the churches, and broke all the images."

We shall hear more, in the course of another of our extracts, of the Gueux-marins, whom Alva at first looked upon with utter contempt, as well as upon the seizure of Briel. And yet from the moment that these desperate and despised men gained a footing in their native country, they never ceased to struggle for independence, becoming a formidable and terrific foe to the Spanish oppressors,

and proving at last that Alva's cruelty was not greater than was the folly of his vengeance. The first volume of Mr. Davies' history brings us down to the event just mentioned, after which the commerce as well as the arms of the states began to be distinguished to the discredit and discomfiture of feudalism.

The second volume comprises the period from 1573 to 1660, containing first of all the history of the war of the revolted provinces against Spain, until their independence was to all intents and purposes declared by the truce in 1609. From this latter date to 1625, when Prince Maurice, the stadtholder, died, the theological conflicts and persecutions between the Arminians and Calvinists, constitute the most interesting and prominent features; while from 1625 to 1660, we have the wars by France and Holland against Spain, which so humbled the last mentioned, that she was glad to join in a treaty that contained what might be regarded as the concessions dictated by the revolted states. These states by this time,—in spite of the wealth of both of the Indies which the monarchs of Spain had had at their command, together with the monopoly of trade in other grand commercial regions,—were so rich, powerful, and celebrated, that it may be said, the triumph of mercantile interests and of merchant-princes was now proclaimed and established over feudal forms and exclusions; although these latter were backed by all the sanctions which the Vatican could offer. Indeed, throughout the whole period embraced by the second of the volumes before us, the Dutch were cherishing views, and strenuously exerting themselves commercially and nautically, so as at length to take the lead of all Christendom in these respects, Spain herself becoming bankrupt.

Mr. Davies, however, does not appear to have directed a due degree of regard to the commercial development of the Hollanders, by the close of their tremendous struggle with Spain; neither does his history present to us that philosophic wholeness—in a moderate space—which is conspicuous in the works of some writers. Descriptions of the outward, delineations of the superficial, predominate, instead of views profound and large. He is more skilled in details than in the art of subordinating. His style, however, is pleasant, his narrative is clear and spirited, and he excels in picturing particular scenes, in describing individual incidents, and in drawing the minuter points of character. We ought to state, before giving the examples of which we can avail ourselves, that although the principal subjects of interest in the second volume be the war of independence, and, next to this, the persecution of the Arminians, yet that to the English reader the conduct of the Dutch during the civil contentions amongst our ancestors at the period of the Revolution, and also during the naval war which they had to wage with Cromwell, are themes of moment; and that although Mr. Davies may not be of a rank to cope with our Humes and our Robertsons, still his

history is of mark and merit enough to create a much deeper interest in the popular mind towards Holland than has recently, at least, manifested itself in Great Britain.

Our first extracts from the second volume will convey some further traits of the "beggars" than can as yet have been collected from our pages:—

The Gueux, (or, as they were usually called, Water-Gueux,) on the other hand, had no regular fund to depend upon for either pay or subsistence, being chiefly supported by the inhabitants of the places where they anchored, who gave them bread, money, and such other necessities as they could afford; when this resource failed, they went in chase of the merchant-ships going to Flanders, and lived upon the booty they thus captured: sometimes, however, they were reduced to extreme scarcity, and even the highest officers were content to subsist for weeks together on nothing but salted herrings. Nor had death more terrors for them than hunger and privation; for, if by chance, a vessel separated from the rest, was in danger of capture, they never hesitated to fire their gunpowder and sacrifice their own lives rather than fall into the hands of the enemy. It is scarcely difficult to conjecture how a contest waged on such unequal terms, and with a foe so desperate, must eventually terminate.

This last observation with regard to the inequality between determined patriotism and the want of moral strength which characterised the aggressors and foreign foe, meets with numerous striking illustrations in the course of the history. Here are examples:—

On board of the latter was a small but terrific band of Water-Gueux, eight hundred in number; men frightful to behold, from the scars and wounds with which they were covered; not a few had lost an arm or a leg, or were otherwise cruelly maimed. Sworn to die rather than submit to the pope or the inquisition, they never gave or received quarter; and as a symbol of this determination, wore on their caps a silver crescent engraved with the words "Rather Turk than Pope." Their hatred of the Spaniards amounted to a frenzied passion. It is related of one of them, that having taken a Spanish soldier in a skirmish at Zoetermeer, he tore his heart out of his body, set his teeth for a moment firmly into it, and threw it on the ground, saying, "It is bitter." This extraordinary memento of national antipathy was preserved for some time at Delft. Wild and fierce as they were, however, they were in a state of the highest discipline, and as seamen, unrivalled in dexterity and skill.

No period in national history, no war ancient or modern, no patriotism which we can at this moment call to mind, abounded with more heroic and self-sacrificing deeds, than the struggle of the Hollanders with Spain furnishes. Take the siege of Leyden for an illustration:—

Meanwhile the besieged, who for some weeks heard no tidings of their deliverers, had scarcely hope left to enable them to sustain the appalling

sufferings they endured. They had from the first husbanded their provisions with the greatest care : but as there was no more than 12,000 bushels of corn for 14,000 souls, they were soon deprived wholly of bread, and half a pound of flesh a day was distributed to each of the watch only. "Then," says the historian, who heard it from the mouths of the sufferers, "there was no food so odious but it was esteemed a dainty ; some ate vine-leaves mingled with salt and starch ; others boiled the leaves of trees, roots, chaff, and the chopped skins of beasts in a little milk. It was not uncommon to see women, with their faces covered, seated on heaps of refuse searching for bones, dried fish-skins, and other offal ; the young girls ate the lapdogs with which they used to play. On occasions when a slaughtered animal was to be divided among the watch, crowds stood around eager to catch the morsels as they fell, which they devoured raw." Plague, the attendant on famine, was not far behind ; six thousand persons fell victims to its ravages : the burghers could scarcely drag their weary limbs to the walls, and often on their return from the watch found their wives or children dead, and their homes desolate. Intense suffering, moral and physical, at last did its work even upon these resolute men. The Commandant, Bronkhorst, having died of the plague, a number of the citizens came to one of the Burgomasters, Peter Vanderwerf, beseeching him either to give them food or treat with the Spaniards. "I have made an oath," said he, "which, by the help of God, I will keep, that I will never yield to the Spaniard. Bread, as you well know, I have none ; but if my death can serve you, slay me, cut my body into morsels, and divide it among you." At this answer they slunk away silent and abashed.

The siege had now lasted five months, during which neither assault nor sally had been made ; no animating sound of war, no day-dreams of glory, had served to beguile the weary time that the inhabitants sat silently awaiting the approach of torture and of death. Not a morsel of food, even the most filthy and loathsome, remained ; and it seemed as though they would at last be driven to put their fearful threat in execution, and suck their own life-blood to still the agonies of hunger, when on a sudden the wind veered to the north-west and thence to the south-west, the waters of the Meuse rushed in full tide over the land, and the ships rode triumphantly over the waves. The Gueux, attacking with vigour the forts on the dikes, succeeded in driving out the garrisons, with considerable slaughter. One, however, still remained, that of Lammen, within half a mile of Leyden ; which being situated on a slight eminence, and provided with enormous pieces of artillery, the Admiral Boisot was doubtful whether he should be able to master. He therefore despatched a carrier-pigeon, desiring the besieged to be ready on the morrow to make a sally at a given signal ; a mandate which they prepared with eager alacrity to obey. But the Water-Gueux had inspired the Spanish soldiers with a terror almost amounting to fatuity : seeing them approach, they hastily abandoned the fort, leaving behind nearly the whole of the baggage and ammunition. On the morning of the 3rd October, the vessels were discovered from the ramparts to have passed Lammen. Suddenly a quick and feeble cry of joy. "Leyden is relieved !" was heard through the half-deserted streets of the city. As they came to the gates, numbers rushed out to hail their

deliverers ; who were struck with the deepest commiseration at the spectacle of gaunt, tottering, and emaciated figures which met their eyes. They loaded them with provisions ; which some of the unhappy sufferers devouring with unrestrained eagerness, found in the enjoyment of plenty that death which famine had spared them. As soon as the inhabitants were somewhat restored, the greater portion accompanied the Admirals and Burgomasters to the principal church of the town, to return "thanks to that God who had made them a sea upon the dry land."

A bridge scene at Antwerp affords an opportunity for Mr. Davies to handle a graphic pencil :—

Numerous plans were devised for the purpose of breaking down the bridge ; and among the rest, Gianibelli, an engineer of Mantua, (the same who was in the service of Queen Elizabeth at the defeat of the Armada,) undertook to blow it up by means of two fire-ships, laden each with six or seven thousand pounds of powder. One of these, taking fire before it had approached sufficiently near the works, proved useless ; but the other, named the Hope, of about eighty tons burden, exploded with fatal and terrific effect. The Spanish soldiers, thinking that the intention was to set fire to the bridge, crowded upon it for the purpose of extinguishing the flames ; when the vessel blew up, and above eight hundred were mingled in one horrible and promiscuous slaughter. Among them were the Marquis of Rysburg and Gaspar de Roblez, Lord of Billy, Stadtholder of Friesland on the Spanish side. Parma himself, who had quitted the bridge only a few moments before at the reiterated instances of Alfiero Vega, captain of his guard, was struck down stunned, but quickly recovered his senses, and with them his accustomed intrepidity. The shock was so violent that it was felt at the distance of nine miles ; the waters of the Scheldt, driven from their bed, inundated the surrounding country, and entirely filled the fort of St. Mary at the Flanders end of the bridge. The vessel itself was shivered into atoms so small that not a vestige of it was distinguishable ; and the heavy grave-stones which Gianibelli had laid upon the chest of powder were hurled high into the air, and falling at an immense distance, sunk into the ground to the depth of several feet. Three of the boats in the bridge were entirely destroyed, and three more torn away from their moorings, and a portion of the stockade was broken down.

The Hollanders were not only brave and devoted, with a deep romantic ardour, to a holy cause ; but they were just in their dealings, and clad with the mail of honesty. And hence though nicknamed "beggars," they were in reality rich and wealthy.—

It cannot be supposed for a moment that the inhabitants of a small and impoverished nook of land, such as Holland and Zealand, were possessed of more resources to pay and provide for their troops, than a monarch who had the wealth of both worlds at his command ; on the contrary, their trade and manufactures had decayed in consequence of the war ; many of the richest families had fled during the persecutions of Alva, taking with them a large portion of their property ; and the best of their lands were

laid under water, by the cutting of the dykes; but they found in this time of trial and distress, an inexhaustible mine of treasure in their unsullied national probity, their unimpeachable public credit. During the long sieges, when specie failed, the States, or municipal governments, were in the habit of issuing promissory notes, or coining money of tin, and this money was received in payment by the foreign troops, as well as the natives, without the slightest hesitation; nor was such traffic as remained, ever embarrassed for an instant by want of confidence in a circulating medium, so wholly destitute of intrinsic value. The holders of it implicitly relied on the conviction, that no plea of distress, no complaint of usury or extortion, would stand in the way of their receiving the full amount it promised, as soon as circumstances permitted; nor did they doubt, that nothing but the utter destruction of the government would prevent its fulfilling, to the letter, every engagement it had entered into. It was this perfect integrity, this unbounded confidence between man and man, which enabled Holland to protract the war, until the resources of her adversary were completely exhausted. A striking contrast in this respect was presented by the conduct of the King of Spain, who, having incurred a debt of 14,500,000 ducats, to the merchants of Spain and Genoa, obtained from the pope a dispensation, permitting him to revoke all his promises and engagements, "lest he should be ruined by usury while combating the heretics."

Here is something farther in proof of their enlightened policy:—

The results of this war, as wonderful as were its commencement and progress, are to be attributed chiefly to the moral qualities of the Dutch, to their maritime power, to the constitution of their government anterior to the revolt, their geographical position, and the rapid increase of their population by the influx of foreigners of all nations. Among the moral qualities which distinguished the Dutch at this period, the most remarkable was *honesty*, a homely virtue, and now, politically speaking, fallen into disesteem; but none the less real, none the less efficacious, in the circumstances in which they were placed. Of the advantage it proved to them in their pecuniary relations with other estates, their history affords sufficient evidence. At the time when their affairs were most desperate, none ever doubted their national credit; the parsimonious queen of England, the cautious William of Orange, the mistrustful German Princes, never hesitated for a moment to advance them loans, or to trust to their honour for the payment of the troops which served under their standards. Carried into their commercial transactions, this probity won them the confidence of the merchants of foreign countries, and caused them to become in course of time the providers and cashiers of nearly the whole civilised world. Pervading their political counsels, it produced a spirit of mutual confidence which bound together all ranks of men in an indissoluble tie. The government, acting in perfect good faith itself, never suspected the fidelity of the people, nor descended to the mean arts of rousing their passions by fictions or misrepresentations; they never deceived as to their relations with foreign powers, as to the exact condition of their strength and re-



sources, or as to the true nature of the contest in which they were engaged ; and the people on their part awarded to the government entire reliance and obedience.

This is the sketch of Philip the Second's personal character :—

His character in private life, the pen of the historian is constrained to trace in yet more unfavourable colours. Dark, haughty, and morose, his only relations of courtesy with mankind were the exaction of a rigorous etiquette ; human joys never wrung from him a smile, nor human woes a tear ; suspicious and implacable, his friend could hope for no confidence, his enemy for no forgiveness : that the ties of conjugal love, of parental affection, and of gratitude, weighed as nothing in the scale against the gratification of his jealousy or vengeance, he proved by the murder of his wife Elizabeth of France, his son Don Carlos, and Escovedo, secretary to Don John of Austria : his reserve partook of dissimulation rather than prudence, his fortitude of apathy rather than resolution, and his liberality rather of profusion than generosity. In person he was well-formed and handsome, bearing traces of his mingled Spanish and Flemish origin, his head and beard being completely black and his complexion fair ; his forehead was broad and high ; the principal defect in his countenance being the large open mouth peculiar to his family.

The deathbed of the man who had caused as much of misery and destruction to the human race as perhaps any in the history of the world, was calm, resigned, and peaceful ; during fifty-three days of unremitting and almost insupportable torture, his patience was unmoved, his fortitude unshaken ; not a shadow of doubt or discouragement for an instant darkened his soul ; he declared (to such an extent may fanaticism pervert the mind), that he had never knowingly inflicted an injury on any human being. Desiring a number of different relics to be brought him, he kissed them with fervent devotion, and passed them over the wounds with which his body was covered, testifying unbounded faith in their efficacy ; his eyes were constantly fixed on a crucifix which stood before him ; and, as a memorial of the nothingness of human grandeur, he caused a death's head, encircled with a golden crown, to be placed on his beaufet. As he found the hour of his dissolution approach, he summoned to his bedside the Crown Prince and his eldest and favourite daughter Isabella ; and pointing to his wasted form, exclaimed, " Behold the end of this world's greatness ; see this miserable body, for which all human help is unavailing, and nothing is left but a speedy burial." He then gave the prince a written instruction for his future government ; and showed them, as one of the greatest treasures he possessed, the scourge which his father had used shortly before his death, whereon the marks of his blood were still visible. Having received the crucifix which Charles the Fifth held in his hand when dying, he caused one of his attendants to read aloud a paper on which he had noted down the arrangements to be made at his funeral, and shortly afterwards became speechless, in which state he lay for two days before he expired. He was buried, in obedience to his wish, in his royal robes, in the chapel of the Escorial.

The fortunes of the Spanish Armada will ever be listened to greedily by English readers. The blockade by the Dutch of the Prince of Parma, who might otherwise have paid a most unwelcome visit to the Thames, while our naval heroes had their hands full, or their eyes fixed at sea, was a lucky coincidence :—

During the whole of the time consumed in that glorious contest, the image of which is fresh and bright in the mind of every English reader, the great commander was kept in a state of helpless inactivity on the shores of Flanders. Justin of Nassau, with thirty-five Holland and Zealand vessels, well armed, and containing, besides their complement of seamen, 1200 skilful musketeers, effectually blockaded the harbours of Dunkirk and Nieuport, so that, not only the ships of Parma were debarred from egress, but the smaller vessels of the Spanish fleet were prevented from entering, to afford them any assistance; the approach of the larger being impossible from the shallowness of the water. The fleet of Parma meanwhile, though infinitely superior in number, yet being equipped, for convenience of transport, rather than for battle, was scarcely fit to sustain a regular engagement; to which, also, an additional obstacle was found in the ill-disposition manifested by the crews. The memory of the old "Water-gueux," of whom the rear-admiral in command, Justus le More, was a remnant, had not yet faded away from men's minds; and the terror excited by the Holland and Zealand mariners was so excessive, that all the efforts of Parma were unable to check the desertion among his men, which continued day and night without intermission. In vain, therefore, did the Spanish admiral, having reached the port of Calais, urge him to effect a junction without delay; he could do no more than hurry from place to place, in an agony of impatience; at one time offering up bootless vows at the shrine of Notre Dame de Halle; at another, giving orders to his troops to embark and set sail at all hazards; and then again countermanding them, as dreading to trust that army, on which the hopes of Spain depended, to the mercy of the tempestuous waves, and the enemy who lay in wait for their destruction. Eighteen thousand troops were already on board the vessels at Nieuport, and had been two days eagerly awaiting the signal for departure, when they were ordered to re-land.

Our concluding extract belongs to the last mortal scene of the illustrious Barneveldt; which a statement of a few facts may appropriately introduce.

When, by treaty, a termination was put to the war between the King of Spain and the Seven United Provinces, it is lamentable to think how soon internal dissensions arose among the Hollanders!—These were maintained by the nature of the constitution of the States, each having an independent sovereign authority. The first, and the most unsatisfactory of these dissensions, had its origin in a theological difference of opinion; of all others, the most inscrutable by the human faculties. The Protestants had imbibed their opinions from Calvin, and had generally adopted his doctrine of

predestination; and the professors of the Universities had advocated that opinion. But Arminius, a native of Holland, was at length appointed to the divinity chair of Leyden, and taught the opposite doctrine, of the freedom of the human will. He became the head of a sect, while Dr. Gomarus, another professor, became the leader of the Calvinistic party. Theological discussions soon merged into political differences, or created them. There were strange shiftings, too, and motives for partizanship. Prince Maurice had imbibed the opinions of Arminius, but finding the clergy, and the great body of the common people, attached to Gomarus, he placed himself at the head of the Calvinists. Barneveldt, on the other hand, the chief civil man in the union, was in opinion a Calvinist; but seeing the nobility, and the better educated part of the people, supported the system of Arminius, he became the chief of that party. Those two celebrated scholars, Grotius and Vossius, defended Arminianism; whilst the Synod of Dort, assisted by James of England, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, for a short time, maintained the opposite side in the controversy. The pedant-king's course of reasoning is not quite apparent, at this crisis. In the mean while, Prince Maurice, by his influence with the common people, and from being at the head of the army, was enabled in many of the cities to change the magistrates. He sometimes did this by calling in the assistance of his troops. Barneveldt and his party proposed a general toleration of all opinions; but this resulted only in changing the names, not the characters, of the two sections. The Arminians were called Remonstrants, and the Calvinists, Anti-Remonstrants; names which have been continued to the present day.

Maurice was aiming at establishing, for himself and family, a hereditary sovereignty over the states; whilst Barneveldt was anxious to perpetuate the liberties of the country: but the Orange party acquired such superiority, that Maurice was enabled to seize and imprison the opposite leader, who was brought to an infamous trial, condemned to death, and beheaded at the Hague, in May, 1619. Now for our concluding extract:—

Before he left his prison, Barneveldt wrote his last letter to his family, recommending his servant, John Franken, who had attended him throughout with affectionate fidelity, to their care. He was shortly after led into a lower room of the court-house to hear his sentence. During the reading, he turned round quickly several times, and rose from his seat, as if about to speak. When it was concluded, he observed, that there were many things in it which were not in the examinations; and added, "I thought the States-General would have been satisfied with my blood, and would have allowed my wife and children to keep what is their own." "Your sentence is read," replied Leonard Vooght, one of the judges, "away, away." Leaning on his staff, and with his servant on the other side to

support his steps, grown feeble with age, Barneveldt walked composedly to the place of execution, prepared before the great saloon of the court-house.

At the place of execution,—

Here he was compelled to suffer the last petty indignity that man could heap upon him. Aged and infirm as he was, neither stool nor cushion had been provided to mitigate the sense of bodily weakness as he performed the last duties of mortal life; and kneeling down on the bare boards, he was supported by his servant, while the minister, John Lammotins, delivered a prayer. When prepared for the block, he turned to the spectators, and said, with a loud and firm voice, "My friends, believe not that I am a traitor. I have lived a good patriot, and such I die." He then, with his own hands, drew his cap over his eyes, and bidding the executioner "be quick," bowed his venerable head to the stroke. The populace, from various feelings, some inspired by hatred, some by affection, dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, or carried away morsels of the blood-stained wood and sand; a few were even found to sell these as relics. The body and head were laid in a coffin and buried decently, but with little ceremony, at the court church of the Hague. The States of Holland rendered to his memory that justice which he had been denied while living, by the words in which they recorded his death. After stating the time and manner of it, and his long period of service to his country, the resolution concludes, "a man of great activity, diligence, memory, and conduct; yea, remarkable in every respect. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall; and may God be merciful to his soul."

ART. XII.—1. *Bells and Pomegranates*. No. II. *King Victor and King Charles*. By ROBERT BROWNING. Moxon.

2. *Bubbles of the Day*. A Comedy in Five Acts. By DOUGLAS JERROLD. How and Parsons.

3. *Gisippus; or, The Forgotten Friend*. A Play in Five Acts. By GERALD GRIFFIN. Maxwell and Co.

4. *Marriage*. A Comedy in Five Acts. By ROBERT BELL, Esq. Longman.

WE might have included in our list several other dramas that are new, as well as new adaptations of one or two that are old. Our batch, however, may suffice. We proceed to speak of each of the pieces in its order.

Victor Amadeus, the first king of Sardinia; Charles, his son; Charles's wife, Polyxena; and D'Ormea, the minister first of the one king, and then of the other, are the only characters that appear in the tragedy by the author of "*Paracelsus*." Instead of tragedy, we ought rather to call this peculiar work a tragic or a dramatic

poem; just as "Pippa Passes," which formed No. I. of "Bells and Pomegranates," might be dubbed.

Victor took it into his head—whether it was a whim of old age, or a stroke of guileful policy, we do not stop to inquire—to abdicate the throne, and resign the crown to his son. This he did much ~~after~~ the fashion of a greater man than he, but not with the like consistent and abiding issue that marked Charles the Fifth's extraordinary relinquishment of power and pomp; for, ere a year elapsed, he reclaimed the sovereignty, although not exactly in the way, or with the results, represented by the poet; Mr. Browning's object being to convey a vivid idea, as we understand him, of "the fiery and audacious temper, unscrupulous selfishness, profound dissimulation, and singular fertility in resources, of Victor—the extreme and painful sensibility, prolonged immaturity of powers, earnest good purpose, and vacillating will, of Charles—the noble and right woman's manliness of his wife—and the ill-considered rascality and subsequent better-advised rectitude of D'Ormea."

The story is historical, and, according to Mr. Browning's interpretation of Victor's motives, the wily king only abdicated for a period in order that, during his son's interregnum, sundry extreme difficulties might be got rid of or adjusted, not only with his allies but with his subjects; after which he intended to resume sovereignty. This character, we think, is brought out with power; while that of Charles is felicitously handled, and made the vehicle of much that is beautiful in sentiment as well as in verse. Polyzena does not appear to us sufficiently developed to sustain the phrases applied to her in the Advertisement; nor are we pleased with her last speech, when Victor is dying:—

" Charles

Has never ceased to be your subject, sire—  
He reigned at first, through setting up yourself  
As pattern: if he e'er seemed harsh to you,  
'Twas from a too intense appreciation  
Of your own character: he acted you—  
Ne'er for an instant did I think it real,  
Or look for any other than this end."

Now this cajoling, extenuating speech scarcely consists with "right woman's-manliness;" it is not even quite in keeping with some things and utterances that precede; unless, indeed, the fault be in ourselves, who may have failed to reach and fathom all the sentiment which Mr. Browning's muse suggests, or clearly to understand parts of that which he clothes with words. Of the four *dramatis personæ* we are the least satisfied with D'Ormea. We neither see what adequate motives he had for his rascality, nor for a change to rectitude. He appears to us to be next to purposeless in the piece. Perhaps the great defect of the work is, that it gives us events and

results without any apparently adequate causes. There are also extraordinary taunts and terms of abuse lavished in the poem, which are no way necessary to the characters or the progress of the story, and are therefore positive blemishes; and, to have done with remarks, there are Mr. Browning's usual modes of expression, savouring of affectation, studied obscurity, and quaint singularity, which force the reader not only to stare but to stumble at times about the meaning. After all, however, there are fine flashes of poetry in "King Victor and King Charles," and manifestations of powers which if regulated, and cultivated, would assuredly create a dramatic work far more popular at least than any which has yet been given to the world by the same hand. Mr. Browning unquestionably is a man of genius.

The piece opens with a scene in the Council Chamber of Rivoli, near Turin, in the year 1730. Charles and his Wife are the colloquists. The amiable and neglected prince repeats an oft-told tale:—

*Cha.*

*Polyxena—*

When suddenly,—a warm March day, just that  
Sunshine the cottager's child basks in—he  
Takes off his bonnet as he ceases work  
To catch the more of it—and it must fall  
Heavily on my brother . . . had you seen  
Philip—the lion-featured!—not like me!

*Pol.* I know—

*Cha.*

And Philip's mouth yet fast to mine,  
His dead cheek on my cheek, his arm still round  
My neck,—they bad me rise, "for I was heir  
To the Duke," they said, "the right hand of the Duke;"  
Till then he was my father, not the Duke!  
So . . . let me finish . . . the whole intricate  
World's-business their dead boy was born to, I  
Must conquer,—ay, the brilliant thing he was,  
I, of a sudden, must be: my faults, my follies,  
—All bitter truths were told me, all at once  
To end the sooner. What I simply styled  
Their overlooking me, had been contempt:  
How should the Duke employ himself, forsooth,  
With such an one while lordly Philip rode  
By him their Turin through? But he was punished,  
And must put up with—me! 'Twas sad enough  
To learn my future portion and submit—  
And then the wear and worry, blame on blame!  
—For, spring-sounds in my ears, spring-smells about,  
How could I but grow dizzy in their pent  
Dim palace-rooms at first? My mother's look  
As they discussed my insignificance—  
(She and my father and I sitting by)—

I bore :—I knew how brave a son they missed :  
Philip had gaily passed state-papers o'er  
While Charles was spelling at them painfully !  
But Victor was my father spite of that.  
Duke Victor's entire life has been, I said,  
Innumerable efforts to one end ;  
And, on the point now of that end's success,  
Our Ducal turning to a Kingly crown,  
Where's time to be reminded 'tis his child  
He spurns ? And so I suffered . . hardly suffered,  
Since I had you at length !

*Pol.* —To serve in place  
Of monarch, minister, and mistress, Charles.

*Cha.* But, once that crown obtained, then was't not like  
Our lot would alter ?—When he rests, takes breath,  
Glances around, and sees who's left to love—  
Now that my mother's dead, sees I am left—  
Was it not like he'd love me at the last ?  
Well : Savoy turns Sardinia—the Duke's King !  
Could I—precisely then—could you expect  
His harshness to redouble ? These few months  
Have been . . have been . . Polyxena, do you  
And God conduct me or I lose myself !  
What would he have ? What is't they want with me ?  
Him with this mistress and this minister,  
—You see me and you hear him ; judge us both !  
Pronounce what I should do, Polyxena !

*Pol.* Endure, endure, beloved ! say you not  
That he's your Father ? All's so incident  
To novel sway ! Beside, our life must change :  
Or you'll acquire his kingcraft, or he'll learn  
His own's a sorry way of teaching it.  
I bear this—not that there's so much to bear—

*Cha.* You bear it ? don't I know that you, tho' bound  
To silence for my sake, are perishing  
Piecemeal beside me ? and how otherwise ?  
—When every creephole from the hideous Court  
Is stopt ; the Minister to dog me, here—  
The Mistress posted to entrap you there !  
And thus shall we grow old in such a life—  
Not careless,—never estranged,—but old : to alter  
Our life, there is so much to alter !

*Pol.* Come—  
Is it agreed that we forego complaints  
Even at Turin, yet complain we here  
At Rivoli ? 'Twere wiser you announced  
Our presence to the King—What's now a-foot,  
I wonder ?—Not that any more's to dread  
Than every day's embarrassment—but guess

For me why train so fast succeeded train  
 On the high-road, each gayer still than each ;  
 I noticed your Archbishop's pursuivant,  
 The sable cloak and silver cross ; such pomp  
 Bodes . . what now, Charles ? Can you conceive ?

We go forward to the scene when Victor stealthily returns from his retreat at Chamberri, where he has adopted the title "Count Teude," his mistress being the Marchioness Sebastian. It is still a month within the year since he abdicated. Having reached the Council Chamber unobserved, he utters a long soliloquy, from which we now quote :—

Why come I hither ? All's in rough—let all  
 Remain rough ; there's full time to draw back—nay,  
 There's nought to draw back from as yet ; whereas  
 If reason should be to arrest a course  
 Of error—reason good to interpose  
 And save, as I have saved so many times,  
 My house—admonish my son's giddy youth—  
 Relieve him of a weight that proves too much—  
 Now is the time,—or now or never. 'Faith,  
 This kind of step is pitiful—not due  
 To Charles, this stealing back—hither because  
 He's from his Capital ! Oh, Victor—Victor—  
 But thus it is : the age of crafty men  
 Is loathsome—youth contrives to carry off  
 Dissimulation—we may intersperse  
 Extenuating passages of strength,  
 Ardour, vivacity, and wit—may turn  
 E'en guile into a voluntary grace,—  
 But one's old age, when graces drop away  
 And leave guile the pure staple of our lives —  
 Ah, loathsome !

A little further on in the same speech we have the following bold and weighty, but to some degree obscure, utterances :—

'Tis this relentless noonday-lighted chamber  
 That disconcerts me. Some one flung doors wide  
 (Those two great doors that scrutinise me now)  
 And out I went 'mid crowds of men—men talking,  
 Men watching if my lip fell or brow changed ;  
 Men saw me safe forth—put me on my road :  
 That makes the misery of this return !  
 Oh, had a battle done it ! Had I dropped  
 —Haling some battle three entire days old  
 Hither and thither by the forehead—sunk  
 In Spain, in Austria, best of all in France—  
 Spurned on its horns or underneath its hooves



When the spent monster goes upon its knees  
 To pad and pash the prostrate wretch—I, Victor,  
 Sole to have stood up against France—beat down  
 By inches, brayed to pieces finally  
 By some vast unimaginable charge—  
 A flying hell of horse and foot and guns  
 Over me, and all's lost, for ever lost—  
 There's no more Victor when the world wakes up !  
 Then silence, as of a raw battle-field,  
 Throughout the world. Then after (as whole weeks  
 After, you catch at intervals faint noise  
 Thro' the stiff crust of frozen blood) to creep.  
 A rumour forth, so faint, no noise at all,  
 That a strange old man, face outworn for wounds,  
 Is stumbling on from frontier town to town,  
 Begging a pittance that may help him find  
 His Turin out ; laughter and scorn to follow  
 The coin you fling into his cap : and last,  
 Some bright morn, to see crowds about the midst  
 Of the market-place where takes the old man breath  
 Ere, with his crutch, he strike the palace-gate  
 Wide ope !

Mr. Browning would do well not to mystify his readers amid a labyrinth of clashing words. The Soliloquy is no sooner ended than Charles enters with papers furnished by D'Ormea, which contain intelligence, that Victor is on the eve of returning to claim the crown ; the ex-king supposing that his son at the time is absent from the capital, and at the Evian baths. The long passage now to be quoted dramatically exhibits the subtlety of the old knave, and the tenderness of the vacillating son, who yet would hold the crown fast enough, if he knew how to resist his father's artful reasoning. Polyxena too appears to advantage, when she interposes :—

*Cha.* Just as I thought ! A miserable falsehood  
 Of hirelings discontented with their pay  
 And longing for enfranchisement ! A few  
 Testy expressions of old age that thinks  
 To keep alive its dignity o'er slaves  
 By means that suit their natures !

[*Tearing them.*] Thus they shake  
 My faith in Victor !

[*Turning, he discovers Victor.*

*Vic.* [*after a pause.*] Not at Evian, Charles ?  
 What's this ? Why do you run to close the doors ?  
 No welcome for your father ?

*Cha.* [*aside.*] Not his voice !  
 What would I give for one imperious tone  
 Of the old sort ! That's gone for ever.

*Vic.* Must  
I ask once more . . .

*Cha.* No—I concede it, sir!  
You are returned for . . . true, your health declines—  
True, Chamberri's a bleak unkindly spot—  
You'd choose one fitter for your final lodge—  
Veneria—or Moncaglier—ay, that's close,  
And I concede it.

*Vic.* I received advices  
Of the conclusion of the Spanish matter  
Dated from Evian baths.—

*Cha.* And you forbore  
To visit me at Evian, satisfied  
The work I had to do would fully task  
The little wit I have, and that your presence  
Would only disconcert me—

*Vic.* Charles ?

*Cha.* —Me—set  
For ever in a foreign course to yours,  
And . . .

Sir, this way of wile were good to catch,  
But I have not the sleight of it. The truth !  
Though I sink under it ! What brings you here ?

*Vic.* Not hope of this reception, certainly,  
From one who'd scarce assume a stranger mode  
Of speech did I return to bring about  
Some awfulest calamity.

*Cha.* —You mean,  
Did you require your crown again ; Oh yes,  
I should speak otherwise ! But turn not that  
To jesting ! Sir, the truth ! Your health declines ?  
Is aught deficient in your equipage ?  
Wisely you seek myself to make complaint,  
And foil the malice of the world which seizes  
On petty discontents ; but I shall care  
That not a soul knows of this visit. Speak !

*Vic.* [*aside.*] Here is the grateful, much-professing son  
Who was to worship me, and for whose sake  
I near had waived my plans of public good !  
[*Aloud.*] Nay, Charles, if I did seek to take once more  
My crown, and were disposed to plague myself—  
What would be warrant for this bitterness ?  
I gave it—grant I would resume it—well ?

*Cha.* I should say simply—leaving out the why  
And how—you made me swear to keep that crown :  
And as you then intended . . .

*Vic.* Fool ! What way  
Could I intend or not intend ? As man,  
With a man's life, when I say " I intend,"

I can intend up to a certain point,  
No further. I intended to preserve  
The Crown of Savoy and Sardinia whole :  
And if events arise to demonstrate  
The way I took to keep it, rather's like  
To lose it . . .

*Cha.* Keep within your sphere and mine !  
It is God's province we usurp on else.  
Here, blindfold through the maze of things we walk  
By a slight thread of false, true, right and wrong ;  
Truth here for us—truth everywhere for God :  
All else is rambling and presumption. I  
Have sworn to keep this kingdom : there's my truth.

*Vic.* Truth, boy, is here—within my breast ; and in  
Your recognition of it, truth is too ;  
And in the effect of all this tortuous dealing  
With falsehood, used to carry out the truth,  
—In its success, this falsehood is again  
Truth for the world ! But you are right : these themes  
Are over-subtle. I should rather say  
In such a case, frankly,—it fails, my scheme :  
I hoped to see you bring about, yourself,  
What I must bring about : I interpose  
On your behalf—with my son's good in sight—  
To hold what he is nearly letting go—  
Confirm his title—add a grace, perhaps—  
There's Sicily, for instance,—granted me  
And taken back, some years since—till I give  
That island with the rest, my work's half done.  
For his sake, therefore, as of those he rules . . .

*Cha.* Our sakes are one—and that you could not say,  
Because my answer would present itself  
Forthwith ;—a year has wrought an age's change :  
This people's not the people now you once  
Could benefit, nor is my policy  
Your policy.

*Vic.* [*with an outburst*] I know it ! You undo  
All I have done—my life of toil and care !  
I left you this the absolutest rule  
In Europe—do you think I will sit still  
And see you throw all power to the people—  
See my Sardinia, that has stood apart,  
Join in the mad and democratic whirl  
Whereto I see all Europe haste full-tide ?  
England casts off her kings—France mimics England—  
This realm I hoped was safe ! Yet here I talk,  
When I can save it, not by force alone,  
But bidding plagues which follow sons like you  
Fasten upon my disobedient . . .

[*Recollecting himself.*] Surely  
I could say this—if minded so—my son?

*Cha.* You could not! Bitterer curses than your curse  
Have I long since denounced upon myself  
If I misused my power. In fear of these  
I entered on those measures—will abide  
By them: so I should say, Count Tende—

*Vic.* No!

But no! But if, my Charles, your—more than old—  
Half-foolish father urged these arguments,  
And then confessed them futile, but said plainly,  
That he forgot his promise, found his strength  
Fail him, had thought at savage Chamberri  
Too much of brilliant Turin, Rivoli here,  
And Susa, and Veneria, and Superga—  
Pined for the pleasant places he had built  
When he was fortunate and young—

*Cha.* My father!

*Vic.* Stay yet—and if he said he could not die  
Deprived of bangles he had put aside  
He deemed for ever—of the Crown that binds  
Your brain up, whole, sound, and impregnable,  
Creating kingliness—the Sceptre, too,  
Whose mere wind, should you wave it, back would beat  
Invaders—and the golden Ball which throbs  
As if you grasped the palpitating heart  
Indeed o' the realm, to mould as choose *you* may!  
—If I must totter up and down the *streets*  
My sires built, where myself have introduced  
And fostered laws and letters, *sciences*,  
The civil and the military *arts*—  
Stay, Charles—I *see* you letting me pretend  
To live *my* former self once more—King Victor  
The venturous yet politic—they style me  
Again the Father of the Prince—friends winking  
Good-humouredly at the delusion you're  
So sedulous in guarding from sad truth,  
That else would break upon the dotage!—You  
Whom now I see preventing my old shame—  
I tell not, point by cruel point, my tale—  
For is't not in your breast my brow is hid?  
Is not your hand extended? Say you not. . .

*Enter D'ORMEA, leading in POLYXENA.*

*Pol.* [*advancing and withdrawing Charles—to Victor.*] In  
this conjuncture, even, he would say  
(Though with a moistened eye and quivering lip)  
The suppliant is my father—I must save  
A great man from himself, nor see him fling  
His well-earned fame away: there must not follow

Ruin so utter, a break down of worth  
 So absolute : no enemy shall learn  
 He thrust his child 'twixt danger and himself,  
 And, when that child somehow stood danger out,  
 Stole back with serpent wiles to ruin Charles  
 —Body, that's much,—and soul, that's more—and realm,  
 That's most of all ! No enemy shall say. . .

"Bubbles of the Day" is as glittering and unsubstantial as any bubble on which the brilliant rays of the sun ever glanced. It is one continued explosion of fireworks, cracking and flashing, now of one tint, then of another, as fast and as various as the pyrotechnic meteors in the shape of words ever displayed ; dazzling and exciting till the head loses all its repose, and would fain have a pause to collect itself. Such pauses, however, are altogether denied, unless the sudden touches of the heart, and the pulsations of sympathy with the fine and beautiful in humanity, be held as a relief from the mere circumstance of changing the excitement. Still, there is no repose from beginning to end, smart wit, exquisite humour, the cleverest ridicule of the follies, the cant, and the bubbles of the day, for by far the greatest part, combining and connecting so many fits of laughter, and so crowdedly and closely, that it becomes one continuous convulsion, and for such a length of time, that you are exhausted before you reach the close of the play. Excellent, as well as stinging or affecting, are the sentiments,—condensed and polished ; happy the fancy ; and beautiful the writing. But then the piece labours under these defects, it wants matter and substance, nature and vitality, consistency and incident. In a word, it is a series of sparkling, brilliant dialogues, but not a proper comedy ; for it depends neither on plot nor character. The interest created by an adroitly contrived story ; the lessons taught by nicely and completely developed natures ; the moments of repose which ought to be afforded for the mind to think of what is past, to contrast what is going forward, and to experience delightful curiosity with regard to what is to come, are essential, indispensable qualities that are wanting. We have said that the play is greatly deficient, because it does not mirror nature ; and this is felt not only in the want of action, but in that of keeping in regard to individual character. Again, what there is of character is not so much as it is seen in life, as in books,—in novels and dramas which profess to picture life. The "School for Scandal," for instance, and other stock plays, appear to have been kept in the clever author's eye, when blowing his "Bubbles." Exceedingly clever it certainly is, and times innumerable the ridicule is pungent, or sharp, or witty. But Douglas Jerrold has proved himself to be far more than a mere wit and humourist. Very many are the indications in the present produc-

tion of admirable feeling, of fine sympathy, of strong thought, and of just judgment. Why then does he not set himself to the construction of a drama, which, while the brilliancy and the repartee of the dialogue keep the reader or auditor all alive, and send effectively home the sentiment intended—whether of hatred towards the base, or infectious delight towards the beautiful and good—there is also presented an enchaining and enchanting plot, together with a group of characters that we know and have seen, but never before so entirely, and in such an instructive as well as entertaining form or mood.

“Gisippus” is a posthumous work of the late Dr. Gerald Griffin, author of “The Collegians,” and other tales. It is one of four dramas said to have been written by him when he was about twenty years of age; the other three he destroyed. This is the plot:—Gisippus, a noble Athenian, on the eve of marriage with the wealthy and beautiful Sophronia, voluntarily resigns his betrothed bride to his Roman friend Fulvius, on discovering that an old attachment, broken off through some caprice, still exists between them. This act of generosity seals the fate of Gisippus: his creditors seize upon him, and sell him for a slave to satisfy their demands. Fulvius is ignorant of these misfortunes; having been compelled to set out for Rome without keeping the appointment at which Gisippus intended to ask his aid. After a lapse of time, Gisippus reaches Rome, a famishing outcast; and puts himself in the way of Fulvius, to see if his former friend will recognise him. Fulvius, now become prætor, not knowing Gisippus in his changed condition, orders his lictors to beat him back. Stung by this insult, Gisippus seeks the tombs to die; where he is the witness of a murder, and allows himself to be taken and condemned as the murderer. At this point the tide of fortune turns; Fulvius learns by a lucky chance that the Greek condemned to die is not only innocent, but no other than Gisippus. Fulvius now rushes in as the axe is about to fall, and, overjoyed, greets his long-lost friend. Gisippus, however, deaf to his profession and entreaties, spurns him as an ingrate, until, softened by the sight of Sophronia, the proud and misgiving man yields to the conviction that Fulvius is blameless.

Now the manner in which all this is wrought out is in several respects superlatively fine and powerful. There is so much of healthful thinking and earnest sincere truthfulness to nature, that one can hardly express too enthusiastic a notion of the promise offered by this author. For example, as we have heard it well expressed, he makes even Athens and Rome to start up before us, as well as the genius and features of two classic types and eras, in the characters of Gisippus and Fulvius; the one of ideal beauty and refined philosophy,—the other of material and martial grandeur. The heart of poor Griffin is in the work, a noble and truly human

heart; and the poetry which clothes its utterance is happily wedded to so robust and yet so chastened a nature.

Nevertheless, we must for a moment change our tune, and declare that the piece labours under grievous faults, although there be manliness, poetry, and truth in it sufficient to redeem a work having twice its defects. First of all, there is no sufficient reason for the miseries of Gisippus. If he was magnanimously generous, why should he be foolish, narrow-minded, rash, and improvident? Fulvius's irregularity with regard to an appointed interview is not half so incomprehensible and blameworthy as the hero's want of confidence in his friend, and the oversight of that reciprocity of feeling, that would have disclosed the relative feelings of both towards Sophronia, long before the point of time when the fortunes of Gisippus were to be ruined by misunderstanding and ignorance. Again, the whole of the catastrophes are brought about by means quite insufficient in the course of nature, especially when such great spirits are involved. And lastly, the poetry is often as bald as the incidents are trivial, or the sentiments forced. No great truth is distinctly taught; no impressive moral clearly enforced. Ingratitude is not so fully proved, as want of common sense on the part of Gisippus. Why was he so dilatory and reserved in telling his mind to Fulvius, ere the Roman departed from Athens?

But after all, and integral as may be the wants and preposterous construction of the plot, there is worth and excellence enough in "Gisippus" to command currency wherever there are souls to feel and appreciate. It is a noble poem, abounding with beautiful tragic poetry, and the right-heartedness of man. What a pity, one is ready to exclaim, that the creator of such a work was mortal, has passed away! But lament would be useless and mistimed. We rather present samples of his thoughts and musings whilst on this footstool. Let us hear Gisippus on the eve of his intended union with Sophronia:—

Here in these silent groves we will attend  
The lighting of the hymeneal torch.  
How pure, how holy is the sacrifice  
That waits on virtuous love! How sacred is  
The very levity we wake to honour it!  
The fiery zeal that passion knows, is there  
Tempered by mild esteem and holiest reverence  
Into a still, unwasting, vestal flame,  
That wanders nor decays. All soft affections,  
Calm hopes and quiet blessings hover round,  
And soft peace sheds her virtuous dews upon it.  
No conscious memories haunt the path of pleasure,  
But happiness is made a virtue.

In his degradation and heavy affliction, he thus summons his Greek philosophy to his aid, and thus tells the sadness of his fate :—

Oh! I blame him not :  
 We that do study things in their first cause  
 Are not so quickly moved by the effect.  
 'Twas his fate that denied him so much heart  
 To comprehend  
 An act of free, disinterested friendship,  
 Of friendship and of love, deep love, Sophronia !  
 Gods!—there are men upon this earth who seem  
 So mixed and moulded with that earth—so like  
 Mere dull material engines—that for all  
 The purposes for which man looks to man,  
 It were as well a piece of curious mechanism  
 Walked in humanity's name, and wore its semblance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hear !

When I left Athens,  
 Despis'd and hated by my fellow-citizens,  
 Yet nought repenting that which I had done,  
 I toil'd for freedom, gain'd it, and set forth  
 To Rome. You start. Was that a meanness? No!  
 True, he had wrong'd me; and my pride was stung by it.  
 Alas! you know not, friend, how very quietly  
 And silently that same tall fabric pride,  
 Is sapp'd and scatter'd by adversity,  
 Even while we deem it still unmov'd, unshaken :  
 He was my friend once—and my life now, having  
 No aim nor object, I said with myself  
 That I would look once more upon the happiness  
 I had rais'd from the wreck of mine own hopes,  
 And so to death or solitude. Look hither, sir :  
 Here, here, I met him; here he bade his slave  
 Strike me from out his path!—his own high hand  
 Scorn'd the low office—here his ruffian smote me,  
 And here I stand to tell it!

Behold him among the tombs :—

This is his court,  
 Here does he hold his reign of stirless fear ;  
 Silence his throne—his robe of majesty,  
 The hue of gathering darkness. Here, his minister,  
 The night-bird screams, and the hoarse raven iterates  
 His warning from the left. Diseases flit  
 Like spectres through the gloom, clothed in damp mist  
 And tainted night-air—yet the grim slayer  
 Will send no kindly shaft to me.

[*He leans on a tomb.*]



Will the dead  
Afford me what the living have denied,  
Rest for my weary limbs, and shelter? Here  
At least I shall find quiet, if not ease,  
And hosts who do not grudge their entertaining,  
Even though the guest be misery. Colder hearts  
Than those which rest within this sepulchre,  
I've left in all the health of lusty life,  
Informing bosoms harder than its marble.  
Then I will be your guest, ye silent dead,—  
Would I could say, Your fellow slumberer!

One specimen more of the philosopher:—

Let it be ever thus—  
The generous still be poor—the niggard thrive—  
Fortune still pave the ingrate's path with gold,  
Death dog the innocent still—and surely those  
Who now uplift their streaming eyes and murmur  
Against oppressive fate, will own its justice.  
Invisible ruler! should man meet thy trials  
With silent and lethargic sufferance,  
Or lift his hands and ask heaven for a reason?  
Our hearts must speak—the sting, the whip is on them;  
We rush in madness forth to tear away  
The veil that blinds us to the cause. In vain!  
The hand of that Eternal Providence  
Still holds it there, unmoved, impenetrable:  
We can but pause, and turn away again  
To mourn—to wonder—and endure.

We need not, after our sketch of the story, tell where this dialogue occurs, or to what it refers:—

*Decius.* My duty  
Compels me to disturb ye, prisoner.

*Gisippus.* I am glad you do so, for my thoughts were growing  
Somewhat unfriendly to me.—World, farewell!  
And thou whose image never left this heart,  
Sweet vision of my memory, fare thee well!  
Pray walk this way.  
This Fulvius, your young Prætor, by whose sentence  
My life stands forfeit, has the reputation  
Of a good man amongst ye?

*Decius.* Better breathes not

*Gisippus.* A just man, and a grateful. One who thinks  
Upon his friends sometimes; a liberal man,  
Whose wealth is not for his own use; a kind man,  
To his clients and his household?

*Decius.* He is all this.

*Gisippus.* A gallant soldier too?

*Decius.* I've witnessed that  
In many a desperate fight.

*Gisippus.* In short, there lives not,  
A man of fairer fame in Rome?

*Decius.* Nor out of it.

*Gisippus.* Good. Look on *me* now, look upon my face;  
I am a villain, am I not?—nay, speak!

*Decius.* You are found a murderer.

*Gisippus.* A coward murderer:  
A secret, sudden stabber. 'Tis not possible  
That you can find a blacker, fouler character,  
Than this of mine?

*Decius.* The Gods must judge your guilt.  
But it is such as man should shudder at.

*Gisippus.* This is a wise world, too, friend, is it not?  
Men have eyes, ears, and (sometimes) judgment.  
Have they not?

*Decius.* They are not all fools.

*Gisippus.* Ha! ha!

*Decius.* You laugh!

*Gisippus.* A thought  
Not worth your notice, sir.

Poor Griffin is dead, but his name will live, although he had slight reason to believe it would; at least through *Gisippus*. Thanks to Willie Macready for that, who has got the play up at "Old Drury," in the most picturesque and classic style; while the Tragedian, in the character of *Gisippus*, fully seconds and perhaps exalts the author. One word more *anent* poor Griffin: the publishers of the Play are bringing out his entire works, prose as well as poetry, in serial order; to be completed in twelve volumes. The first, which is to be published last, will contain the life of the author. Also, notes with the original facts or tradition on which the productions are formed, are to be added. The series to be uniform with the recent editions of "standard novels," in size and price. We have only to add, that "*Gisippus*" will happily herald the edition.

We have not much to say of "Marriage" by Mr. Bell. It is the production of an experienced play-wright; but of a fabricator who does not appear to know when he has crammed enough into his frame-work, or from what sources it would be best to borrow. There are also improbabilities as well as unnecessary situations, occasions, and characters in the piece. And, perhaps, worst of all, there are sentiments put into the mouths of characters which not only constitute contradictions, but which amount to absurdities and immoralities.

We quote a favourable specimen, which lashes almost in Jerrold's style, the cant and tricks of the age:—

Enter *Lady Pierrepont* and *Lady Blaise* from the side.—*Lady Pierrepont*. My dear Lady Blaise, isn't this charming? See what varieties we have conjured up in this little paradise of philanthropy! It is so poetical and *recherché*—to bring all one's friends together in the daylight, and do good at the same time!

*Lady Blaise*. Delicious—quite delicious that doing good. Are these screens the work of your ladyship's fair hands?

*Lady Pierrepont*. Why, one is obliged to say so, or we should never produce a sensation. The poor wretch who made them got a mere trifle for them: as mine, you know, they will bring high prices.

*Lady Blaise*. All for the benefit of the charity.

*Lady Pierrepont*. One's benevolence really obliges one sometimes to traffic on one's popularity.

*Lady Blaise*. Occasionally even at the expense of one's veracity.

*Lady Pierrepont*. Yes—but charity hides a multitude of faults.

*Lady Blaise*. That's a delicious truth—quite delicious. [*Aside*] Trumpery old fool!

Enter *Lady Matchmaker*, *Mrs. Grant*, and *Miss Castoff*.—*Lady Pierrepont*. My dear Lady Matchmaker, how very kind of you to be so punctual! And Mrs. Grant—and my dear Miss Castoff. Really the poor don't know what good friends we are to them. Well, I declare that bonnet is quite a picture! [*Aside*] She's a perfect fright.

*Lady Blaise*. Delicious—quite delicious.

*Lady Matchmaker*. Oh!—[*simper*—]—but look at Miss Castoff's scarf. Isn't it a beauty?

*Lady Blaise*. Delicious—quite delicious.

*Lady Pierrepont*. The colour is superb. How felicitously it throws out the elegiac expression of her eyes!

*Miss Castoff*. You will make me vain. [*Aside*] Envious wretches!

*Mrs. Grant*. Have you seen Grub's Journal this morning? No? [*Lady Pierrepont looks a little embarrassed.*] All about your ladyship, too.

*Lady Pierrepont*. Oh!—I had a presentiment. There is nothing I have such a horror of as seeing my name in print.

*Lady Blaise* [*aside*]. And half the scandalous papers in town are in her ladyship's pay.

*Lady Pierrepont*. My dear Mrs. Grant, pray spare me. [*In a half-averted tone*] What could they have to say about me?

*Mrs. Grant*. Only a criticism on your ladyship's last novel.

*Lady Pierrepont*. Oh, these shocking critics! They will not allow one to employ one's leisure in elegant literature, without dragging one constantly before the public.

*Mrs. Grant*. But it is so complimentary that one might almost suppose you were acquainted with the editor.

*Lady Pierrepont*. Oh! dear, no. Whatever they say about my poor talents is perfectly independent of personal interest.

*Lady Blaise* [*aside*]. To my knowledge Mr. Grub dined with her yesterday.

*Mrs. Grant*. Here it is [*drawing the paper from her pocket*].

*Lady Pierrepont.* Oh! let me supplicate you—don't read it—consider the sensibilities of an author. I wonder what they could have to say complimentary of me.

*Lady Matchmaker.* Oh! read it by all means.

*Mrs. Grant.* Your ladyship will excuse the curiosity of your friends.

*Lady Pierrepont.* It is very flattering—but an author's feelings—go on! [*They draw chairs, and sit.*]

*Mrs. Grant* [*reads*]. "The Disinherited Heiress; or, The Cross of St. John. A Novel in three vols. By Lady Pierrepont, author of 'The Sphinx,' 'The Nightmare,' and other poems. The subject chosen by this accomplished and unrivalled writer is a melancholy story of intrigue in high life. The public, therefore, may be congratulated at last upon a picture of the aristocracy drawn, for the first time, by one of themselves."

*Lady Blaise.* Delicious—quite delicious! [*Aside*] A contemptible puff!

*Miss Castoff.* How very charming! [*Aside*] What a gross creature she is!

*Lady Pierrepont.* Pray spare me.

*Mrs. Grant* [*reads*]. "The character of Clorinda, the disinterested heiress"—

*Lady Pierrepont.* Disinterested? Disinherited!

*Mrs. Grant.* No—disinterested—see—it's quite plain.

*Lady Pierrepont.* What a horrid mistake! It will ruin me—go on—go on.

*Mrs. Grant.* "The disinterested heiress is perfectly new; and the episode of the highway-robbery is eminently dramatic. But the great mystery is, who is the Duke of Felt? We suspect we could name the living original of that extraordinary character, but, for the present, must maintain a respectful silence. In the mean time, however, we may observe, that it is not impossible the enigma may be solved to-day, when her ladyship holds a charity-bazaar at her house, with her usual disinherited generosity." [*During the reading of this passage, the coterie exhibit signs of uneasiness and aversion.*]

*Lady Pierrepont.* Disinherited? Disinterested, my dear.

*Mrs. Grant.* Positively it is disinherited.

*Lady Pierrepont.* How could such a terrible blunder have happened?

*Mrs. Grant.* Oh! everybody will see it is a mistake. The article places your ladyship amongst the most popular authors of the day.

*Lady Blaise.* Delicious—quite delicious.

*Miss Castoff.* A gem of criticism.

*Lady Matchmaker.* So elegant and profound.

*Lady Pierrepont* [*aside*]. I wrote it all myself. This is true fame!

Enter *Servant*.—*Servant.* Mr. Grub, your ladyship.

*Lady Blaise.* Mr. Grub!

*Lady Matchmaker.* Mr. Grub!

*Miss Castoff.* Mr. Grub! I thought your ladyship didn't know Mr. Grub?

*Lady Pierrepont.* Why, ladies, to tell you the truth, I am not exactly acquainted with him; but one's notoriety, you know—

Enter *Mr. Grub*.—*Grub*. Lady Pierrepont, your most obedient. What a delightful evening you gave us last night!

*Lady Pierrepont*. O! pray, Mr. Grub—

*Grub*. I could not be happy till I called to pay my respects this morning; especially to explain a confounded mistake the printers made in that piquant criticism on your new novel which your ladyship was kind enough to—

*Lady Pierrepont*. Mr. Grub—you make me blush—really—I—I—Now, ladies, the visitors are pouring in—pray take your places—there, there—[*aside to Grub*] how could you be so indiscreet before so many strangers?

*Lady Blaize* [*aside, going up*]. Her ladyship doesn't like to see her name in print! Oh! the fraudulent old—

*Lady Matchmaker* [*aside, going up*]. So—that's the way she gets her reputation.

*Miss Castoff* [*aside, going up*]. To write a panegyric on her own book! I wish I could write!

ART. XI.—1. *Speeches and Forensic Arguments*. By DANIEL WEBSTER.  
Vol. II. Boston, U. S.

2. *Speeches of Lord Campbell, at the Bar, and in the House of Commons; with an Address to the Irish Bar as Lord Chancellor of Ireland*. Edinburgh: Black.

AMONG the individuals who have acquired even a European reputation under the Federal Government of America, few or none are more distinguished than Daniel Webster. Endowed with great natural powers, he has cultivated them in a manner and to an extent propitious for his own fame, and for the honour and well-being of his country. To an amount of practice and a degree of success in the profession of the law, not often surpassed or even equalled in any country; to extensive experience in public affairs; to uncommon powers of conception, habits of discrimination, and popular reasoning; are added large and liberal views, and excellent private character;—presenting a model of the noblest kind that can be developed under republican institutions, and a notable instance of the power of character thus developed, to preserve and improve those institutions.

It may be with undeniable justice regarded as a fortunate thing for America, and even for mankind, that such a man has not only arisen, but left the impress of his mind and of his principles on the professional and official transactions in which he has engaged, and also upon the literature of his country, in behalf of which he has made patriotic exertions. Indeed, should he be cut off without bequeathing another monument of his power and of his principles

than what his "Speeches and Forensic Arguments" have erected, his memory will not pass from among men.

Fully ten years ago the first volume of Daniel Webster's "Speeches and Forensic Arguments," was published in his native country; and, about five years later, a second volume was presented to his fellow-citizens, to which we may take the opportunity which now offers of directing attention.

The first volume commanded the admiration which might have been expected from the abilities of the author. It is believed, that no volume ever issued from the American press, which was better calculated to take a permanent hold of the public mind; to be regarded as a choice specimen of excellence in the various kinds of intellectual effort which it embraced; and to be consulted as a standard authority on the great political and constitutional questions which have agitated the American mind during the preceding twenty years.

The publishers of the first volume, who say that they had the consent of Mr. Webster to their undertaking, although it does not appear that he always revised or retouched the orations, felt themselves called upon for a second volume of his speeches and occasional addresses, he having continued to occupy the same elevated stage of public duty, on which he had previously acquired an enviable reputation. A series of the most important discussions in the Senate of the United States, in which he bore a conspicuous part, attracted the attention of his fellow-citizens. Those constitutional questions which formed the theme of the closing speeches in the first volume,—which was much admired even in Great Britain, and very favourably reviewed in several of our critical journals,—continued to be the subject of strenuous contest between the master-minds of the country; and did not fail to call forth the orator's unabated earnestness and ability. Commencing with his argument in answer to the President's *veto* of the bank bill, in 1832, down to what many considered an overwhelming refutation of the Protest, in 1834, his constitutional speeches are all to be found in the second volume. It contains, also, several other speeches, on subjects of less commanding interest, but characterized by the speaker's eminent qualities. In addition to his parliamentary efforts, the publishers have introduced into the volume several occasional speeches, or such as one delivered at a public dinner in New York, an eulogium on the character of Washington, &c., with some others of a miscellaneous class.

Whatever hold on the minds of the American people some of these speeches may secure, by reason of the particular view they present of the great national controversies of the day, they assuredly possess high claims to interest the reader, were it merely as specimens of parliamentary and popular oratory; as rich repositories of

thought and fact; as examples of close reasoning, delivered in a vigorous, direct, and impressive style; and therefore as valuable contributions to the literature of the country. They do not abound with appeals to the passions, nor even with the embellishments of oratory. Whether at the bar, in popular assemblies, or in Congress, Mr. Webster is seldom or never discursive, but goes directly to his point, according to the straight path of solid argument, avoiding episodes and common-place arts. His addresses present models of unity in design, and simplicity in execution; and it is the light of intellect rather than the brilliancy of imagination that beams upon his discourse. Strength, dignity, and compactness are his; and if imagery at any times brightens the display, it seems rather to be in the essential nature of the subject, than brought from a distance to add beauty and striking effect to it. We will now quote some examples. The following is his elucidation of a principle by a recurrence to facts:—

We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the Government is overthrown; or liberty itself put in extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers, were we so to regard great questions affecting the general freedom. Those fathers accomplished the revolution on a strict question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the Colonies, in all cases whatsoever; and it was precisely on this question, that they made the revolution to turn. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was, in their eyes, enough. It was against the recital of an act of Parliament rather than against any suffering, under its enactments, that they took up arms. They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest, in opposition to an assertion which those less sagacious, and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty, would have regarded as barren phraseology, or mere parade of words. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament, a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it; nor did it elude either their steady eye, or their well-directed blow, till they had extirpated and destroyed it, to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power, to which for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared—a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

Our next specimen conveys an energetic rebuke:—

Sir, I see in those vehicles which carry to the people sentiments from high places, plain declarations that the present controversy is but a strife

between one part of the community and another. I hear it boasted as the unfailing security, the solid ground, never to be shaken, on which recent measures rest, *that the poor naturally hate the rich*. I know that under the shade of the roofs of the capitol, within the last twenty-four hours, among men sent here to devise means for the public safety and the public good, it has been vaunted forth, as matter of boast and triumph, that one cause existed, powerful enough to support everything, and to defend everything; and that was—the *natural hatred of the poor to the rich*.

Sir, I pronounce the author of such sentiments, to be guilty of attempting a detestable fraud on the community; a double fraud; a fraud which is to cheat men out of their property, and out of the earnings of their labour, by first cheating them out of their understandings.

*The natural hatred of the poor to the rich!* Sir, it shall not be till the last moment of my existence; it shall be only when I am drawn to the verge of oblivion; when I shall cease to have respect or affection for any thing on earth,—that I will believe the people of the United States capable of being effectually deluded, cajoled, and *driven about in herds*, by such abominable frauds as this. If they shall sink to that point; if they so far cease to be men, thinking men, intelligent men, as to yield to such pretences and such clamour,—they will be slaves already; slaves to their own passions—slaves to the fraud and knavery of pretended friends. They will deserve to be blotted out of all the records of freedom; they ought not to dishonour the cause of self-government, by attempting any longer to exercise it; they ought to keep their unworthy hands entirely off from the cause of republican liberty, if they are capable of being the victims of artifices so shallow, of tricks so stale, so threadbare, so often practised, so much worn out, on serfs and slaves.

*The natural hatred of the poor against the rich! The danger of a moneyed aristocracy! A power as great and dangerous as that resisted by the revolution! A call to a new declaration of independence!*

Sir, I admonish the people against the object of outcries like these. I admonish every industrious labourer in the country to be on his guard against such delusion. I tell him the attempt is to play off his passions against his interests, and to prevail on him, in the name of liberty, to destroy all the fruits of liberty; in the name of patriotism, to injure and afflict his country: and in the name of his own independence, to destroy that very independence, and make him a beggar and a slave.

This, again, is a stirring appeal to the spirit of patriotism:—

The people of the United States, by a vast and countless majority, are attached to the Constitution. If they shall be convinced that it is in danger, they will come to its rescue, and will save it. It cannot be destroyed, even now, if they will undertake its guardianship and protection.

But suppose, Sir, there was less hope than there is, would that consideration weaken the force of our obligations? Are we at a post, which we are at liberty to desert when it becomes difficult to hold it? May we fly at the approach of danger? Does our fidelity to the Constitution require no more of us than to enjoy its blessings; to bask in the prosperity which it has shed around us and our fathers?—and are we at liberty to abandon



it in the hour of its peril, or to make for it but a faint and heartless struggle, for the want of encouragement, and the want of hope? Sir, if no State come to our succour—if every where else the contest should be given up—here let it be protracted to the last moment. Here, where the first blood of the revolution was shed, let the last effort for that which is the greatest blessing obtained by the revolution—a free and united government—be made. Sir, in our endeavours to maintain our existing forms of government, not for ourselves alone, but for the great cause of constitutional liberty all over the globe, we are trustees, holding a sacred treasure, in which all the lovers of freedom have a stake. Not only in revolutionized France, where are no longer subjects, where the monarch can no longer say, *he is the State*; not only in reformed England, where our principles, our institutions, our practices of free government, are now daily quoted and commended; but in the depths of Germany, also, and among the desolated fields, and the still-smoking ashes of Poland, prayers are uttered for the preservation of our Union and happiness. We are surrounded, Sir, by a cloud of witnesses. The gaze of the sons of liberty, every where, is upon us, anxiously, intently upon us. They may see us fall in the struggle for our Constitution and Government, but Heaven forbid that they should see us recreant.

At least, Sir, let the star of Massachusetts be the last which shall be seen to fall from heaven, and to plunge into the utter darkness of disunion. Let her shrink back, let her hold others back, if she can; at any rate, let her keep herself back, from this gulf, full, at once, of fire and of blackness; yes, Sir, as far as human foresight can scan, or human imagination fathom, full of the fire and the blood of civil war, and of the thick darkness of general political disgrace, ignominy, and ruin. Though the worst may happen that can happen, and though she may not be able to prevent the catastrophe, yet let her maintain her own integrity, her own high honour, her own unwavering fidelity, so that with respect and decency, though with a broken and bleeding heart, she may pay the last tribute to a glorious, departed, free Constitution.

These and similar strong thoughts uttered with a manly and earnest tone, coming from an affluent mind and a full heart, characterize the speeches of Daniel Webster. He is particularly energetic on constitutional questions. For example, he seems to rise above himself when he endeavours to vindicate and preserve deliberative, representative assemblies from what he considers to be the aggressions of executive power. Accordingly, we find in the speech upon the President's Protest to the Senate, delivered May 7, 1834,—the Bank question at that time, as it has often since, having set the American legislators and public in opposite and fierce arrays,—the following paragraph:—

Sir, if the people have a right to discuss the official conduct of the executive, so have their representatives. We have been taught to regard a representative of the people as a sentinel on the watch-tower of liberty. Is he to be blind, though visible danger approaches? Is he to be deaf, though

sounds of peril fill the ear? Is he to be dumb, while a thousand duties impel him to raise the cry of alarm? Is he not, rather, to catch the lowest whisper which breathes intention or purpose of encroachment on the public liberties, and to give his voice breath and utterance at the first appearance of danger? Is not his eye to traverse the whole horizon with the keen and eager vision of an unhooded hawk, detecting, through all disguises, every enemy advancing, in any form, towards the citadel which he guards? Sir, this watchfulness for public liberty; this duty of foreseeing danger and proclaiming it; this promptitude and boldness in resisting attacks on the Constitution from any quarter; this defence of established landmarks; this fearless resistance of whatever would transcend or remove them,—all belong to the representative character, are interwoven with its very nature, and of which it cannot be deprived, without converting an active, intelligent, faithful agent of the people into an unresisting and passive instrument of power. A representative body, which gives up these rights and duties, gives itself up. It is a representative body no longer. It has broken the tie between itself and its constituents, and henceforth is fit only to be regarded as an inert, self-sacrificed mass, from which all appropriate principle of vitality has departed for ever.

Again,—

The contest for ages, has been to rescue Liberty from the grasp of executive power. Whoever has engaged in her sacred cause, from the days of the downfall of those great aristocracies, which had stood between the king and the people, to the time of our own independence, has struggled for the accomplishment of that single object. On the long list of the champions of human freedom, there is not one name dimmed by the reproach of advocating the extension of executive authority: on the contrary, the uniform and steady purpose of all such champions has been to limit and restrain it. To this end the spirit of liberty, growing more and more enlightened, and more and more vigorous from age, has been battering, for centuries, against the solid buttments of the feudal system. To this end, all that could be gained from the imprudence, snatched from the weakness, or wrung from the necessities, of crowned heads, has been carefully gathered up, secured, and hoarded, as the rich treasures, the very jewels of liberty. To this end popular and representative right has kept up its warfare against prerogative, with various success; sometimes writing the history of a whole age in blood; sometimes witnessing the martyrdom of Sidneys and Russells; often baffled and repulsed, but still gaining, on the whole, and holding what it gained with a grasp which nothing but the complete extinction of its own being could compel it to relinquish. At length, the great conquest over executive power, in the leading western states of Europe, has been accomplished. The feudal system, like other stupendous fabrics of past ages, is known only by the rubbish which it has left behind it. Crowned heads have been compelled to submit to the restraints of law, and the *people*, with that intelligence and that spirit which make their voice resistless, have been able to say to prerogative, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." I need hardly say, Sir, that into the full enjoyment of all which Europe has reached only through such

slow and painful steps, we sprang at once, by the declaration of independence, and by the establishment of free representative governments; governments borrowing more or less from the models of other free states, but strengthened, secured, improved in their symmetry, and deepened in their foundation, by those great men of our own country, whose names will be as familiar to future times as if they were written on the arch of the sky.

Of the speeches delivered by Mr. Webster in the senate, collected in the second volume, a portion are on miscellaneous topics of domestic or foreign policy. The great body of them, however, may be divided into two classes, those which relate to financial measures or interests, and those which are devoted to the discussion of great constitutional questions. He is considered to be the greatest living champion of the fundamental law of the Union. The speeches upon topics of a mere financial character cannot have the same abiding claims to regard, because the subjects they discuss are more evanescent, limited in their scope, and more temporary in their nature and application. Questions of this description are likely to have permanent importance, less on their own intrinsic merits than on their consequences, or the principles incidentally associated with them in the public mind. Thus, the levy of ship money by Charles I., or the Stamp Act of George III., are not reverted to by the Americans on account of any financial doctrine involved in them; but on account of the great controversies of social and political right to which they gave birth.

Mr. Webster, however, is generally thought to be second to no man in his country with regard even to familiar knowledge of its financial concerns; and he is particularly successful when endeavouring to present them to the less informed, in a clear and convincing form. In the speeches which he has delivered upon the Tariff, the Bank, and other kindred topics, he exhibits the same perspicuous discrimination, and the same felicity in the reference of seemingly anomalous facts to their true economical principles, which render the speeches of Huskisson so worthy of study.

There are two speeches in the present volume, among those of a miscellaneous character, which are of the same style, finish, and beauty that distinguish his most elaborate addresses on constitutional questions, although delivered on less important, or at least less stirring, occasions. We allude to the speech pronounced at a public dinner given at New York in honour of the orator, and to another delivered on the centennial birthday of Washington. They contain pictures of the character of Hamilton, Jay, Livingston, Madison, and Washington, drawn with a vivid and impressive pencil, and abounding in passages of great energy and stirring patriotism. We extract a few paragraphs:—

Gentlemen, what I have said of the benefits of the Constitution to your  
VOL. I. (1842.) NO. IV.

city, might be said, with little change, in respect to every other part of the country. Its benefits are not exclusive. What has it left undone, which any government could do, for the whole country? In what condition has it placed us? Where do we now stand? Are we elevated, or degraded, by its operation? What is our condition under its influence, at the very moment when some talk of arresting its power and breaking its unity? Do we not feel ourselves on an eminence? Do we not challenge the respect of the whole world? What has placed us thus high? What has given us this just pride? What else is it, but the unrestrained and free operation of that same Federal Constitution, which it has been proposed now to hamper, and manacle, and nullify? Who is there among us, that, should he find himself on any spot of the earth, where human beings exist, and where the existence of other nations is known, would not be proud to say, I am an American? I am a countryman of Washington? I am a citizen of that Republic, which, although it has suddenly sprung up, yet there are none on the globe who have ears to hear, and have not heard of it—who have eyes to see, and have not read of it—who know anything, and yet do not know of its existence and its glory?—And, gentlemen, let me now reverse the picture. Let me ask, who there is among us, if he were to be found to-morrow in one of the civilized countries of Europe, and were there to learn that this goodly form of Government had been overthrown—that the United States were no longer united—that a death-blow had been struck upon their bond of union—that they themselves had destroyed their chief good and their chief honour,—who is there whose heart would not sink within him? Who is there, who would not cover his face for very shame?

\* \* \* \* \*

Gentlemen, the spirit of human liberty and of free government, nurtured and grown into strength and beauty in America, has stretched its course into the midst of the nations. Like an emanation from heaven, it has gone forth, and will not return void. It must change, it is fast changing, the face of the earth. Our great, our high duty, is to show, in our example, that this spirit is a spirit of health as well as a spirit of power; that its benignity is as great as its strength; that its efficacy to secure individual rights, social relations, moral order, is equal to the irresistible force with which it prostrates principalities and powers. The world, at this moment, is regarding us with a willing, but something of a fearful admiration. Its deep and awful anxiety is to learn, whether free states may be stable as well as free; whether popular power may be trusted as well as feared; in short, whether wise, regular, virtuous self-government is a vision, for the contemplations of theorists, or a truth established, illustrated, and brought into practice, in the country of Washington.

Gentlemen, for the earth which we inhabit, and the whole circle of the sun, for all the unborn races of mankind, we seem to hold in our hands, for their weal or wo, the fate of this experiment. If we fail, who shall venture the repetition? If our example shall prove to be one, not of encouragement, but of terror—not fit to be imitated, but fit only to be shunned—where else shall the world look for free models? If this Great Western Sun be struck out of the firmament, at what other fountain shall

the lamp of Liberty hereafter be lighted? What other orb shall emit a ray to glimmer, even on the darkness of the world?

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Gentlemen, the political prosperity which this country has attained, and which it now enjoys, it has acquired mainly through the instrumentality of the present Government. While this agent continues, the capacity of attaining to still higher degrees of prosperity exists also. We have, while this lasts, a political life capable of beneficial exertion, with power to resist or overcome misfortunes, to sustain us against the ordinary accidents of human affairs, and to promote by active efforts, every public interest. But dismemberment strikes at the very being which preserves these faculties. It would lay its rude and ruthless hand on this great agent itself. It would sweep away, not only what we possess, but all power of regaining lost, or acquiring new possessions. It would leave the country, not only bereft of its prosperity and happiness, but without limbs, or organs, or faculties, by which to exert itself, hereafter, in the pursuit of that prosperity and happiness.

Other misfortunes may be borne, or their effect overcome. If disastrous war should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests. It were but a trifle, even if the walls of yonder Capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley. All these might be rebuilt. But who shall re-construct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear again the well proportioned columns of Constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skilful architecture which unites national sovereignty with State rights, individual security, and public prosperity? No, Gentlemen, if these columns fall, they will be raised not again. Like the Coliseum and the Parthenon, they will be destined to a mournful, a melancholy immortality. Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them, than ever were shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art; for they will be the remnants of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw—the edifice of Constitutional American liberty.

Sagacious and far-seeing Americans, we may here remark, dread all the direful consequences which Webster's declamation pictures, should the slave-holding and non-slave-holding states come to be disunited, with regard to the rights, the condition, and the privileges of the negro population. American slavery is such a terrible sore, that the healing or the excision of it may be the signal for dismemberment; and the patriotic citizens of the United States quake at the threatened disaster, but appear unable or unwilling to confront it with manly courage and effective policy.

Only one specimen of Mr. Webster's forensic arguments appears in the present volume; but within our limits we can convey no just notion of his character as an advocate. Still, we know that he is said to shine habitually at the Bar as eminently as he does in the

Senate. He is spoken of as a master at analysis and exposition in complicated cases; exhibiting keen penetration, clear-sighted arrangement, and great comprehensiveness of views; while his style is not less terse and weighty than in his more elaborated and prepared addresses. Indeed, when the intellect which is fully stored with facts and with principles, and when the tongue that is fluent and grave, combine in one person, who has been long practised too in conflicts with minds of similar powers and similarly cultivated, sudden encounters, from the very circumstance of friction and collision, are certain to elicit the brightest and the boldest bursts. And yet such forensic displays but seldom command extensive and permanent admiration. There is, in fact, no class of persons, who give to their pursuits the same amount of mind, acquirement, and labour, and receive so inadequate an award of fame to high intellectual effort, as eminent advocates at the bar. True, despite the little jealousy which in certain quarters attaches to the profession, they are continually found in the walks of distinguished public usefulness; for the very reason that their disciplined habits of intellectual labour, their practical familiarity with the laws, and their extensive knowledge of the world and of affairs acquired in the multifarious callings of professional business, are qualities which the public service requires and seeks. But still the productions of their talents and labours are for the most part every-day work and ephemeral, when compared, for example, with those of eminent authors, or of distinguished statesmen. Except they happen to be employed in state trials of national importance, or involving constitutional principles, it is seldom that any adequate memorial of their abilities and efforts descends to after-times, or extends beyond their own country, to attest the eloquence, the learning, and the genius by which they swayed the minds of their contemporaries. A philosophical treatise, a clever essay, or an influential parliamentary speech, frequently procures present popularity and future consideration and fame, without possessing a tithe of the merit of a series of great efforts at the bar, which may be applauded by the auditors, and be the theme of admiration in particular circles, but which leave no trace a twelve-month afterwards on the tongues of men. Many examples of this might be cited in the history of the British and Irish bars. The reasons are obvious why such displays are limited and transitory. The advocate has employed his mind on a controversy about private rights. He has spoken on evidence and points of law bearing upon such a narrow field. He has not leisure, nor generally the means, if he had the leisure, to prepare for the press a report of the winged words, and burning thoughts, which burst from his lips in the heat and the excitement of argument,—in his swelling appeals to the feelings of persons whose gaze is fixed upon him, and who are seen to respond to him with an inspiring sympathy of mind and soul.

And yet, it appears, there are barristers who, amid a great pressure of business, are at pains to report their own crack speeches. Whether this has been done by Lord Campbell, by first composing them carefully in his study and jotting them down to be afterwards delivered; whether his memory is so retentive, his imagination so regulated, and his judgment so uniform and steady, that he can remember with exactitude what he may happen to have uttered, in the course of two or three hours perhaps, and take upon himself to give it a fixity and shape on paper at some future vacant period; or whether his speeches have to a great extent only been written and never spoken at all by him, as some of the greatest recorded orations of Cicero are alleged to have been, we do not pretend to know. One thing, however, is perfectly manifest, and there is every requisite evidence to set one's curiosity at rest regarding it:—his Lordship entertains a very lofty idea of his own displays “at the Bar, and in the House of Commons.” This is proved beyond a question by the following facts: he has published his own speeches,—he has made a selection from the many which he has delivered, extending over a series of years; yea, he has coupled with his orations introductions and notes, as any admiring commentator might take pleasure to insert in a new edition, with the view of recommending that which he deemed to be super-excellent to the public. This is not all, for the annotations to which we allude are as full of self-complacency as anything autobiographical that we have lately read. We believe that Lord Erskine was a thorough-paced egotist; and we have been told that when some one consulted him relative to the books that it would be advisable to introduce into an academy with which the inquirer had some concern, the reply was, “my speeches first.” But Lord Campbell is not Lord Erskine. Perhaps, after all, the publication of the present harangues is to be mainly accounted for by the leisure afforded since the speaker has been promoted to the House of Peers, coupled with a notion that a new-made lord, and a goodly octavo may walk with a high head side by side, and challenge admiration.

With regard to the speeches themselves, if they have slight claim to be ranked with many of the oratorical displays which have been witnessed in the British senate and in our courts of law, they are yet able and dexterous specimens of professional advocacy. The reasoning is close, the logic is lucid, and the style is correct and perspicuous. He frequently hits an opponent hard; and when he fastens on a happy thought or fact, he makes the most of it that the case and circumstances will bear. But he is unequal to those flights that carry juries wherever the orator lists; and he has had the good sense not to attempt them. He labours under a still greater defect, if we are to judge of him by the standards in our own or any other civilized country: he never grapples with a grand

difficulty by a bold and felicitous stand being made upon some broad and mighty principle to which eloquence and dexterity reduce and level every obstacle and exception. There is a neat, pithy, and sensible employment of the barrister's arts; but there is the want of grasp and of those astounding enunciations which the cunningly-contrived argument, together with the fiery and melting appeals to the emotions, drive home to the heart, or rivet in the auditor's soul.

The speeches may be classified; there being at the bar, those in Lord Melbourne's *crim. con.* case; in Medhurst's for murder; in that of the publisher of the "Times" for libel; against Hetherington for blasphemy; Frost for high treason; and the three days' harangue on the subject of Parliamentary privilege. In the Commons there are the speeches on Church-rates, Parliamentary Reform, the Irish Church, and the Registry of Deeds Bill; and in the Lords, the speech in Lord Cardigan's trial. There are also a few specimens of a miscellaneous character, among which we find an address to the bar in the Court of Chancery in Ireland, promising a variety of Equity reforms, when the speaker could only seriously think of accomplishing any practical good by means of the suggestions thrown out for the consideration of successors and others; seeing that his term of office was destined, as he was perfectly aware, to be of the briefest duration.

We have alluded to the annotations and the introductions which accompany the speeches; the author and editor being identical. These notices will, of course, be perused with considerable interest; as when it is stated that the advocate lay "awake a great part of the night before the trial of Norton *versus* Melbourne, but fell asleep towards morning, and did not get up till he was called;" that "the eyes of all Europe were turned to the scene, and couriers were ready to start to the principal courts on the Continent with news of the verdict;" and that "when Sir John Campbell entered the House of Commons, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night after the verdict had been pronounced, he was received with loud cheers as he walked up to his place." We quote only one specimen passage from the speeches, where the advocate is far more apparent than the orator. The subject is Coroner's Inquests, and their value in a charge for murder:—

He is charged with murder only by the coroner's inquest, on which, technically speaking, he may be lawfully tried and convicted, but which, I must use the freedom to say, in no degree rebuts the presumption of innocence. For the deliberate verdict of twelve Englishmen on their oaths, after listening to a sound exposition of the law, I have the most unfeigned respect; but for the inquest of a coroner's jury, in a case of sudden death, I have no respect at all. The constable gets together whom he can first find, no qualification being required in the jurymen. They meet amidst



the fumes of an alehouse. Whatever rumours have been spread in the neighbourhood respecting the fate of the deceased and the supposed murderer, they have heard; and the more horrible and improbable such rumours are, they are the more apt to believe them. To calm their imaginations, they are by law required to view the dead body, with its convulsed countenance and ghastly wounds, before they begin their investigation; and the coroner, who ought as judge to explain to them nice legal distinctions, and to enlighten their understandings, may be a low legal practitioner, unqualified for such duties, or a person wholly uninitiated in law, who has been elected to the office by popular arts, and who seeks to inflame the prejudices of the jury instead of allaying them. In extenuation of the recklessness with which a verdict of wilful murder may be pronounced by such a tribunal, I should mention, that the jury and the coroner are not aware of the solemnity or consequences of the act about which they are employed. Nor is this to be wondered at; for I believe I may positively assert that in the annals of the administration of criminal justice in this country, there not a single instance of a conviction for murder on the finding of a coroner's inquest. In the vast majority of instances the instrument is quashed for gross informality; and if there be any ground for the charge, an indictment for murder is found by a grand jury.

A word or two, ere concluding, concerning the Bar in this country, and the characteristics of the eloquence of the legal profession in the three kingdoms. With regard to the peculiarities of the oratory of the Americans, we are not in a condition to speak with confidence. To judge, however, from the specimens in Mr. Webster's volumes, we should say that, whether in the senate, in courts of law, or on popular and miscellaneous occasions, there appears to be a prevailing desire and effort to instruct a young nation with regard to first principles, a labour to establish points which no one would ever think of mooting in England, and a system which becomes tiresome to us of endeavouring to awaken patriotic feelings about the constitution, and the duties of citizens, as if there was incertitude on these subjects, a sense of incompleteness, a tendency to continuous innovation. Such frequent and habitual displays, such uniform declamation, convey to us the idea not only of a juvenility but of an egotistic selfishness, which must narrow the orator's field of thought, and lead him astray from those universal truths, which the greatest sages and patriots have trusted to, when appearing as the champions of liberty and light, of national virtue and private rights.

With regard to the characteristics of the eloquence of the English, the Scottish, and the Irish Bars generally, it does not require great pains to state the differences and contrasts. Every one, indeed, who has listened to the volubility of the children of the Emerald Isle has a distinct idea, and is universally understood, when the phrase "Irish oratory" is made use of; that is, an almost exhaustless and irregular torrent of ready giddy humour, rhetorical embel-

ishment, imagery of all sorts, and discursive passion. These characteristics are perfectly apparent in the speeches of the most celebrated Irish barristers. Now, how are we to account for this prevalent taste and habit? The answer seems to be nearly as obvious with regard to the causes as is the reality of the fact. There is in the national temperament an excitability, and a species of sentimental exaggeration, that have often found the widest scope in judicial trials, especially in those distracted times when the entire island has seemed to be maddened, and ready to accept greedily the wildest extravagance of thought and of expression. And this brings us to consider the position which the Irish advocate occupies, for example, in a state trial. He knows that he has an Irish jury to address and to arouse; he sees so many men with their eyes riveted upon him, who are prepared to take fire the moment he chooses to apply the lightning torch, that he is fired in return. The English Bar, on the other hand, may be described by reversing our phraseology as respects the sister kingdom. John Bull is a man of business, a practical and straightforward man; he has much upon his hands; his time, especially that of those who officiate in the courts of law, is precious. He cannot afford space for *blarney*, even although he had a natural taste for it, which, however, is not the case: it is not in his temperament. Therefore, to the point with all possible speed must the advocate hasten; otherwise no jury, no judge, no attorney will again be desirous of seeing him in any other capacity than as a looker-on. And lastly, with respect to the gentlemen of the long robe in Scotland, there is a sort of half-way stage observable between the two extremes already noticed, and a degree of participation with each. The Scotch, while not so technical, direct, and unimpassioned as the English, have also much larger scope for long and verbose harangues in their courts than can be afforded in the southern part of the island, where the courts and judges are few, but the population and business crowded and crowding. Again, the Scotch have not the vivacity naturally, the promptitude, or the extravagant fancies of the Irish; they therefore indulge their long-windedness in logical subtleties and speculative reasonings, so as to neutralize the force of facts, or twist them to the purpose in hand. Unlike the Irish legal forms, again, the pleadings in Scotland till recently, except in criminal prosecutions, were all addressed to judges, and not to juries; and therefore the efforts and the conflicts of advocates partook far more of prolix reasoning addressed to the intellect, than of warm appeals in order to gain a verdict through touching or powerful impressions produced on the sensitive parts of human nature.

But whatever may be the oratorical peculiarities of the barristers in each of the Three Kingdoms, we may boldly affirm, that in each the Bar has exerted a beneficial influence both upon government

and social life. As public bodies, the members of this learned profession have been found not less frequently to resist the encroachments of power than to teach and exemplify obedience to the laws. They have often indeed been the heartiest as well as the fittest champions of liberty; often have they shown the most sensitive jealousy and the most stern resistance, both individually and as societies, to tyranny, whether in attempts of some branch of the legislature, under the skilful guise of privilege and prerogative, ministerial influence or party struggle. Where else indeed can men of education, of high character, and distinguished mark in a community, find their principles and feelings more salutarily invigorated, than in their daily practice before an independent Bench, an intelligent Jury, and a scrutinizing Public? No wonder that the Bar holds out such allurements as we find it does to the aspiring and the high-minded. True, many a young man rushes giddily to the arena of "hired masters of tongue-fence,"—to the ranks from which Lord Chancellors are made, and shipwrecks his peace, miscalculating his powers and the toils of the profession. In order, however, that some of our youthful readers may form a notion of what has to be encountered at the Bar, ere they can reasonably entertain a hope of rising to distinction, we shall close our paper with an extract from the "Popular and Practical Introduction to Law Studies," by Samuel Warren, Esq. of the Inner Temple, the author too of the tales so favourably known under the title of "Passages from the Diary of a Physician." The following passage vividly pictures both the bright and the dark side. He says, the aspirant "must not think, with puerile eagerness, of shutting his elementary law-books, to hurry into court, there to harangue a jury, or argue before the judges. In the tedious interval that must elapse between preparation and employment will be required all the young lawyer's fortitude and philosophy. He must be content to 'bide his time'—'to cast his bread upon the waters, to be found after many days.' He must never give up; he must not think of slackening his exertions, thankless and unprofitable though they seem to be. Does he imagine that his is the only unwatered fleece? Let him consider the multitude of his competitors, and the peculiar obstacles, which, in the legal profession, serve to keep the young man's 'candle,' be it never so bright, so long 'under a bushel.' How many with pretensions superior to his own are still pining in undeserved obscurity, after years of patient and profound preparation! It is impossible to disguise this sad fact—it would be cruel and foolish to attempt it. The student of great, but undiscovered merit will sometimes be called upon, his heart aching—but not with ignoble envy—to give his laborious and friendly assistance to those who, immeasurably his inferiors in point of ability and learning, are rising rapidly into business and reputation, through accident or connexion. This also

our student must learn to bear. He must repress the sigh, force back the tear, and check the indignant throbbings of his heart, when in the sad seclusion of unfrequented chambers, or the sadder seclusion of crowded courts, he watches year, perhaps, after year, passing over him, 'each leaving—as it found him.' 'Tis a melancholy but a noble struggle, to preserve amid such trials as these his equanimity—'in patience to possess his soul'—to be

' True as the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shone upon.'

Let him neither desert, however, nor slumber for a moment at his post. There never yet, said a great judge, was a man who did justice to the law, to whom *it* did not, at one time or another, amply do justice. His success is often as sudden as splendid and permanent. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the desolate darkness is dissipated; the portals of wealth, popularity, and power are thrown open; and he does not walk, but is in a manner thrust onward into their radiant regions."

ART. XII.—*Cakes and Ale.* By DOUGLAS JERROLD. 2 vols. How and Parsons,

"CAKES and Ale" cannot call for many words, seeing that they smack of the right English commodities, and have all the heartful relish which belongs to genuine cheer. The very satire which they contain is free from sourness; the blows they deal are honest and hearty. They consist of a series of tales remarkably well put together, smart and pleasant—various and dramatic—just those sort of things that tell in a magazine, where, indeed, they first appeared. And yet they have that life and reality in them that satisfy in consecutive and connected reading. We think, however, that there might have been some additional depths and fathomings. But we must not look for perfection from man's hands, and ought to be thankful when we get what is wholesome and fresh,—that which requires digestion, although it be in the shape of thin cakes and sparkling ale; especially when there is found in them a sterling spirit of sympathy with what is natural as well as national. Who, for example, would think of extracting so much sentiment out of a crayon portrait and a homely scene as is found in the following specimen, which we shall exhibit in our largest letters:—"Lieutenant Lacy was seated in the front parlour of Number —, St—'s court. His daughter Elizabeth, making the most of the light of a June evening as it sickened through the windows, was employed on a crayon portrait of her father, a dear memorial for hearts at home, when he was 'far amid the melancholy main.' Elizabeth

had heard of the hasty summons, and worked in silence. The sailor never showed greater heroism than at that hour. His heart was heaving for his wife and children—he was about to quit them, perhaps for ever—to leave the beautiful creature before him intrusted to a tempting world; and yet, with these thoughts piercing his brain, he kept a smile upon his face for the gentle artist. Lieutenant Lacy had looked with an unblenched gaze on the guns of an approaching enemy; but in that dreadful pause of life he showed less noble self-control than when, with a mind racked with household wants, he looked with a smile into his daughter's eyes. Great are the battles gained on field and deck, but greater far the triumphs won by the struggling spirit at the desolate fireside."

The copying out of this heroic scene has convinced us more strongly than a hurried reading had done, that, as in the case of pronouncing judgment on picture-gems one can never convey a distinct idea of their peculiar merits, no criticism will ever satisfy, or communicate half the pleasure that a single peep at its colours may do; and therefore we shall merely insert a few other pieces, taking some that we find ready plucked for our hand, merely intimating that hundreds of morsels equally tempting might be collected from these two volumes. The sample that now comes first will induce our readers to ask for the entire tale, since it does not accord with our purpose to unfold the mystery. This is the beginning of "*The Wine Cellar*," which is really a picturesque piece of painting:—

Stephen Curlew was a thrifty goldsmith in the reign of the Second Charles. His shop was a mine of metal: he worked for the court, although, we fear his name is not to be found in any record in the State-Paper Office. Stephen was a bachelor, and, what is strange, he never felt, that is, he never complained of, his loneliness. His chased ewers, his embossed goblets, his gold in bars, were to him wife and children. Midas was his only kinsman. He would creep among his treasures, like an old gray rat, and rub his hands and smile, as if communing with the wealth about him. He had so long hugged gold to his heart, that it beat for nothing else. Stephen was a practical philosopher; for he would meekly take the order—nay, consult the caprice—of the veriest popinjay with the humility of a pauper, when, at a word, he might have outblazoned lords and earls. If this be not real philosophy, thought Stephen, as he walked slipshod at the heels of his customers, what is?

Stephen was a man of temperance; he was content to see venison carved on his hunting-cups; he cared not to have it in his larder. His eyes would melt at clustering grapes chased on banquet goblets; but no drop of the living juice passed the goldsmith's lips. Stephen only gave audience to Bacchus when introduced by Plutus. Such was the frugality of Stephen to his sixty-fifth year; and then, or his name had not been eternized in this our page, temptation fell upon him.

It was eight o'clock, on a raw spring evening, and Stephen sat alone in his back room. There was no more fire upon the hearth than might have

lain in a tinder-box, but Stephen held his parchment hands above it, and would not be cold. A small silver lamp, with a short wick—for the keen observation of Stephen had taught him the scientific truth, that the less the wick, the less the waste of oil—glowed, a yellow speck in the darkness. On the table lay a book, a treatise on precious stones; and on Stephen's knee, "Hermes, the True Philosopher." Stephen was startled from a waking dream by a loud and hasty knocking at the door. Mike, the boy, was out, but it could not be he. Stephen took up the lamp, and was creeping to the door, when his eye caught the silver, and he again placed it upon the table, and felt his way through the shop. Unbolting the five bolts of the door, but keeping fast the chain, Stephen demanded "who was there?"

"I bear a commission from Sir William Brouncker, and I'm in haste."

"Stay you a minute—but a minute;" and Stephen hurried back for the lamp, then hastily returned, opened the door, and the visitor passed the threshold.

"Tis not Charles," cried Stephen, alarmed at his mistake, for he believed he had heard the voice of Sir William's man.

"No matter for that, Stephen; you work for men, and not for Christian names. Come, I have a job for you;" and the visitor, with the easy, assured air of a gallant, lounged into the back parlour, followed by the tremulous Stephen.

"Sir William——" began the goldsmith.

"He bade me use his name; the work I'd have you do is for myself. Fear not; here's money in advance," and the stranger plucked from his pocket a purse, which, in its ample length, lay like a bloated snake upon the table.

Stephen smiled, and said, "Your business, sir?"

"See here," and the stranger moved the lamp immediately between them, when, for the first time, Stephen clearly saw the countenance of his customer. His face was red as brick, and his eyes looked deep as the sea, and glowed with good humour. His mouth was large and frank; and his voice came as from the well of truth. His hair fell in curls behind his ears, and his moustache, black as coal, made a perfect crescent on his lip, the points upwards. Other men may be merely good fellows, the stranger seemed the best. "See here," he repeated, and produced a drawing on a small piece of paper, "can you cut me this in a seal ring?"

"Humph!" and Stephen put on his spectacles, "the subject is——"

"Bacchus squeezing grape-juice into the cup of Death," said the stranger.

"An odd conceit," cried the goldsmith.

"We all have our whims, or woe to the sellers," said the customer.

"Well, can it be done?"

"Surely, sir, surely. On what shall it be cut?"

"An emerald, nothing less. It is the drinker's stone. In a week, Master Curlew?"

"This day week, sir, if I live in health."

The day came, Stephen was a tradesman of his word, and the stranger sat in the back parlour, looking curiously into the ring.

"*Per Bacco!* Rarely done. Why, Master Curlew, thou hast caught the very chops of glorious Liber: his swimming eyes, and blessed mouth. Ha! ha! then hast put thy heart into the work, Master Curlew; and how cunningly hast thou all but hid the dart of Death behind the thyrsus of the god. How his life-giving hand clutches the pulpy cluster, and with what a gush comes down the purple rain, plashing into rubies in the cup of Mors!"

"It was my wish to satisfy, most noble Sir," said Stephen, meekly, somewhat confounded by the loud praises of the speaker.

Our readers will be curious to learn what might be John Chinaman's comment on the character of Falstaff. Here it is:—

Forlstaff was born in the third hour of the morning; and at his birth, the roundness of his belly, and the whiteness of his head, betokened his future greatness. But little is known of his early life, save that he assisted in the temples of the barbarians, where his voice, once remarkable for its sweetness, became broken with the zeal of the singer. He then travelled with a juggler; and—if lying were not the especial vice of the barbarians—did greater wonders than even our own Yiyi. The Eldermen of London—so named, because chosen from the oldest inhabitants—are known by a ring upon the thumb; this ring, Forlstaff, to the admiration of the barbarian court, crept through and through like any worm, and was promoted by the king therefore. I should, however, do evil unto truth did I not advise you, O Ting, that this feat of Forlstaff seems greater than it really is: for a tame eagle being kept in the court of the king, it was afterwards discovered that a talon of the bird was something thicker than the waist of the said Forlstaff.

It is certain that Forlstaff, a short time after his feat with the ring, became a student in a place called Clemency Inn; which, as its name implies, is a temple wherein youths study to become meek and merciful, to love all men as brothers of their own flesh, and to despise the allurements of wealth. There was with him another student, called Robert Shaller, who afterwards became a Mandarin, or, in the barbarian tongue, a justice of the peace: being promoted to that office because he was like a double radish, and had his head carved with a knife. He was, when at Clemency Inn, dressed in an eel-skin, and used to sleep in a lute-case. He lent Forlstaff what the barbarians call a thousand pounds, which Forlstaff was honest enough to—acknowledge.

I next find Forlstaff in company with one Princeal—the son of the barbarian king, and several thieves. Forlstaff—and here the vice of his father, Shakespeare, breaks out in the child—tempts the king's son to turn robber. He is, however, so ashamed of the wickedness, that he goes about it with a mask on his face, as a king's son ought.

Forlstaff falls into disgrace with Princeal, and is sent by him, with soldiers, to Coventry; that being a place in the barbarian country, where no man speaks to his neighbour. After some delay, Forlstaff marches through Coventry, to fight one Pursy, who can ride up a straight hill, and is therefore called Hotspur. Forlstaff fights with him by—that is, near a

clock, and kills him, Princeal, the king's son, meanly endeavouring to deprive Forlstoff of the honour.

After the battle, Forlstoff goes to dine with the king at Wincer, which is the royal manufactory for soap. Forlstoff pretends to love two wives at the same time, and is put by them in what is called by the barbarians, a *buck-basket*,—that is, a basket for the finer sort of barbarians, their word *buck*, answering to our *push*, and meaning high, handsome, grand. He is flung into the river, and saves himself by swimming to a garter. He is afterwards punished, by being turned into the royal forest with horns upon his head, and chains upon his hands. Princeal, in time, becomes king, and discards Forlstoff, who goes home—goes to bed—does nothing but look at the ends of his fingers, talks of the green fields about Wincer, and dies.

For the habits of Forlstoff, if they were not quite as virtuous as those of Fo, it was, perhaps, the fault of his times; for we have his own words to prove that they were once those of the best barbarians. He swore but few oaths—gambled but once a day—paid his debts four times—and took recreation only when he cared for it. He loved sack—a liquor that has puzzled the heads of the learned—without eggs, and was extraordinarily temperate in bread.

Another sample belonging to Shakspeare's days may be quoted:—

The Rose was crammed. In the penny gallery was many an apprentice unlawfully dispensing his master's time—it might be, his master's penny, too. Many a husband, slunk from a shrew's pipe and hands, was there, to list and shake the head at the player's tale of wedded love. Nor here and there was wanting, peeping from a nook, with cap pulled over the brow, and ruff huddled about the neck, the sly, unbent face of one, who yesterday gave an assenting groan to the charitable wonder of a godly neighbour—of one, who marvelled that the Rose-flag should flout the heavens, yet not call down the penal fire. The yard was thronged; and on the stage was many a bird of courtly feather, perched on his sixpenny stool; whilst the late comer lay at length upon the rushes, his thoughts wrested from his hose and points by the mystery of the play.

Happy, thrice happy wights! thus fenced and rounded in from the leprous, eating cares of life! Happy ye, who even with a penny piece, can transport yourselves into a land of fairy—can lull the pains of flesh with the music of high thoughts! the play goes on, with all its influences. Where is the courtier? Ten thousand miles from the glassy floor of a palace, lying on a bank, listening to a reed piping in Arcady. Where the man of thrift? He hath shuffled off his trading suit, and dreams himself a shepherd of the golden time. Where the wife-ridden husband, doubtful of a natural right to his own soul? He is an Indian Emperor, flushed with the mastery of ten thousand slaves! Where is the poor apprentice—he, who hath weals upon his back for two-pence lost on Wednesday? He is in El Dorado, strutting upon gold. Thus works the play—let it go on. Our business calls us to the outside.



These specimens will convey some idea of the variety which abounds in "Cakes and Ale." They certainly contain matter for thinking as well as feeling; for laughter and also to draw tears. Douglas Jerrold is an improving writer; and his latest works convince us that he may produce better things than he has yet done.

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## NOTICES.

ART. XV.—*Primitive Christianity Exemplified and Illustrated by the Acts of Primitive Christians.* By BISHOP MANT.

THE Right Reverend Richard Mant, D.D., Bishop of Down and Connor, endeavours in this work to show that there is an essential conformity between the Anglican Church and that of the Apostolic age; and also to demonstrate that the discipline of the Establishment has for its foundation Scriptural authority alone, independent of that of tradition, although modified in some respects by forms and practices that were necessarily introduced in the early ages of Christianity, according as circumstances in some degree varied. He also points out, explains, and urges a number of practical moral lessons for the guidance of Christians, both as regards the church and one another. From the New Testament, especially from the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles, he gathers and derives all the lights which he can discover in these authorities, relative to the doctrine and discipline of the Primitive Christians. He treats his subject in a number of distinct chapters, and according to its various parts. His deductions are often striking, and although not in substance new, are yet constructed and stated in an agreeable and interesting manner. The reader will follow him with earnestness when, for example, he treats of the veneration paid to relics, which he looks upon as an innovation in a degenerate period of Christianity; maintaining from the account of the martyrdom of Stephen that it was not a primitive practice. From some passages of Scripture a variety of facts and lessons are deduced. For example, one of the chapters treats of the "twelve Apostles and their company," when the election of an Apostle took place as narrated early in the Acts. From that narration, among other important inferences and directions, which, like the rest of the work, are temperately but firmly detailed, we have the claims set up by the Romish Church, in behalf of the Virgin Mary as a being to be divinely worshipped, considered and discussed; the other parts of Scripture which appear to the Bishop to bear upon the subject being also brought under notice. We shall cite part of his argument on this point; merely observing further, that, whether right or wrong, the Bishop, with the consistency becoming him as a member and a dignitary of the Anglican Church, is strongly opposed not only to Popery but to schism and dissent:—

"And first, as to the persons of whom it is related that they 'went up into an upper room in Jerusalem, and there abode' after our Lord's ascension: they are those who from their natural relation or otherwise most close

attachment to him, might have been expected on such an occasion to have remained together,—the eleven, whom he had chosen for the future preaching of his gospel and the institution and establishment of his church, and whom he had commanded not to depart from Jerusalem, but to wait for the promise of the Father in the effusion of the Holy Ghost; and together with these, 'the women' who had ministered to him in his life and followed him at his crucifixion, and attended on him at his death, and were among the first to witness his resurrection; and 'Mary the mother of Jesus,' and his 'brethren' or kinsmen after the flesh. Of all of these the presence on this occasion is easily to be explained: of no one more easily than of her who stood to him in the relation of his sole earthly parent, and whom he had lately consigned, with considerate and tender affection, to the care of his 'beloved disciple' the Apostle Saint John.

"But what is the explanation of the fact, that of her this is the latest act whereof mention is made in Holy Writ, and that even on this occasion she is briefly and cursorily mentioned as 'Mary the mother of Jesus?' The explanation of the fact is this: the Holy Spirit judged that there was nothing in the situation, character, or acts of the blessed Virgin, which required her to be placed in a conspicuous position before the Christian church in the records of the primitive believers; for otherwise would he not have caused the inspired writers so to place her? But in the primitive records she is no more mentioned. And thus, in forming their estimate of her, Christians must have recourse to the narratives in the Gospels, in which, whilst they are instructed to account of her with due respect, as one that was 'highly favoured, and blessed among women,' it is only as a woman she is to be accounted of: not, therefore, as invested with a superior nature, or possessed of supernatural power, or as the object of divine veneration or worship; but as one who was born into the world like other women, like other women was subject to human infirmities, and, after a secluded, obscure, and undiscoverable course, was, like other women, consigned to corruption in the grave.

"From the future silence of the Holy Scriptures concerning the actions of the blessed Virgin, occasion will not again occur for reverting to this topic. Nor does it fall within the scope of my undertaking to enlarge upon it here, by specifying the superstitious imaginations, the extravagant devotions, the unparalleled impieties and blasphemies, which were introduced concerning her in a later age, and have been maintained even to the present. Of those who have so conducted themselves, it is however the least which can be said, that they have rested their sentiments and practices in relation to the blessed Virgin upon fabulous and legendary fictions, utterly destitute of foundation in the Word of God. More than this my subject does not require me to observe. Less than this can hardly be stated in connexion with that subject. In pursuance whereof, with respect to her, of whom after the crucifixion, besides the information that 'from that hour the Beloved Disciple took her unto his own home,' and that she was present with him and with the other Apostles on this particular occasion in Jerusalem, no further incident is recorded by the Holy Spirit in his Word, it is right, and it may suffice to have noticed, what a nullity of claim to distinction in after ages she derives from the precedent of the primitive

Christians; and how entire the devotions of those who honour her with divine or mediatorial veneration are destitute of support in the acts of the Apostolical age as recorded in the sacred writings."

ART. XVI.—*Poems.* By THOMAS MILLER.

BASKET-MAKER, poet, painter, truth-guiding man, we have not time, nay, nor inclining to tell thee how much we admire thy "Poems," or how well we like thy spirit. By far the best thing we can do for Mr. Miller,—a heaven-born soul,—is to let him speak for himself. Just hear Thomas when he pictures the "Happy Valley."—

- "It was a valley filled with sweetest sounds,  
A languid music haunted everywhere,—  
Like those with which a summer-eve abounds,  
From rustling corn, and song-birds calling clear;  
Down-sloping up-lands, which some wood surrounds,  
With tinkling rills just heard, but not too near;  
Or lowing cattle on the distant plain,  
And swing of far-off bells, now caught, then lost again.
- "It seem'd like Eden's angel-peopled vale,  
So bright the sky, so soft the streams did flow,  
Such tones came riding on the musk-winged gale,  
The very air seemed sleepily to blow,  
And choicest flowers enamelled every dale,  
Flushed with the richest sunlight's richest glow;  
It was a valley drowsy with delight,  
Such fragrance floated round, such beauty dimmed the sight.
- "The golden-belted bee hummed in the air,  
The tall silk grasses bent and waved along;  
The tree slept in the steeping sunbeam's glare,  
The dreamy river chimed its under-song,  
And took its own free course without a care:  
Amid the boughs did lute-tongued songsters throng,  
Until the valley throbb'd beneath their lays,  
And echo echo chased through many a leafy maze.
- "And shapes were there, like spirits of the flowers,  
Sent down to see the summer-beauties dress,  
And feed their fragrant mouths with silver showers;  
Their eyes peeped out from many a green recess,  
And their fair forms made light the thick set bowers;  
The very flowers seemed eager to caress  
Such living sisters, and the boughs long-leaved,  
Clustered to catch the sighs their pearl-flushed bosoms heaved.
- "One through her long loose hair was backward peeping,  
Or throwing, with raised arm, the locks aside;  
Another high a pile of flowers was heaping,  
Or looking love askance, and when descried,

Her coy glance on the bedded-greensward keeping ;  
 She pulled the flowers to pieces, as she sighed,—  
 Then blushed like timid day-break when the dawn  
 Looks crimson on the night, and then again's withdrawn.

“ One, with her warm and milk-white arms outspread,  
 On tiptoe tripp'd along a sun-lit glade ;  
 Half turned the matchless sculpture of her head,  
 And half shook down her silken circling braid.  
 Her back-blown scarf an arched rainbow made.  
 She seemed to float on air, so light she sped ;  
 Skimming the very flowers, as she passed by,  
 With fair and printless feet, like clouds along the sky.

“ One sat alone within a shady nook,  
 With wild wood songs the lazy hours beguiling :  
 Or looking at her shadow in the brook,  
 Trying to frown, then at the effect smiling—  
 Her laughing eyes mocked every serious look ;  
 'Twas as if Love stood at herself reviling :  
 She threw in flowers, and watched them float away,  
 Then at her beauty looked, then sung a sweeter lay.

“ Others on beds of roses lay reclined,  
 The regal flowers athwart their full lips thrown,  
 And in one fragrance both their sweets combined,  
 As if they on the self-same stem had grown,  
 So close were rose and lip together twined—  
 A double flower that from one bud had blown,  
 Till none could tell, so closely were they blended,  
 Where swelled the curving lip, or where the rose-bloom ended.

“ One half asleep, crushing the twined flowers,  
 Upon a velvet slope like Dian lay ;  
 Still as a lark that 'mid the daisies cowers ;  
 Her looped-up tunic tossed in disarray,  
 Showed rounded limbs, too fair for earthly bowers ;  
 They looked like roses on a cloudy day ;  
 The warm white dulled amid the golden green ;  
 The flowers too rough a couch that lovely shape to screen.

“ Some lay like Thetis' nymphs along the shore,  
 With ocean-pearl combing their golden locks,  
 And singing to the waves for evermore ;  
 Sinking like flowers at eve beside the rocks,  
 If but a sound above the muffled roar  
 Of the low waves was heard. In little flocks  
 Others went trooping through the wooded alleys,  
 Their kirtles glancing white, like streams in sunny valleys.

“ They were such forms as, imaged in the night,  
 Sail in our dreams across the heaven's steep blue ;  
 When the closed lid sees visions streaming bright,  
 Too beautiful to meet the naked view ;

Like faces formed in clouds of silver light.

Women they were ! such as the angels know—  
Such as the Mammoth looked on, ere he fled,  
Scared by the lover's wings, that streamed in sunset red."

Now take him when he speaks to " Mary :"—

" Oh Mary ! I was thinking, now,  
How time hath past away, since we  
First owned our love beneath the bough  
Of that wide-spreading old oak tree.

Remember you the rushing Weir,  
That threw its foam-bells at our feet ?  
Making a holy murmur there—  
A mournful sound—yet, oh, how sweet !  
Your hand, dear Mary, was in mine—  
We saw the water-lilies move ;  
And when our fingers dared to twine,  
We felt the thrill of youthful love.

Have you forgot the village-chime  
That sounded through the listening wood,  
Ringing o'er beds of fragrant thyme,  
Which rose, like incense, where we stood ;  
And saw the bending wild-flowers close  
Their sleepy eyes upon the dew,  
Sinking, unhushed, in soft repose,  
Beneath a sky of cloudless blue ?

Remember you, how twilight grey  
Stole o'er us ere we were aware ?  
You harkening to that blackbird's lay,  
While I stood watching your long hair,  
With which the wanton night-breeze played,  
Baring your neck of veined snow,  
And waving wide both curl and braid,  
Like silken banners to and fro.

Have you forgot how deep you sighed ?—  
Mary, that night I marked you well,—  
My own within my breast had died,  
Like sighs heaved in some soundless cell :  
I wished them not to reach your ear,  
But when your own white bosom raised,  
Mine swelled above the rushing Weir,  
And then—upon your face I gazed.

Your deep blue eyes, my girl, met mine ;  
A moment they but deigned to rest,  
Then turned to where the stars did shine,  
Then sank abashed upon your breast.

Our hands closed of their own accord,  
 The waters sang along the shore,  
 We stood, but neither spake a word—  
 We ne'er were mute so long before.

\* \* \* \*

We heard the clock at midnight sound—  
 We stood amid the moonlight pale,  
 For then our tongues a theme had found ;  
 We gazed upon the outstretched vale ;  
 Our fancies built a cottage there—  
 The spot I yet remember well,  
 'Twas in a glen beside the Weir,  
 And we had called it ' Primrose Dell.' ”

ART. XVII.—*The Slave States of America.* By J. S. BUCKINGHAM.  
 2 vols. Fisher and Co.

HAD we not devoted sundry pages to Sturge's honest pictures and details relative to American bondage,—to democratic ; loud-boasting, and iron-hearted slave-keeping America,—we should now, although at the eleventh hour, as compared with the reception of the other exposure, have given ample space to Mr. Buckingham's representations. But we are hand and foot tied, as to time and as to space. Only this we have room for saying, that Mr. Buckingham is a labourer in the fields of Philanthropy whose mission can never be mistaken.

Take him when talking about a ' rigler' murder :—

“ At the distance of a few miles only beyond the river, we were overtaken by a man on horseback, of very common manners and appearance, riding without coat or waistcoat, dirty trousers and shirt, both of Georgia nankeen, a beard of at least a week's growth, and a hat in a state of great dilapidation, but who, nevertheless, was the sheriff of the county in which we were travelling. This fact we learnt from himself, as he pointed out to us, while he rode along by our carriage, a rude gallows, formed by a horizontal beam resting on the branches of two large adjoining trees, close by the road-side, on which, but a few months since, he had hung, with his own hands, a negro convicted of the murder of three white persons, at a bridge in the neighbourhood of the place of execution. The history of the case was this : a planter from Carolina, travelling with his son and daughter, had purchased a negro from another white man, and employed him as the driver of his carriage. The person selling the negro happened to know that the gentleman purchasing him had a large sum of money with him, to the amount, it is said, of 8,000 dollars, and he conceived the diabolical plan of hiring the slave to murder his new master, and seize his wealth, on condition that the negro should have a share of the plunder, and receive his freedom besides ! The slave readily assented to this, and watching his opportunity while all three of the party were asleep on a sultry afternoon, he took a small axe, with which he had provided himself, and beat out the brains first of the father, and then of the son and daughter.

In these lonely roads, there being no one near, he had time to drag the bodies separately into a neighbouring ditch, and there leave them, while he went off with the empty carriage in another direction. He was soon, however, arrested; the traces of blood on the road having led to the discovery of the bodies, and the detection of the murder. When brought to trial, he confessed his guilt, and stated the facts already mentioned, as to the instigation to this act being given by his former master, and the conditions of reward promised him for its commission. But by the laws of this and other Slave States, the testimony of a negro cannot be received in any case against a white man; and therefore, though the general opinion was that the negro was speaking truth—as the bad character of his former master rendered it more probable that he should be the instigator of the murder for the sake of the plunder, than that the negro should have committed such a deed on a whole family in whose service he had been but a few days—yet a negro's evidence against a white man cannot be legally taken; so that the instigator escaped all punishment, while the negro was hanged for executing his former master's wishes."

Why, a political hit may not come amiss, although in the guise of poetry:—

"Ever since the creation,  
By the best calculation,  
The Florida war has been raging,  
And it's our expectation  
That the last conflagration  
Will find us the same contests waging!

"And yet 'tis not an *endless* war,  
As facts will plainly show,  
Having been 'ended' forty times  
In twenty months or so.

"Sam Jones, Sam Jones, thou *great unwhipp'd*,  
Thou mak'st a world of bother—  
Indeed, we quite suspect thou art  
One *Davy Jones's* brother.

"'The war is ended,' comes the news,  
'We've caught them in the gin;  
The war is ended, past a doubt—  
Sam Jones is just come in.

"But hark! next day the tune we change,  
And sing a counter-strain,  
'The war's not ended yet, for see  
Sam Jones is *out* again!'

"And ever and anon we hear  
Proclaimed in cheering tones,  
'Our general's had'—'A battle!'—'No,  
A *talk* with Samuel Jones!'

"For aught we see, while ocean rolls,  
As though these crafty Seminoles

Were doubly nerved and sinew'd,  
Nor art nor force can e'er avail,  
But, like some modern *premium tale*,  
The war's—'to be continued.'"

American all over ; an American Meg Merrilies :—

"Soon after leaving Knoxville, while slowly ascending a hill, we overtook a very aged negress, well mounted on a beautiful horse. She was dressed in a fantastic manner, with an old black beaver bonnet, tied down with a dirty white handkerchief, like the gipsies of Europe, a plaid mantle rather the worse for wear, floating over her shoulders, and a large crooked branch of a tree in her right hand, as a whip. Though her features were African, her complexion was not quite black, but a sort of reddish brown, such as characterizes the mixed offspring of the Negro and Indian races, of which class she probably was. She had not a tooth left, and her voice was loud, hoarse, and croaking ; though her dark eye was full of fire and expression. As she drew up to the coach-window and accosted us, we thought we had never seen a more perfect picture of the Meg Merrilies of the Northern Wizard. On her salute of 'good morning' being returned, we asked her how she did ; and her reply was, 'I'm a young girl yet, though over a hundred years old, and this morning I'm going a frolicking.' We thought she must be crazy ; but the stage-driver and our fellow-passenger, who knew her well, said she was an old slave of a planter in this neighbourhood ; that she was born at Newburn in North Carolina, and that she was undoubtedly more than a century old, though vigorous enough to ride on horseback several miles a day. Her owner, ever since she had passed her hundredth year, had allowed her a fine horse, with a handsome saddle and bridle, to ride about the country. This she decorated, as well as herself, with the most fantastic ornaments, and calling herself 'The Sheriff,' she rode from one plantation to another, hearing and telling the news, delighting in gossip, always finding something to eat and drink, and some one to help her on her horse when she departed."

ART. XVIII.—*Meteorography, or the Perpetual Weather Almanack.*

METEOROGRAPHY is a Pictorial Weather Almanack, which, by means of coloured plates, presents, according to the experience of a close observer, nearly fifty of the signs exhibited by the clouds and the atmosphere, as these appear and occur shortly before so many different states of the weather ; the author repudiating all idea of prognosticating at the rate and at the distance of your Murphies and other weather doctors. The appearances are arranged and named with systematic distinctness ; and although the Almanack does not profess such wonderful knowledge and power of calculation with regard to the influence of the planets, and so forth, as the seers already mentioned pretend to, yet we have no doubt of its being far more useful in daily life, and of its principles being far more permanent.



ART. XIX.—*Greece as a Kingdom.* By FREDERICK STRONG, Esq.

"GREECE as a Kingdom; or, a Statistical Description of that Country, from the Arrival of King Otho in 1833 down to the Present Time; drawn up from official documents and other authentic sources," has for its author the consul at Athens for their majesties the Kings of Bavaria and Hanover, while the book is dedicated to the sovereign of Greece. The last-mentioned monarch, we are told by Mr. Strong, has extended "invariable condescension" towards the author; has expressed the Royal interest in favour of the work during its progress; and "facilities afforded by his Majesty's gracious instructions to the different public offices" are also duly noticed and acknowledged by the Consul. It is right to mention along with these circumstances, that Mr. Strong has not been "actuated by interested motives in publishing this work," being desirous "simply to give a faithful account of the present state of Greece;" and the post that he holds at Athens "being purely honorary, he is alike independent of Greek and Bavarian influence."

The volume contains a large mass of historical and statistical matter; every department in the kingdom not only having an array of facts and accounts set down to it, but each furnishing its particular quota of official information, as preserved by itself. We must add that the government, the present condition, and the prospects of Greece, as set forth by Mr. Strong, are prosperous, encouraging, and flattering; while the representations of almost every other person who has recently written concerning Greece are of quite an opposite character, and exceedingly disheartening. The reader may fancy that he can in some measure account for the extraordinary discrepancy. It may be insinuated, perhaps, that King Otho is his own trumpeter on this occasion.

ART. XX.—*The Daughters of England, their Position in Society, Character, and Responsibilities.* By MRS. ELLIS.

A HAPPY title to one of the most important and endearing subjects which can occupy the human mind; and a work executed with a feminine grace, a healthy earnestness, and a pervading ability as well as an enlarged experience, not unworthy of the theme. It is impossible, of course, on a subject of this kind, to suggest that which is in substance novel or original. But how much is there that lies in the *manner*, especially when intended and addressed to the tender sex with something like an exclusive pointedness. This is certain, no one can treat of the training and the formation of a daughter's mind without urging lessons and dilating upon duties which require to be fully understood and deeply felt by every member of every family.

What epoch in the life of a female is more important and interesting than that which may generally be indicated by pointing to the period intervening between the close of school-education and a settlement for life? To this notable era in sensitive woman's history has Mrs. Ellis addressed herself with excellent effect; nor do we suppose that the daugh-

ters of any other Christian country admit of or require more clearly distinct and practical teachings and guardianship than those of Old England, with the many conventionalities and established ideas, which attach to us ; forms, habits, and notions which have withstood many revolutions, and which, although they may not always be defensible, abstractedly considered, are not to be denounced and banished, in pursuance of some mere theoretical reform. We must not lose or let go our nationality, even though speculatists and foreigners may sneer at its anomalies. And when speaking of theorists, we cannot disguise the fact that amongst ourselves there has appeared of late years a considerable troop of them, in the shape of the lordly sex, who have assumed the prerogative of teaching the fair how to demean themselves, and what become their peculiar province. Several of these writers have taken upon themselves, in a literal sense, the office of *woman's master* ; although we know of none of them whose lessons carry anything like the unction, as well as the delicate sense, the close application, the intelligible reality, which distinguish the production before us. After all, woman best knows woman's nature, best understands her requirements, her susceptibilities, and her powers. "*The Women of England*" is one of the most popular and agreeable works in modern literature. Very numerous are the editions of it which have been demanded. But unless it be the circumstance of that which is present impressing one more strongly than that which is remembered only, we should confidently predict that Mrs. Ellis's "*Daughters of England*" will still more deservedly continue in high repute than her "*Women of England*;" certainly the work will meet with an equal and a reciprocating favour.

ART. XXI.—*Time and Timekeepers*. By ADAM THOMPSON.

WHEN a book, no matter what the subject, is written by a person who is thoroughly versed in that which he writes about, and moreover is an enthusiast in the department, it is impossible that the work should be either useless or uninteresting. The small neat volume before us is a striking illustration of these general remarks. It is, in truth, an entertaining book, if the popular reader is merely concerned ; and manifestly, also, an informing book, both to the initiated and uninitiated, in the art of constructing timekeepers. Its contents are multifarious. It points out the methods by which Nature indicates the periods and progress of Time ; describes the ancient calendars, and the instruments which were in use in various nations to mark the course of days, &c. ; until the invention of horologes and the family of modern time-pieces. The manufacture of clocks and watches, it will readily be believed, furnishes a theme for a curious history and numerous illustrative plates ; the biographical notices of many of the manufacturers themselves being exceedingly interesting. Amusing and instructive as "*Time and Timekeepers*" may obviously be rendered, yet Mr. Thompson will engage and inform any reader of his small book beyond what can be anticipated.

ART. XXII.—*The Famous Genevan Testament.*

IN England, as in other parts of Europe, the diffusion of the principles of the Reformation was accompanied with new translations into the vernacular language. But what we have more immediately to speak of at the present time is the handsome edition of the "Famous Genevan Testament," which Messrs. Bagster and Sons have lately published. It is in one volume, small quarto, and to be had for *seven shillings*! We intend to return to the subject suggested by the early English translations of the Bible, and especially with reference to the exertions which the eminent publishers of the present volume enable us to mention as fitting themes for particular notice. In the meanwhile, we may observe, with regard to the Genevan Testament, with its "diversities of readings, and most profitable annotations of harde places," that it was the work of a number of the principal reformers who had been driven to Geneva, during the persecutions in Queen Mary's reign. It was printed by Conrad Badius, and was the first in our language which contained the distinction of verses by numerical figures, after the manner of the Greek Testament, which had been published by Robert Stephens in 1551. Stephens, indeed, published his figures in the margin, while the Genevan editors prefixed theirs to the beginning of minute subdivisions with breaks, after our present manner. The translators, whose names are pretty accurately ascertained, took up their residence at Geneva about the year 1555. In 1557, there appeared, in a small 12mo, "The New Testament of our Lorde Jesus Christ, conferred diligently with the Greke, and best approved Translations." It is printed in a small but very beautiful character. A second edition of this Testament, printed at Geneva, with short marginal notes, in the same volume, was published in 1560.

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ART. XXIII.—*Italy, Classical, Historical, and Picturesque, Illustrated and Described.* By W. BROCKEDON, F.R.S. Parts I., II., III.

A SPLENDID work, whether pen or pencil, typography or artistic illustration, be regarded. Mr. Brockedon is familiar with Italy,—with its scenery, its monuments, its richest collections, and its entire history; and he is an enthusiast about all these to the bargain, and to a poetic degree of fervour. He knows what authors ought to be consulted in a literary sense; and he has a competent taste for the business of selection,—an adequate skill for reducing into an attractive shape that which he selects. And when we add that he has joined to himself such artists as Roberts, Stanfield, Eastlake, &c., the public may rest assured that the pictorial department will require a high excellence and choice judgment to be displayed in the descriptive matter. The large size of the paper not only affords room for, but demands, a breadth and a depth of style in every part of the work, which if followed up with the ability and care manifested in these numbers, will procure and secure for this Italy a consideration which publications of average merit never obtain, or at least do not retain.

ART. XXIV.—*The Modern Cambist*. By WILLIAM TATE. Fourth Edition.

THIS "Manual of Foreign Exchanges, in the different occupations of bills of exchange and bullion; with various formula, and tables of foreign weights and measures compared with the imperial standards," has not only reached a fourth issue, but the present edition is, in various respects, a new work. "The portions relating to Russia, Sweden, Saxony, Turkey, Egypt, the Ionian Islands, Malta, Gibraltar, the British Colonies in North America, the West Indies, Spanish America, the Brazils, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Mauritius, have been re-written, partly in consequence of recent changes in some of the monetary systems, and partly to allow of the introduction of further matter. The alteration in the French tariffs of the values of gold and silver, have rendered it necessary to cancel all former explanations and tables, and to substitute for them such as agree with the present regulations. The same has also been done in the valuation of gold at Hamburg." It is unnecessary to say a word about the practical value of such a book, even although this had been the first of it. Mr. Tate, in fact, is a practical accountant, and seems to go as heartily into the most minute differences and peculiarities of the commercial tariffs of countries all over the world in relation to the British system, as any statesman or diplomatist would meditate upon great national treaties. The errors which he points out in the calculations and information of the Board of Trade, with respect, for example, to seventeen descriptions of foreign silver coins, and also to a number of foreign gold coins, will strike the careful reader of the work. But we are not competent to enter into statistics of the kind, the very mention of which, however, will send merchants and bankers to the fountain head, in order to obtain the amplest satisfaction.

ART. XXV.—*The New Chapter of Kings; or the History of England in Miniature, for the use of Children*. With Forty Illustrations.

IN "The Chapter of Kings," by Steevens, a single line was given to each monarch; but here there is a couplet, which generally conveys, in a manner striking enough to be readily remembered, historical facts or personal characteristics belonging to the reign mentioned. We give two examples:

"Bluff Harry the *Eighth* to six spouses was wedded;  
One died, one survived—two divorced, two beheaded."

"George the *Fourth* rescued Europe from Bonaparte's chain;  
Gas, steam-ships, and railroads, all date from his reign."

Besides illustrative portraits, there are a genealogical table of royalty from the Conqueror's time, and registers of births, reigns, and deaths.

ART. XXVI.—*Thornton's India*.

MR. THORNTON'S "History of the British Empire in India" advances steadily towards the completion of the second volume.

ART. XXVII.—*The Great Commission*. By the REV. JOHN HARRIS, D.D.

"THE Great Commission; or the Christian Church constituted and charged to convey the Gospel to the World," is the subject which was proposed by a number of the friends of the Missionary cause in Scotland for a prize essay, 250 guineas having been subscribed by them as a reward; 200 to be given for the best, and 50 for the second best, "the duty, privilege, and encouragement of Christians to send the gospel of salvation to the unenlightened nations of the earth" being specific terms used by the proposers. The adjudication was committed to five clergymen, respectively members of the Anglican and Presbyterian Churches, the Wesleyan Methodists, the Independents, and the Baptists. Forty-two essays were received; and the first prize was awarded to "The Great Commission" by Dr. Harris, we must presume rightfully; for, if not, one or more of the others must have been superexcellent.

Dr. Harris's essay has high merits both as an argument and a piece of literary workmanship. The arrangement is clear, the facts forcibly applicable, and the style a model for such a species of composition. He is particularly successful in his disposal of objections. We must also allude pointedly to the strength as well as warmth of his exhortations, and perhaps still more deservedly to the manner in which he states and illustrates the benefits and blessed fruits that result from missionary enterprises. It appears that Dr. Harris had turned his thoughts to the subject which he has so ably handled before he heard of the prize which he gained. He therefore was not in the condition of one who had to *cram* for the occasion. The crowded state of our pages would have prevented us from doing that justice to "The Great Commission" which the production merits, even although it had come to hand at an earlier period of the month than that at which we had the pleasure to receive it. We however are desirous that no time shall elapse before the essay obtains, even although but in general terms, the heartiest recommendation we can lend it. It is a fitting work for the "President of Cheshunt College" to produce.

ART. XXVIII.—*London Interiors*.

WE have received several numbers of this illustrated work, which pictures and describes the Interiors of the more remarkable public buildings in the metropolis. The undertaking has a definite and an interesting object in view; and so far as we have yet seen, it fulfils what was intended by the projectors, or can be expected by the public. We have been particularly pleased with the descriptive matter. Two plates with appropriate letter-press,—the contents of each number,—cost only one shilling.

ART. XXIX.—*Lady Alice; a Ballad Romance in seven parts*. By EL-TON.

AN interesting tale told in the facile fluent old ballad style. There is nature as well as poetry in the romance; ingredients which enter but rarely into modern imitations, when anonymous writers woo the rhyming art.

ART. XXX.—*Mesopotamia and Assyria, from the earliest period to the present time : with Illustrations of their Natural History.* By J. B. FRASER. (Edinburgh Cabinet Library.)

MR. FRASER, the Author of an "Historical and Descriptive Account of Persia," and other works having oriental nations and scenes for their subject, has here combined his earnest and extensive reading with his minute and varied personal observation in countries the very names of which call up many solemn thoughts and absorbing associations. His pictures of the present condition of these countries and of their ruined cities, are vivid ; while his corrections as well as corroborations of preceding writers, lend a critical value to a deeply interesting volume. A map and engravings by Jackson enhance its beauty and value.

ART. XXXI.—*Virtue's Illustrated Works.*

*Canada, Ireland, and Foxe's Martyrology*, appear and reach us with exemplary punctuality. The two works first named present claims as high as any of a similar class, that have in this age of novelty in the price and style of illustrated books been produced. They ought to find equal favour with the *Switzerland* which Mr. Virtue published some years back, and which had an extraordinary circulation.

ART. XXXII.—*The Drunkard ; a Poem.* By JOHN O'NEILL. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank.

JOHN O'NEILL is a mechanic, and exhibits a sturdy sense in his poetry akin to the strongly marked lines in his face, indicated by a significant portrait facing the title-page. He forcibly and with manly earnestness declares what are the evils and the fruits of drunkenness ; and well does Cruikshank second the effort. There is a "Upas Tree," constructed of the furniture, fixtures, and features of the Gin Palace, that is a poetic sermon of itself, and worth all the money charged for the volume.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

A TREATISE on the Grammar of the Greek New Testament, by the Rev. T. S. Green, and published by Messrs. Bagster and Sons ; The Mabinogion, Part IV. ; The Archæologist ; Trevor Hastings ; and sundry other works, must stand over for next month. The array of books in our present number is goodly and sufficient for the current period.

# INDEX

TO THE

FIRST VOLUME OF THE MONTHLY REVIEW, FOR 1842.

---

- Acas, the Knights Templars at, 103  
Actual State of the Experiment of Negro  
Emancipation, Burney on, 311  
Addison's Knights Templars, 101  
Adventures of a Soldier, 149  
Agios Stephanos, Visit to the, 380  
Agricultural Chemistry, Squarey on, 232  
Albania, Best's Excursions in, 371  
Anglican Church and its hold on the  
People, 255  
Annals of the Parish, Opinion of Galt's,  
99  
Antiquarian Publications, 341  
Anti-Slavery Folks, Notices of, 78  
Antwerp, terrific Explosion at, 561  
Arago's Lectures on Astronomy, 153  
Aristophanes, Sewall on the Comedies  
of, 63  
Armoury, Notices of Queen Elizabeth's,  
205  
Atheist in Prison, 473  
Augustus the Eleventh of Poland, No-  
tices of, 125  
Australia, Grey's Journeys in, 1  
Azbeaz, Story of, 69

## B

- BAILEY on Vision, 240  
Baillie, Letters of, Principal of the Uni-  
versity of Glasgow, 25  
Banditti of Greece, Practices of, 375  
Baptists, The American, and Slavery,  
535  
Barclay's Agricultural Tour in United  
States, 303  
Barnard Gilpin, Notices of, 117  
Barneveldt, Death of the illustrious, 564  
Bars, Characteristics of the British and  
Irish, 595  
Bartholomew's Hints about Fire-proof  
Buildings, 207  
Barthram's Dirge, 368  
Bells and Pomegranates, Browning's, 566  
Bentley, Dr., Correspondence of, 446  
Berkeley's Theory of Vision, Review of,  
240  
Best's Excursions in Albania, 371  
Blackwood's Standard Novels, Notices  
of, 91  
Book of the Poets, 287  
Botta the Historian, Notices of, 418  
Bowie-knife, The Inventor of the, 179  
Bradshaw's New English Grammar, 287  
Brande's Dictionary, 155  
Bray, Mrs., her Henry de Pomeroy,  
356  
Brockedon's Italy Illustrated, 613  
Brooks's Lectures on Prophecy, 262  
Browning's King Victor and King  
Charles, 566  
Brown, Miss, and Dr. Johnson, 278  
Bubbles of the Day, Jerrold's, 566  
Buckingham's Slave States of America,  
608  
Buffon, Reminiscences of, 215  
Bulwer's Zanoni, 463

VOL. I. (1842.) NO. IV.

2 x

Burney, Miss, and Dodeley, 278  
 Burnley's Observations on Trinidad, 311  
 Butts's Rambles in Ceylon, 133

## C

CAKES and Ale, Jerrold's, 598  
 Campbell's Martyr of Erromanga, 323  
 Canals, &c. of the United States, 182  
 Caps and Dr. Johnson, 278  
 Captain Campbell's Old Forest Ranger, 148  
 Capua, Mr. Laing at, 194  
 Caroline, Carpenter on the Death of Queen, 249  
 Cary's Edition of Letters Illustrative of the Revolution in England, 34  
 Cator, Mr., upon Lyttleton, 491  
 Ceylon, Butts's Rambles in, 133  
 Chamois Hunters, Swain's, 145  
 Chantrey, Sir Francis, Notice of his munificent Bequest, 337  
 Chapter of Kings, the New, 614  
 Chinese Jailer, Notices of a, 44, 47  
 Christian Month, Palin's, 474  
 Church Architecture, Petit on, 289  
 Clarke, Sir Philip, Johnson's Counsel to, 488  
 Classics, Observations on the Study of the Ancient, 513  
 Climate of Texas, 175  
 Coercive and Non-coercive System in Lunatic Asylums, 227  
 Collier's Reasons for a New Edition of Shakespeare's Works, 15  
 Congregationalism, Vaughan on, 253  
 Conscientiousness, Carpenter's, 250  
 Constabship of the Tower, Notices of, 204  
 Cooke's Telegraphic Railways, 273  
 Corner's History of Poland and Russia, 155  
 Cornwall, Pictorial Topography of, 199  
 Correspondence, The, of Dr. Bentley, 446  
 Costello, Memoirs of Edward, 149  
 Cottager's Sabbath, a Poem, 285  
 Coulanges, Notices of M. de, 217  
 Counterpoint, Rousseau on, 482

Count Strolecki's Discovery of Gippa' Land, 529  
 Covenantings with himself, James Halley's, 245  
 Crania Americana, Morton's, 159  
 Crutchley, Mr., and Miss Burney, 490  
 Cyclopiian Arch, Description of, 377

## D

DANIEL's England in the Olden Time, 151  
 D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, 153  
 David and the Art of Music, 478  
 David Hume, Letters of, 107  
 Davies's History of Holland, 555  
 Death of Dr. Carpenter, 252  
 Denton's Method of Model Mapping, 82  
 Devonshire, The Duke of, and his Dramatic Library, 17  
 Dialogues of Plato, Sewell on, 50  
 Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arbly, 277, 488  
 Doctor Johnson's last Illness, Notices of, 499  
 Dogs, Frederick the Great's Partiality to, 131  
 Draining, Denton's System of, 82  
 Drunkard, The, a Poem, 616  
 Damon on Sugar Manufacture, 382  
 Duncan Fraiser's Song, 366  
 Duncan's Natural History of Exotic Moths, 154  
 Durham, Howitt's Visit to, 116  
 Dutch History, Sketch of, 192  
 Duties of a Popular Dissenting Minister, 259

## E

ECCLESIASTICAL Architecture of the Middle Ages and Present Times, 292  
 Education, Mayhew on, 502  
 Educational and Ecclesiastical Condition of Scotland, 429  
 Egerton, Lord Francis, and his Folio Shakespeare, 18  
 Ellis, Mrs., her Daughters of England, 611



Emulation, the Principle of, in regard to Education, 518  
 England in the Nineteenth Century, 199  
 English, The, and Architecture, 291  
 Erromanga, The Martyr of, 329,  
 Eustace on Architecture, 291  
 Evelina and Miss Burney, 278  
 Excursions in Albania, 371

## F

FEMALE Character, Pennington on, 268  
 Fire-proof Buildings, Hints about, 207  
 First Period of the World's History, Character of, 396  
 Florence, a Lady's Ride to, 456  
 Fraser's Mesopotamia and Assyria, 616  
 Frederick the Great and his Times, 122

## G

GALT, John, Memoir of, 92  
 General Lealie, Sketch of, 28  
 General Mouravieff and the Autocrat of Russia, 139  
 Geneva Testament, The Famous, 613  
 Gentleman Element and Working-man Element in War, 195  
 Ghost-story, The Curate of Warbling-ton's, 451  
 Gipps's Land, Count Streleski's Discovery of, 529  
 Gisippus, a Play, 566  
 Glencoe, Campbell's Pilgrim of, 545  
 Glory and Shame of England, The, 72  
 Gothic Architecture, its spirit now wanting, 293  
 Gould on the Habits of the Alectura Latham, 527  
 Great Britain, Rotteck on, 399  
 Grecian Philosophy, Sewell's Estimation of, 52  
 Greece, Mure's Tour in, 371  
 Grey's Expeditions of Discovery in Australia, 1  
 Griffin's Gisippus, a Play, 566  
 Gueux-marins of Holland, Notices of, 557  
 Guicciardini, Notice of, 417

## H

HALF-PAY, Notes of a, in search of Health, 133  
 Halley, Memoirs of the late James, 245  
 Hall's Interesting Facts in the Animal Kingdom, 157  
 Hampton Court and its Pictures, Mrs. Jameson on, 333  
 Hand-book of History of Painting, 327  
 Hanwell, Condition of Lunatic Asylum at, 223  
 Happy Valley, The, a Poem, 605  
 Hardness; or, the Uncle, a Novel, 64  
 Harris's Great Commission, 615  
 Hawke, Lady, and Miss Burney, 493  
 Hebrews, The Music of the Ancient, 474  
 Henry de Pomeroy, a Romance, 256  
 Historical Periods of Italian History, 411  
 Hobson on the Callorynchus Australis, 523  
 Holland, Davies's History of, 555  
 Holland, Lord, and Dr. Carpenter, 251  
 Hog-hunting, Captain Campbell on, 148  
 Houghton-le-Spring, Notices of, 118  
 Howitt's Visits to Remarkable Places, 113  
 Human Species, Unity of the, 157

## I

ILLUSTRATIONS of the Revolution in England, 25  
 Inferiority of American Agriculture, 305  
 Imprisonment in China, Scott's, 39  
 Insects, the Development of, 158  
 Instruments, Musical, of the Ancient Hebrews, 486  
 Irish Archæological Society's Transactions, 348  
 Irish Lord, The, and Mr. Lester, 75  
 Irving's Biographical Sketch of Thomas Campbell, 552  
 Isinglass, Dr. Royle on Indian, 401  
 Italian Historians, Notices of, 408

## J

JAMESON'S, Mrs., Hand-book to Public Galleries of Art, 327  
 James Stuart, Autobiography of Old, 114

Jerrold's Bubbles of the Day, 566  
 Jesse's Notes, 133  
 Jockie's Lamentation, 370  
 Johnson, Dr., and Miss Burney, 278  
 Journals of Two Expeditions of Discovery in Australia, 1  
 Judea, Fictitious Scenes in, 356  
 Julian, or, Scenes in Judea, 356

## K.

KIRK, Notices of the Polity of the, 439  
 Knight's London, Notice of, 203  
 Knights Templars, Addison's, 101  
 Knyvett's Opinion of the Scots, 39  
 Kugler's Hand-book of the History of Painting, 327  
 Kuster's English, 453

## L.

LADY Alice, a Ballad, 615  
 Laing's Notes of a Traveller, 189  
 Lancashire, Pictorial Topography of, 199  
 Languages, Mayhew on the Knowledge of, 512  
 Lardner's Manual of Electricity, 154  
 Lathbury's Spanish Armada, 284  
 Launch of a First-Rate, The, a Poem, 549  
 Lester's Glory and Shame of England, 72  
 Levelling, Denton's Method of, 82  
 Leyden, Notices of the Spanish Siege of, 459  
 Light, Roswell Parks on, 426  
 Lingard, Dr., Mr. Lathbury's Charge against, 284  
 Liverpool Companions and Mr. Lester, 74  
 London Interiors, 615  
 Lord Campbell, Speeches of, 583  
 Love-letters and Novelists, 67  
 Lowell, Pleasing Notices of, 542  
 Lower Animals, Vision of the Young of, 241  
 Lunatic Asylums, 223

## M.

MACBEAN, Mr., and Dr. Johnson, 281

Macleod, Dr., on Rheumatism, 350  
 Madame D'Arblay's Diary and Letters, 277, 488  
 Madame de Sévigné and her Contemporaries, 216  
 Maillard's History of Texas, 174  
 Mandarin and his Attendants, Notices of a, 48  
 Manner in Preaching, Vaughan on, 257  
 Mant's Primitive Christianity, 603  
 Maxwell's Rambling Recollections, 356  
 Mayhew on Education, 502  
 Mechanics of Engineering, Whewell's, 182  
 Melody and Harmony Contrasted, 481  
 Merrie England in the Olden Time, 151  
 Metcalfe, Mr., and Boanerges, 495  
 Meteorography, a Perpetual Almanack, 610  
 Methodism and the Popular Mind, 256  
 Mexicans, The, and Texans, 176  
 Military Home-service, Sketches of, 68  
 Miller's Poems, 605  
 Millinery and Novelists, 67  
 Mirza, The, a Novel, 69  
 Missions, Campbell's Philosophy of, 323  
 Model Mapping, Denton's Method of, 82  
 Moir's Memoir of John Galt, 92  
 Monaldi, a Tale, 288  
 Monckton's Assembly, Miss, Characters at, 494  
 Moral Condition of the Negroes in Trinidad, 318  
 Mullen's Cottager's Sabbath, 285  
 Muratori the Historian, Labours of, 414  
 Mure's Tour in Greece, 371  
 Murray's Edition of Letters of David Hume, 107  
 Music of the Ancient Hebrews, The, 474

## N.

NARRATIVE of an Imprisonment in China, 39  
 National Engineering, 182  
 Neapolitan Musician, Sketch of, 46  
 Necessity, Bray's Philosophy of, 423  
 Negro Emancipation, Burnley on Actual State of, 311

Nicander Nucus, *Travels of*, 425  
 Nineteenth Century, England in the, 199  
 Noel's Rhymes and Roundelays, 286  
 North-West Australia, Grey's Expeditions in, 1  
 Notes of a Half-pay in Search of Health, 133  
 Novel-writers, Advice to, 66

O.

Old English Style of Architecture, Notices of, 293  
 Old Forest Ranger, The, 148  
 Oliver and Boyd's Almanack, 345  
 Omnibus Scene and Mr. Lester, 80  
*Oneness of the Church*, Whately on the, 261

P.

PALIN's Christian Month, 474  
 Paraclete, Notices of the Abbey of, 212  
 Park's Pantology, 426  
 Parochial Schools of Scotland, Account of, 432  
 Patient Grisail, The Pleasant Comedie of, 341  
 Pennington on Female Character, 268  
 Pepys, Mr., and Johnson, 492  
 Persian Phraseology, Extravagancies of, 71  
 Peruvians, Skulls of the Ancient, 167  
 Peter the Great, Notices of, 124  
 Pfeiffer's Treatise on the Music of the Ancient Hebrews, 475  
 Philip of France and the Knights Templars, 105  
 Philip II. of Spain, Character of, 563  
 Picardy to Le Velay, Pilgrimage from, 208  
 Pictorial Topography of England in the Nineteenth Century, 199  
 Picturesque in Holland, Laing on the, 193  
 Pilgrimage to Auvergne, Costello's, 208  
 Pilgrim of Glencoe, Campbell's, 545  
 Planter's Distresses in Trinidad, 317  
 Plato's Philosophy, Sewell's View of the Plan of, 53

Polity of Independent Churches, Vaughan's View of, 253  
 Practical Farmer, Agricultural Chemistry for the, 232  
 Primitive Christianity, Mant's, 603  
 Prize and Flogging System in Education, Mayhew on, 507  
 Prussian Military System, Laing on, 197  
 Psalms, The, and Music, 479  
 Public Galleries of Art in and near London, 327

Q.

QUAKERS, The American, and Slavery, 535  
 Queen-mother, The, and Frederick the Great, 132

R.

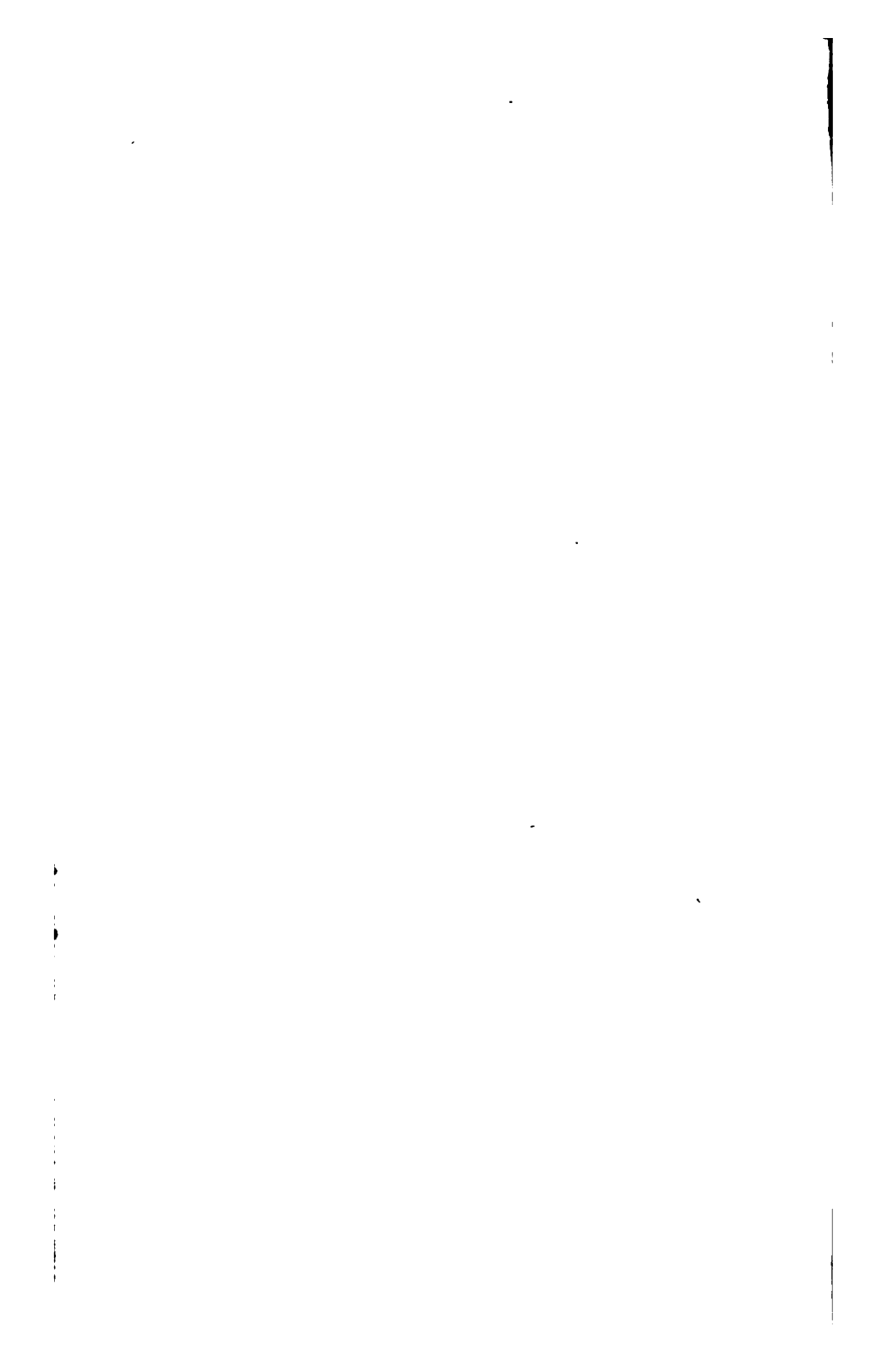
RAILROADS of Ancient Greece, 373  
 Railways of the United States, 185  
 Rambles in Ceylon, Butts's, 133  
 Rambling Recollections of a Soldier of Fortune, 356  
 Razin Bowie, Notices of, 179  
 Reasons for a New Edition of Shakespeare's Works, 16  
 Restoration of Churches, Petit on, 300  
 Revolution in England, Letters illustrative of, 25  
 Reynolds, Mrs., and Miss Burney, 496  
 Rheumatism, Dr. Macleod on, 350  
 Richardson's Local Historian's Table-Book, 364  
 Ride to Florence, A, 456  
 Robert Bell's Marriage, a Comedy, 566  
 Robespierre in his Lodgings, 472  
 Roswell Park on Light, 426  
 Rotteck's History of the World, 392  
 Royalty and Miss Burney, 497  
 Royle, Dr., on Indian Isinglass, 401  
 Russian Army, Jesse's Picture of the, 138

S.

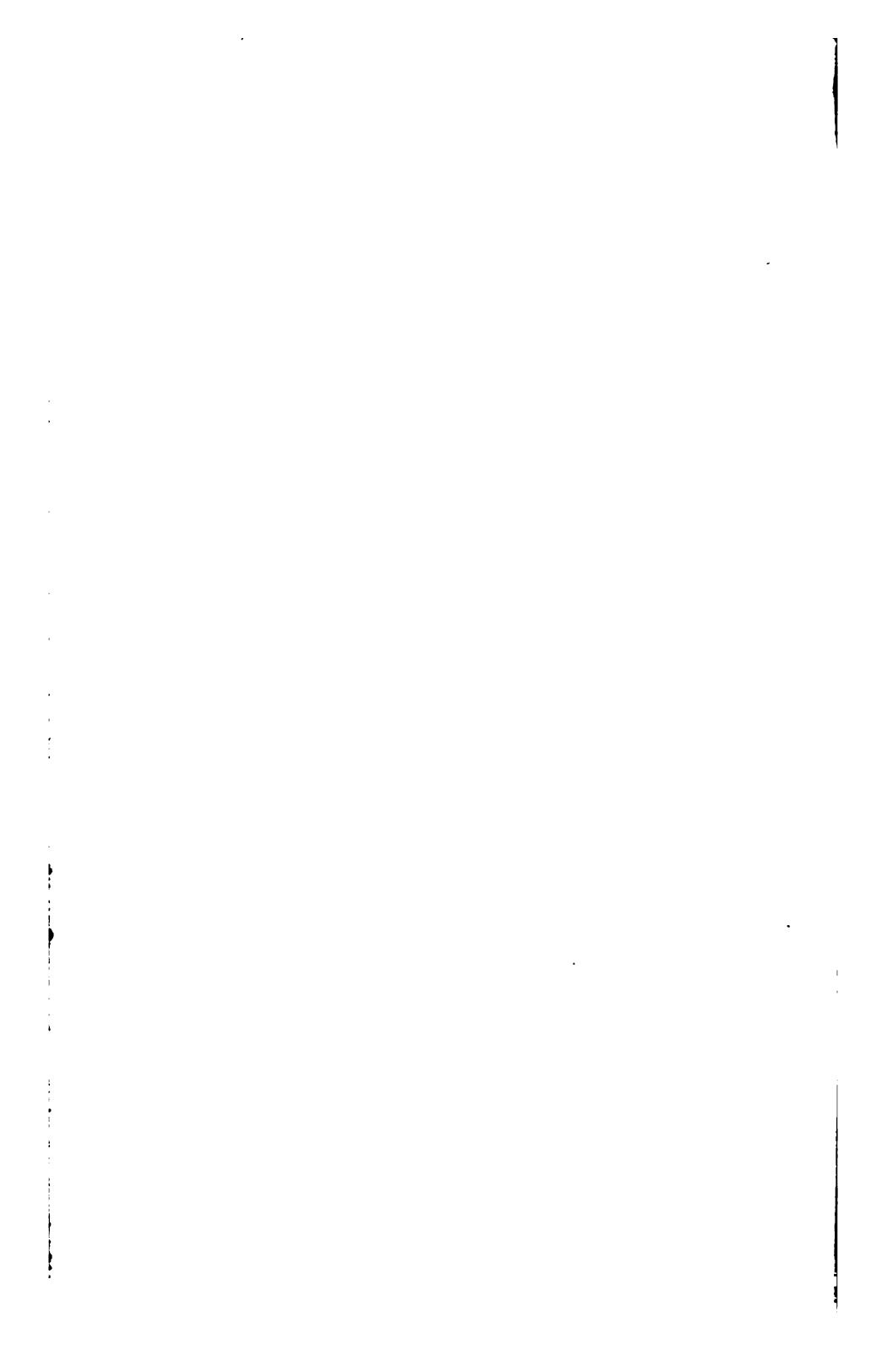
SCHONBERG's Chain Rule, 155  
 Scotland, Educational and Ecclesiastical Condition of, 429

- Scottish Character, General Features of, 429  
 Scudery, Mdle. de, Notices of her Romances, 220  
 Secession Church in Scotland, Notices of, 435  
 Second Period of the World's History, Character of, 397  
 Sesto Calende, A Scene at, 458  
 Sewell on the Dialogues of Plato, 50  
 Shoe-maker King, Story of the, 69  
 Sing Sing, Sketch of the Prison of, 540  
 Skulls of the Modern Peruvians, 169  
 Slave Depots, Visits to, 536  
 Slavery in America, Sturge's Account of, 534  
 Slave States of America, Buckingham's, 608  
 Smoking Scenes of Frederick William of Prussia, 130  
 Social and Political State of France, &c., Laing on the, 189  
 Social Science, Bray on, 423  
 Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, Notices of, 434  
 Spanish Armada, The, 284  
 Squarey on Agricultural Chemistry, 232  
 Stage-coaches, American, Barclay on, 309  
 Strafford's Trial, Baillie's Account of, 30  
 Strauss, Dr., and the Switzers, 197  
 Strong's Greece as a Kingdom, 611  
 Sturge's Visit to the United States, 534  
 Swain's Poems, 141
- T.
- TANNER's Description of Canals, &c., of United States, 182  
 Tasmanian Journal, The, 520  
 Tate's Modern Cambist, 614  
 Telegraphic Railways, Cooke's, 273  
 Temple Church, Addison's History of, 101
- Texas, Maillard's History of, 174  
 Thessaly, Best's Notices of, 379  
 Thompson's Time and Time-keepers, 612  
 Thornton's India, 614  
 Tom Cringle's Log, 428  
 Tower, History of the, 203  
 Tracts relating to Ireland, 348  
 Traquiera, A Lady's Perilous Journey over the, 458  
 Trollope's Blue Belles of England, 154
- U.
- UNITED States, Sturge's Visit to the, 534  
 Unity of the Human Species, 157  
 Universities, Notice of the Scottish, 436
- V.
- VAUGHAN, Dr., on Congregationalism, 253  
 Vetoism in Scotland, Notices of, 341  
 Virtue's Illustrated Works, 616  
 Vision, Bailey on, 240
- W.
- WABBLINGTON, The Curate of, and a Ghost Story, 451  
 Warning, The, 287.  
 Webster's Speeches, 583  
 Whately, Dr., on the Kingdom of Christ, 260  
 Whewell's Mechanics of Engineering, 182  
 Whig Government, The, and Negro Emancipation, 319  
 Windsor Castle, Notices of the Pictures at, 334  
 World, Rotteck's History of the, 392
- Z.
- ZANONI, Bulwer's, 463















JAN 81 1887